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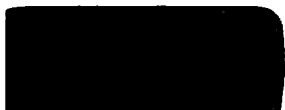
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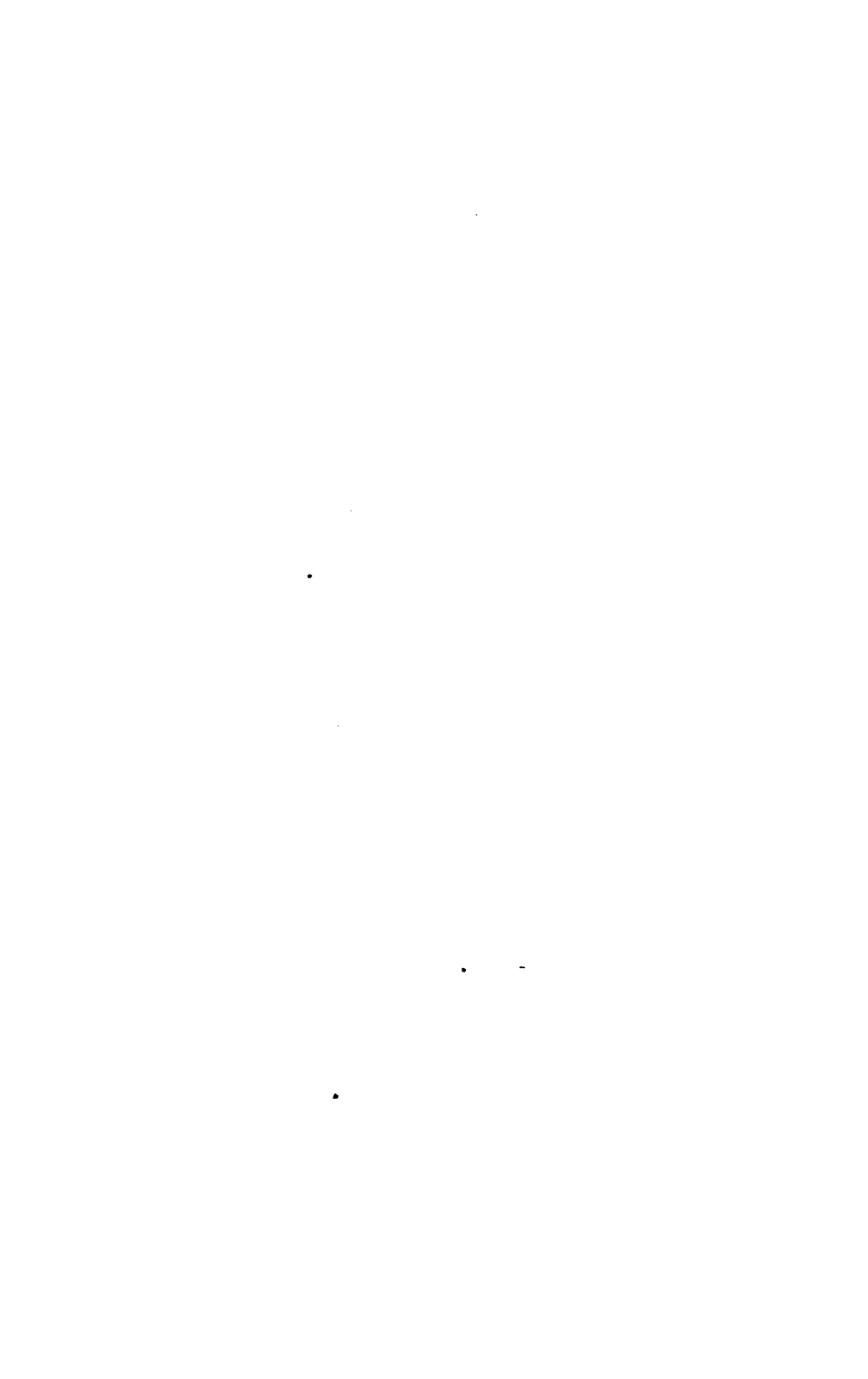


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**THE HISTORY**

LONDON:

**J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.**

1847.



THE HISTORY  
OF THE  
FAIRCHILD FAMILY;  
OR,  
*The Child's Manual*;  
BEING A  
COLLECTION OF STORIES  
CALCULATED TO SHEW THE  
IMPORTANCE AND EFFECTS OF A RELIGIOUS  
EDUCATION.

BY  
MRS. SHERWOOD,  
AND HER DAUGHTER,  
MRS. STREETEN,  
AUTHOR OF "HENRY MILNER," "ORPHANS OF NORMANDY,"  
"HEDGE OF THORNS," &c.

PART III.

LONDON:  
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1847.



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## P R E F A C E .

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As, during the last few years of my life, prolonged beyond the appointed age of man, I have been constantly aided by my daughter, in whom I find the same gift of interesting young readers, which it has pleased God to bestow upon me—so renewed, that we can work together, as with one mind,—I think it but due to her, and the public, to add her name to mine in this, the third volume of the Fairchild Family, in the composition of which she has been of especial service to me.

M. M. SHERWOOD.

*Worcester, 11th May, 1847.*



# HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.

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## PART III.

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### CHAPTER I.

IN our last volume we left the Fairchild family in their papa's carriage, on their way to the Grove at Reading. Lucy and Emily were seated inside with their mamma and grandmamma, and Henry was in the dickey behind with his papa. The two little girls were very much grieved to leave their old home and all its innocent pleasures, and the tears so blinded their eyes when they looked out at the carriage, that grandmamma, who understood their feelings, kindly began to talk to them to occupy their attention.

"My dear little ones," she said, "you are going to a much better house than this you leave behind you; better in every way, for the house and grounds are larger, and are laid out with greater beauty; and the flowers are in such abundance, that you may gather nosegays enough to decorate every room in the house you leave behind you, and yet they would not be missed from the gardens of the Grove."

Lucy and Emily looked with some astonishment at their grandmamma as she spoke, for they did not exactly understand her, for they had not heard her before



praise their future home in a way which seemed to them to be speaking against the home of their childhood. Emily, however, was too shy to ask her grandmamma to explain herself more fully, for Emily was half afraid of her grandmamma, though she loved her dearly; but Lucy was not so shy as her sister, and she said, "Dear grandmamma, we love our old house so very much, that we can't fancy any other place can be as dear to us."

"I thought you would not understand me," replied old Mrs. Fairchild; "but let me put what I said in another light to you, Lucy. You and your sister, my dear, are leaving one home to go to another; you are going to a much fairer home than that you last dwelt in, and yet you go unwillingly. What does this resemble, my Lucy?"

Lucy thought an instant, and then said, "You are speaking of the home, grandmamma, I believe, are you not, which is offered to every child of God, when he leaves this world, and it is a fairer, lovelier home than that they possess here?"

"Yes," said Lucy's mamma; "and as all the rooms in our old house could be decked with flowers from the Grove, and yet none should seem to be missing there, so might we enjoy on earth, even to overflowing, the bright and glorious blessings promised to the children of God; and yet when the hour came for our removal to our fairer home, no blessing would be lacking there."

"And as you, my children," added grandmamma, "go mourning and weeping towards a home, the pleasures of which are unknown to you, so do the children of God go forth with fear and trembling to that brighter, happier land, he has prepared for his adopted ones."

"Ah, grandmamma," said Emily, "I understand you now quite well; I could not think before what it was you meant."

"And so do I," added Lucy; "and to show you I do, grandmamma, I can tell you something more about it. Emily and myself have always found papa so good

and kind to us, that we ought not to fear going anywhere with him ; but yet if we were to see a steep hill, or anything fearful before us, we should be very much frightened, and perhaps cry out ; and so it would be with a child of God. He knows how good and kind God is, and yet he is afraid, if any danger threatens him, lest his heavenly Father should not come to his help."

"You are right, my love," replied grandmamma ; "and we may add, that a child of God, when in difficulty, is as helpless as you or my little Emily would be, if danger threatened us. But now look out from this window ; we are passing amidst most beautiful scenery, and it is a pity you should miss seeing what is to be seen."

While this conversation was going on within, Henry was sitting very quietly by his papa, who was so occupied with thoughts of his own, that he could not talk to his little boy. Henry had been taught that he was not to speak to his papa or mamma when they seemed engaged with other matters ; and as the carriage rolled on, and one sight after another passed before his eyes, the little fellow's tongue was in a great state of excitement, and his little brain was so overpowered with the new objects that came before him, that it seemed very probable it would not be long before he gave vent to his ideas in words. "I wish I was with John," he thought ; "I should so like to be with John ; papa is too busy to talk to me, and I have so much to say. I wonder whether the old carriage will pass us soon ? they are to pass us on the road I know, for we are to be three days upon the road, and they are to be only one. I wish I might go travelling with them—I like the old carriage so much the best ; and then how fast they will go, for they are to have a fresh horse at every stage. We are all to stop, I know, at some place where we are going to have something to eat, and where grandmamma is going to lie down, and then I'll ask mamma if I may not go with John."

Poor Henry thought this over and over in his mind ; but what was the good of his thinking it over, unless he had an opportunity of speaking about it, and his papa was still too much occupied to attend to him. The fresh air, however, blowing strongly upon him in his exalted station, soon made him feel very sleepy, for he had been up very early, helping John to pack ; and now, having no one to speak to, he yielded to his drowsy fit, and in a very short time he fell asleep ; and well was it for him that his papa was near him, or he might have fallen off his seat and been severely hurt. Mr. Fairchild had been made aware of the little boy's sleepy state by his head falling against his shoulder, so that when Henry really dropped off fast asleep, his father's arm was round him, supporting him from falling. In this way the little fellow travelled many miles without consciousness, and he was only awoke by the carriage stopping before an inn door in a small country town. Mr. Fairchild was afraid lest his mother should be over-fatigued by her journey, so it was settled that they should travel about twenty miles a-day for the three days, dividing each day's journey into two portions, one for the morning and the other for the evening. Mrs. Johnson was to be at the inn, ready to wait upon her lady, and John and Betty were to be there also, and there it was to be settled how Mrs. Johnson was to travel the rest of the way, for her lady could not do without her, and it was of no use keeping John and Betty on the road when they could easily get to the Grove in one day. Mr. Fairchild expected he should hear of a coach from this inn, or from some place near, that went daily to Reading.

Poor sleepy Henry was lifted down from the carriage by John, and put upon his feet, and Emily and Lucy ran to him to give him their hands to lead him into the house, for he was stretching and gaping, and rubbing his eyes, and looking as if he did not know where he was.

“ We must make some little alteration in our plan.

of travelling, my dear," said Mr. Fairchild to his wife. "If Henry is to sleep all the way to the Grove, I think he must sleep inside the carriage, for he will catch cold on the dickey, and I shall get the rheumatism in my arm by holding him from falling. I must have Lucy or Emily outside instead."

"Well, we will see to it," said Mrs. Fairchild; "but in the meanwhile I must order some coffee, for I am afraid our mother is more fatigued than she liked to own by this journey of the morning, and that she also feels very painfully this return to the Grove without her Ellen."

What Mrs. Fairchild had feared proved to be the case, for grandmamma was much fatigued with the morning's drive, and the pain of returning to the home her lamented children had made so dear to her. It was, therefore, agreed that they should go no further that day, and that Mrs. Johnson must also stay to wait upon her lady.

"And I wish we could manage in some way that Mrs. Johnson could travel with us in the carriage," said the younger Mrs. Fairchild; "grandmamma does not seem to like to be without her, for she has always been in the habit of having her at hand at a moment's notice, and they have not been separated for years, except at that short time at poor Ellen's funeral."

"What can we do, my dear?" replied Mr. Fairchild; "the carriage is very roomy, could you take Henry inside to sit between Lucy and Emily?"

"Oh, papa," cried Henry; "oh, papa, I would rather ——" and then he stopped, for his mamma looked at him as she said, "My dear Henry, we must not think of ourselves, we must think of grandmamma and her comforts, and for that reason it will not do to have you inside as well as your sisters; it will crowd grandmamma."

Henry drew a long breath, as if he was quite relieved of some trouble, for Henry had for some days been looking forwards to this journey as a treat, the like of

which he had never enjoyed before ; and now it was come, it was nothing but disappointment, for his papa was too much occupied to talk to him ; and then to think of his being put between his two sisters in a closed-up carriage, where he would be obliged to sit still on account of his grandmamma, and where, from his position, he would be able to see but little, and probably might not be allowed to talk as much as he would like about what he did see.

" I don't know what we must do," said Mrs. Fairchild, after a moment's pause. " I suppose we must keep to our first arrangement, unless Mrs. Johnson can find room with you, my dear, and Henry on the dickey."

" Oh, may I go with John and Betty, mamma ?" cried Henry, no longer able to keep silent. " May I go with John, mamma ? Papa, may I go with John ?" and the little fellow was so eager in his entreaties that he hung on his mamma's dress as he looked up in her face, repeating, " May I, oh may I go with John ?"

" Mrs. Fairchild looked at her husband before she made any answer, and seeing that by his manner he did not disapprove the arrangement, Henry was made happy in being informed he might go with John, and worthy Mrs. Johnson was to take his place on the dickey.

And now John and Betty were called in, and Mrs. Fairchild told them Henry was to go with them, and that they were to take care of him at the Grove, and watch over him as they would have done at his late home. " He may play about as he likes, John," added Mrs. Fairchild, " till we arrive, but do not let him go far out of your sight ; and if he does anything wrong, you must reprove him, for to your care do we now trust him. We shall probably not reach the Grove till three days from hence, for I am sorry to say my mother is much fatigued with this morning's drive, and I fear she will not be able to go any further this evening ; but let everything at the Grove be in readiness for us the

day after to-morrow, for if possible we will proceed a little further this afternoon."

"Is Master Henry to have any dinner here, ma'am?" asked Betty; "for John says we have fifty miles to go yet, and the day is far advanced upon twelve o'clock."

"You had better take something with you in the carriage," replied Mrs. Fairchild, "or else it will be late before you reach the Grove."

Betty then went to the kitchen of the inn, and they gave her there some meat pies, some tarts, and some bread and cheese, with two bottles, one of beer and the other of water, and these being packed up in a small hamper, were put in the old carriage, and the two servants got in with Henry, and prepared to drive away from the inn.

Henry had been so unhappy from want of somebody to speak to during the morning's drive, that he begged John so hard to let him sit in front between him and Betty, that John, who was very good-natured, could not refuse him: so then you must fancy John and Betty, with Henry between them, upon a lower seat which had been made for the carriage whenever any of the children went out with their papa and mamma, all going off from the inn.

Betty was dressed in a large flowered chintz gown, with a dark shawl, and black bonnet; the very same bonnet, by the way, which had been worn the Sunday that she and Miss Bessy had got so wet coming from church. It had been newly done up by Betty herself, and the ribbon ironed: but though rather of a brownish colour from age, yet it looked neat and tidy, and Betty was not afraid it would be injured if the evening should turn out a wet one. John was dressed in his second best coat, with a blue handkerchief round his neck, and his great coat, which had once belonged to Mr. Fairchild, was rolled up and laid upon the seat of the carriage, that John might be raised in driving, for John always liked to sit very high when he had the reins in his hand. On the low seat between them was Henry,

still wearing his petticoated jacket, for he was not eight years old, with a black girdle round his waist. Henry was to have a cloth jacket like a boy's jacket, made for him as soon as he reached the Grove; for his mamma thought he was old enough now for the change, but she wished him to look as young as he really was when he first made his appearance at their new home, for she knew the servants and people about would wish to flatter him and make a bustle about him as the future owner of the Grove; and he knew, that being but a little boy, he would be sure to do something silly if they flattered him much, and therefore the younger he looked the more excuse there would be for him. Mammams cannot keep their children from danger, or from hearing things that do them harm, but they can direct them to One who is ever ready to save them from the consequences of their own folly, and God himself has given wisdom to parents that they may be the chief protectors of their helpless and ignorant little ones.

Lucy and Emily were standing at one of the inn windows to see Henry off, and if I must tell the truth, the little girls would have been much better pleased to have filled the empty seat behind John and Betty than to have stayed at the inn; but they did not say so, for they knew their mamma would prefer their staying with her to their going on to the Grove without her. Henry had got the whip in his hand, for John and Betty were settling themselves comfortably with the hamper of eatables so as they could get at them easily.

"Good-bye, Lucy, good-bye, Emily," said Henry. "Is it not delightful we shall go off at such a fine rate? We have fifty miles yet, John says — fifty miles. Why, you will be gone to-bed and fast asleep before we are at the Grove. Shall I drive, John; do let me drive a little, you know I always drive to the stable at home."

"When we are out of the town," said John, "perhaps you shall have a try, Master Henry, but you know we have a good way to go, and we must not loiter. I reckon it will be eight or nine o'clock before we get in-to-night."

"That's delightful!" cried Henry, clapping his hands.

"Nine o'clock!" said Betty; "then I am sure we must not go without a shawl or a cloak for Master Henry: it gets cold long before nine o'clock, and riding is not like walking."

"No, Betty!" exclaimed Henry, holding her back as she was about to dismount from the carriage; "no, I won't have a shawl or a cloak, that is like a girl. I hate to be like a girl, or dressed like a girl. I won't have a shawl, Betty."

"Master Henry," said John, "if you are to begin in this way, why I shall ask your papa to leave you behind; for how are to get on if we are wrong in the first starting?"

"But John," asked Henry, "should you like to wear a shawl, or a cloak, like a woman; now should you, John?"

"Why, young master," replied John, "I can't say as how I should on broad daylight, and yet if I found it convenient to put on a woman's shawl or cloak or bonnet either, I have heard of many a wiser man than myself that would do it, and do it thankfully. The older you are, the less you would mind it, Master Henry."

Emily and Lucy had heard what was passing, and Emily had very kindly gone to ask her papa if he would lend Henry his large cloak; "for Betty thinks it will be cold in the evening, papa," she said, "and Henry has nothing to put over him.—But shall you want it, papa?"

"No, my dear," replied Mr. Fairchild, "Henry can have it—so now tell them to be off as soon as possible, for they have been too long already over the first ten miles of their journey."

"There, Henry," said Emily, as she handed him the cloak, "that is papa's, and so you need not mind wearing it, for it belongs to a man."

"And I am sure," added Lucy, "if I was cold I should not mind wearing a man's hat or coat, if they would keep me warm."



"That is like a girl," said Henry; "girls don't mind what they wear if it is something new."

"For shame, Master Henry," replied Betty, "is that the way you thank Miss Emily?"

"Oh no," cried Henry, "I am really very much obliged to you, Emily; so now let us be off, John. Good-bye, good-bye; now we are off, I hope, in earnest."

Henry and his companions had scarcely left the inn, and John, directed by one of the hostlers, had only just turned down the right street which would take them on the road to Reading, when the boy stooped forwards, and taking up the hamper of eatables, he asked Betty if she was hungry, and if he should unpack the hamper.

"Stop till we are out of the town, young master," said John, "for I promise you I can play a good game with my knife this morning, and I don't think it would look mannerly to be eating all down the street; when, I take it, we shall be out of the town in five minutes."

"But I am so hungry, John," urged Henry.

"Hunger is a sharp master, Master Henry," replied Betty; "but for all that, considering what a good breakfast you ate this morning, it can be no great punishment for you to wait for five minutes."

"But you forget, Betty," answered Henry, pertly, "that I have been to sleep since you have had your breakfast, and we always have breakfast after being asleep, and therefore I must want something to eat more than you can. I am going to unfasten the basket, John," he added, looking up laughingly in John's face whilst with his little fingers he worked away at the string, which was knotted somewhat tightly, considering how soon it was intended the basket should be emptied of its contents. "I am going to unfasten the basket, John," repeated Henry; "look, I have already undone one knot."

John, however, did not hear what Henry was saying, for there happened to be a fair in the town through which they were passing; and just as the boy spoke they met a quantity of sheep and cows that were going

to the fair, and had to go through that street on their way. Now John was not a very famous driver, for he had had very little experience, for Mr. Fairchild always drove himself; but John was a very careful steady driver, or else he would not have been trusted to drive Henry and Betty to the Grove. From want of practice, therefore, he found some difficulty in steering clear of the sheep, who were tired from a long day's journey, and would not or could not keep out of his way. Betty, too, was frightened, for she was not much accustomed to riding, having probably never been in a carriage twice before in her life; so just saying hurriedly to Henry, "You had better leave that basket alone, Master Henry," she turned all her thoughts and attention to John, the strange horse, and the flock of sheep and cows. Betty had been accustomed to cows and she knew their ways, and she saw the poor things had been overdriven, and looked wild and dangerous; but not having any fear of them, she spoke to one after another of them as a dairymaid would as they came near her. "How now, Maggy," she said, "behave yourself well, there's a good creature; keep down there, and don't put your legs in the carriage. It is a hard day's work you have had, Maggy dear, but you shall soon be in the green meadow again chewing the sweet grass; so put heart in it, poor beast, and don't go out of your way to fatigue yourself for nothing."

While Betty was thus talking to the cows, John was as busy with the sheep, trying to get them out of his way, and the Welsh drivers were chattering in Welsh, which the animals seemed to understand best of all; and as the flock was a large one, some minutes passed in this way, in which Henry was so quiet, that had his companions had leisure to think of him, they might have been sure some mischief was going on, for children are generally very quiet when in mischief. But the sheep had passed, and the last cow was just going by, when the carriage went over a somewhat large stone that was in the centre

of the road, and which John had not seen, owing to his attention being wholly given to the cattle. At the same moment there was a crack as if the jolt had broken something, and Betty screamed so loud that John, in his astonishment, pulled up the horse and looked round to see what was the matter. It was soon explained: Henry had taken the opportunity of the others' attention being withdrawn from him to open the hamper, and the sudden jolt of the carriage coming at an unlucky moment, had caused the fracture of the bottle of beer which now poured out its contents into the hamper upon the meat pies and tarts, running off from thence to Betty's dress and clean white stockings, her very shoe being filled with the liquid. Henry's white trowsers too had not escaped, but the greater portion had fallen upon Betty.

"You naughty boy," said John, "did I not tell you to leave the hamper alone?"

"For shame, for shame, Master Henry," cried Betty; "here you have spoilt our dinner, and my stocking is so soaked with beer, I sha'n't get the smell off till it is washed; and what a fine state to be in to go for to show myself amongst strangers at the Grove."

"I am very sorry," said Henry, "very sorry;" and the little boy, when he saw the mischief he had done, was beginning to cry, when John good-naturedly said, "You can't help it now, Master Henry, but perhaps we can do a little to remedy the mischief. Here, take the food out of the basket, and we will wipe it with the cloth in which it is wrapt, and Betty must put her handkerchief over her stocking and shoe so that she does not catch cold, and the first cottage we pass she can go in, and it won't take five minutes to dry by the fire. As to our dinner, we must make the best of what we have got left us good, though I can't but say I should have liked the beer."

Henry, being very sorry for what he had done, hastened to take the tarts and meat pies out of the basket,

whilst Betty, who was not so good-natured as John, said, "Master Henry, if your mamma was here, I am sure she would tell you that when little children do things their elders tell them they ought not to do, they are sure to repent it sooner or later."

Henry was not in a mood to bear this rebuke of Betty's without displeasure, but he did not say anything then, though he afterwards, when they were eating their dinner, which was found to have been hardly touched by the beer, could not help saying, "I don't think, after all I did much harm, Betty. You have dried your stocking, and it is not really hurt; it will be as good as ever after the washing, and I am sure these pies are exceedingly nice."

"But you forget that I must go without my beer," replied John, "and Betty will have to show herself before strangers with a stained stocking, which is not a pleasant thing for a young woman who likes to look clean and decent. Do not say much about it, Master Henry, it was a clumsy trick at the best, and it was a naughty one too, for you did it in disobedience."

Henry thought it wisest to be silent, but at the same time he felt very angry with John for what he had said, and you shall presently see how it worked with him.

After this accident with the beer, John pushed on so well that they were within ten miles of the Grove before eight o'clock, and he thought they might stop at the next inn where they should change their horse and have some tea, for Betty did not like to go without her tea, nor did John himself either, and Henry too was very hungry. So it being agreed between them, they alighted from the carriage, and whilst John went to speak to the innkeeper, Betty and Henry went into the house.

The inn was not a large one, nor was it one at which ladies and gentlemen generally put up at, but Mr. Fairchild had told John to stop at it, for John had all his directions written out, because it was kept by an old servant of his brother's, who had been with him in

India. This man had married after his return to England, and with his wife kept a small inn at about ten miles, or rather less, from Reading, which the landlord, out of compliment to his old master, for he had never served in another family, had called the Fairchild Arms. Into this inn, then, walked Betty and Henry, the former asking for some tea, and begging that it might be brought immediately, "for," she added, "we have, I understand, at least nine miles to go before we reach the Grove, where we must sleep to-night."

If you want to know what answer Betty received, or what kind of person was the mistress of the inn, you must turn to the next chapter, where you will learn all particulars of what befell them at the "Fairchild Arms," and also how they reached the Grove by moonlight.

*A Prayer that we may not cling to this world and its pleasures, forgetting those which are to come.*

Oh Lord God, we poor creatures whom thou hast formed love this world so well and all its pleasures, that we regret to leave it, and go mourning on in the thought that our fleeting breath will soon fail us, and that this life will as a vapour pass away and be no more.

Oh Lord, we are unwilling to exchange earthly blessings which we know come from thee, and thee only, for the heavenly ones which thou hast promised to thy children for the great love which thou hast borne to them even before the foundations of the world were laid. We are unwilling to abandon these and leave a world which is polluted by sin and wickedness for that glorious land where sin cannot blight nor sorrow fade. And our unwillingness is because we cannot trust thee as we ought, we cannot with childlike confidence repose on thy holy word.

Thou hast said, when thy chosen ones pass through the valley of the shadow of death that thou wilt be with them, so that they shall cry, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" and though

thou hast declared this, Oh God, thou whose word never failed, yet is our faith so weak we fear as one who leans upon a broken reed, not as one who stands upon the Rock of ages. Oh God, have pity upon us for this want of faith in our Saviour's merits; enlighten our eyes and purify our hearts by thy Divine Spirit that we may look forwards with anxious longing for that fair home thou hast prepared in heaven for those thou hast taught to love thee. Bless us with holy thoughts of this sweet Jerusalem and thy beloved ones who shall dwell therein; bless us with faith that we may trust thy love in our dying hour; and, above all, teach us to know the exceeding richness and abundance of thy paternal mercy for those thou hast adopted for thy children and heirs of grace. Oh Lord our Father, hear our prayer, and for the sake of thine only Son, whom thou sentest to die for us, make us to love thy name, and through that love may we ever rejoice to do thy holy will.

## HYMN.

1.

Thankless for favours from on high,  
 Man thinks he fades too soon;  
 Tho' 'tis his privilege to die,  
 Would he improve the boon.

2.

But he, not wise enough to scan  
 His best concerns aright,  
 Would gladly stretch life's little span  
 To ages, if he might.

3.

To ages in a world of pain,  
 To ages, where he goes,  
 Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,  
 And hopeless of repose.

4.

Strange fondness of the human heart,  
 Enamour'd of its harm?  
 Strange world, that costs it so much smart,  
 And still has power to charm.

5.

Whence has the world her magic pow'r?  
 Why deem we death a foe?  
 Recoil from weary life's best hour,  
 And covet longer woe?

6.

'Tis judgment shakes him : there's the fear  
 That prompts the wish to stay :  
 He has incur'd a long arrear,  
 And must despair to pay.

7.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid ;  
 His death your peace ensures ;  
 Think on the grave where *he* was laid,  
 And calm descend to *yours*.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE person whom Betty addressed with a request that she would prepare them some tea was a middle-aged woman, so plump that she looked as if she wore one of her husband's own beer barrels as a hooped petticoat. She had on her head a fly-away cap which once boasted some very bright pink ribbons, but which now were very much the worse for age and use. She held in one hand a frying-pan, from which came forth a savoury smell of beefsteaks and onions, and Betty, whom it must be remembered had lunched before one o'clock, thought she had never before smelt anything so relishing, and even Henry looked at it with a wishful eye. This good woman, who was called Mrs. Bunce, or by her husband Sally Bunce, was all flushed in the face from her late occupation of cooking the beefsteaks for her husband's supper ; but as Betty asked for some tea, adding that they had to go on to the Grove to sleep that night,

Mrs. Bunce, in her eagerness to see who was speaking, had taken the frying-pan from off the fire, and without putting it down she held it before her at arm's length, as she said, "Going to the Grove, young woman, and pray what is your business there?"

"It belongs to my master now," said Betty, "since poor Miss Ellen Fairchild's death, and I am to wait upon the two young ladies; and so I am going on to get all ready for them, and for my master and mistress."

"And is his honour and his lady coming to these parts soon?" asked Mrs. Bunce.

"We expect them perhaps the day after to-morrow," said Betty, "or the next day at farthest, if the old lady is well enough to come on; but to my mind she seems to fret much about poor Miss Ellen that's gone, and I think she's afraid of going back to the Grove. Mrs. Johnson told me she thought her missis would feel it the more when she got home for having left it so soon after the young lady's death."

"Aye, to be sure," replied Mrs. Bunce, putting the frying-pan on the hob beside the fire; "but you said you wanted some tea; well, Nancy can get it as fast as I can, and I will come with you into the little parlour and have a chat with you about the family. Bunce will want to know all about it, for you know, I dare say, he was with Miss Ellen's father from the time he went to the Indies till he came back again, making in all four-and-twenty years. Bunce loved Miss Ellen that's gone as if she had been a child of his own, aye, and more too, for he always thought her the angel which, dear young lady, she now is. But walk into the parlour, and I will be with you in a second. I will only tell Nancy to be quick."

Mrs. Bunce was as good as her word, and Nancy was in the very act of laying the tea-things upon the table when Betty, who had taken off her bonnet and shawl, and just washed her own and Henry's hands and face from the dust of the road, came from the bed-room



above stairs. As she walked in at the parlour door with Henry, Mrs. Bunce followed her, and while Mrs. Bunce made the tea, Betty, having placed a chair for Henry, seated herself beside him, and taking hold of the loaf, she was about to cut him a good sized piece of bread, when he whispered to her a request that he might be allowed to butter it for himself.

"We have not much time to spare, Master Henry," replied Betty, aloud; "so I think you had better let me do it for you."

"*Master Henry,*" repeated Mrs. Bunce, in her astonishment dropping down the teapot-lid with such a noise that it made them all start. "Master Henry did you say, Mrs. Betty?" for she had inquired from Betty herself her name, to which from politeness she had prefixed the title of Mrs.; "and may I ask whose little master are you, sir? What is your name, my dear?"

"My name is Henry Fairchild," replied the Boy, "and my papa is going to live at the Grove."

"And is it possible, Mrs. Betty," exclaimed Mrs. Bunce, "that you should never have told me that this was the master's son? and me talking to you as I did, and not paying the dear young gentleman no manner of attention, just as if he was no one; but I could not for an instant have thought that you could have done such a thing, Mrs. Betty; and me about to sit down and take a cup of tea with you, as if he was but a child of your own; but Master Fairchild, I ask your pardon, sir, and I ask your pardon too, young gentleman, for not inquiring before this what you would be pleased to have. All that our poor house can offer you, young master, you are welcome to; for does not Bunce and myself owe all to your good uncle and his family?"

Henry was half frightened at Mrs. Bunce talking to him in this way, but he soon had sense enough to perceive that she was flattering him and wished to please him; and when she again and again pressed him to say what he would like to have, for whatever he wished and she possessed he should have, without looking to

Betty, whom he feared would oppose him, he said, "I should very much like some of that nice meat you were cooking when I came in: it smelt very good indeed, and I am very hungry."

"Oh, for shame, Master Henry," cried Betty; "how could you go for to think of such a thing?"

"Dear young gentleman, is he not welcome to that and everything we could give him that he would like to have?" said Mrs. Bunce; and she went out of the parlour herself, and presently returned with a very tempting dish of beefsteaks swimming in gravy, which she placed before Henry, offering to help him, and pressing him to take what he liked and to leave any part he did not like.

The beefsteaks were so savoury that Betty could scarcely find it in her heart to say much to Henry about asking for them, for after Mrs. Bunce had helped Henry she handed the dish over to Betty to take what she liked. On Mrs. Bunce's saying she could not take the liberty of sitting down to table with the young gentleman, the master's son, Henry was very civil and begged her to stay; but I am afraid it was because Mrs. Bunce flattered him, and Betty had taken the opportunity whilst the landlady was gone for the beefsteaks to reprove him for asking for them, and I have said before that Henry was not in a mood of mind that day to be found fault with.

When Mr. Bunce came in from the stable with John, he was not one whit behind his wife in paying attention to Henry. He sent for a jug of ale and drank the young gentleman's health, and said he hoped that though this was the first time it would not be the last that Henry was at their house, and he made a good many fine speeches to him, and told him what a fine house and what fine grounds would be be his some day, and what a great man he would be. Mrs. Bunce, too, asked Henry if he liked much sugar, and when he said yes, she allowed him to put in as many lumps as he chose in his tea; she sugared also his bread and butter,

and gave him a slice of some cake that she made for her own eating; she would have given him a glass of wine too, but Betty and John interfered, and were very decided that he should not take it.

When the carriage was ready, Mr. Bunce himself lifted Henry in, and Mrs. Bunce wanted to place him on Betty's seat instead of on his own; but here again John interfered, and then Mrs. Bunce wrapped him up in his papa's cloak quite snugly, and hoped he would not be cold, and said he was a dear young gentleman, and she was so glad she had seen him; and Mr. Bunce declared he was the very image of his uncle, and a finer gentleman had never lived.

"Well, Master Henry," said John, as the carriage drove away from the inn, "I hope this won't be too much for your little head, and surely good Mr. and Mrs. Bunce did not know what they were about when they praised so young a little gentleman so foolishly."

"I like Mrs. Bunce very much," answered Henry, "and I don't like to hear you say anything against her, John; and I like Mr. Bunce too."

"You ought to like them, Master Henry," replied John, "for they meant to be very kind to you; but yet I fancy you would not thank them if you had sense enough to know what a pretty figure you cut from their flattery. There were you lolling back in your chair with a piece of cake in your hand, at one moment, and the next busy with the spoon at the sugar-basin, searching out for the very largest lumps. Then you splashed yourself, too, with the beef-gravy, when you would help yourself a second time, when you knew as well as I did that you had had enough, and it was only for the pleasure of using a knife and fork in the dish that made you take it at all. Oh, Master Henry, Master Henry," added John, laughing, "good Mrs. Bunce makes a very baby of you, and if you were to stay in her house awhile you would never be fit to be put into jackets and trowsers: you must keep to your pinafores and frocks, for the others would in a day not be fit to be seen."

"I am sure, John," said Henry, very angry, "I am sure, John, that you know nothing about it. Mrs. Bunce is a very good woman, and she could not make a baby of me. I am too old to be made a baby of by her or any one else."

"Well, well," answered John, "I did not mean to touch you up so sharply, Master Henry, but if little boys or little girls either could see how very silly they are when people praise them and let them do what they like, they would be heartily ashamed of themselves."

"It is very wrong," said Betty, "very wrong indeed, for people to praise up children in the foolish way they do; now here's Mrs. Bunce, if she was to go on as she began this evening, she would find no child would be to be bound or to be held within any decent limits in a few days; and yet, good woman, I am sure she was not aware of the mischief she was doing. She thought so much of the Mr. Fairchild who is dead and gone, and of Miss Ellen too, that she could not say enough pretty things to Master Henry because he was a relation; and if she had had charge of him for a day or two, she would have made for herself a pretty sharp rod for her own back."

"What do you mean, Betty?" asked Henry, his little person swelling with resentment.

"I don't mean anything in particular to you, Master Henry," replied Betty, "but in the Bible we are told that children should be trained in the way they should go, and that also the heart of man is desperately wicked, so that who can know it? So you see, Master Henry, if Mrs. Bunce was to allow a child to have its own way, the heart of that child being of a vile nature, for such are all our hearts, 'for there is none good, no not one,' she would not be training up that child in the way that it should go, but in the way that would lead to sin and misery."

"To be sure," said John, "to be sure, but I don't think parents often think of that, Betty, and I am cer-

tain very few other persons who speak to children do. Sometimes when I have gone with master to gentlemen's houses, such as Sir Charles Noble's and Mrs. Darfield's, or even to such places as Mr. Burke's, I have heard the servants in the kitchen talking together about the children of the house, and many's the lessons the papas and mammas might learn from them, if they could hear what was said."

"Aye," replied Betty, "but I much fear, John, whether those servants, when they marry and have children of their own, remember what has been said in the servants' hall. But do you recollect anything they said, John?"

"Yes," replied John, "it was at Mr. Darfield's, and an old servant to Sir Charles Noble was saying how Master William and Master Edward Noble were indulged by their mamma, and that no one was allowed to contradict them; and the young gentlemen themselves were so puffed up by it that it was a misery for any one to have anything to do with them—that they were very unhappy themselves, for they had been so spoiled that nothing was a treat to them, and they made every one who had anything to do with them as unhappy as they were themselves. After this man Miss Darfield's own man spoke, —for you know, Betty, she has a man to wait upon her, and he has nothing else to do; and he said that when he first went to live with his young lady she was a pretty little dimpled baby of four years old, but that her mamma had so spoiled her everybody dreaded to have charge of her even for five minutes, for she was not to be contradicted; and yet her little wishes and her babyish will sometimes would almost endanger her life. 'I could never please the pretty babe,' said the old man, 'when I took her out, for it was my duty to guide the donkey which drew her little carriage, I could never please her, and yet the little lady was so pretty and so very lovely when good that I loved her dearly, and did not like the thought of leaving her, though I could not have borne

her tyranny six months longer, I am sure. It was at that time Mrs. Colville came to us, and then began the change in little Miss Darfield, the like of which I had never seen before. We had no more screams, or fits of passion, or fits of wilfulness, but she became almost at once the sweet young lady she now is.'

"'Ah, Mrs. Colville is a clever lady, no doubt,' replied one of the servants who had heard what old Thomas had said; 'Mrs. Colville is a very clever lady.'

"'No, I don't think that is it,' answered the old man. 'Mrs. Colville is a clever lady, I dare say; for if she was not, our lady Mrs. Darfield would not have had her for governess for little miss; but I have heard Miss Darfield say, over and over again, that Mrs. Colville has taught her that she is by nature born a sinful child, and that she can do no good of herself, but the blessed God loved her, and sent his Son to die for her, and his Holy Spirit to make her heart clean, and that God himself will be a father to her for ever, and that he has already shown how much he loved her, when he sent Mrs. Colville to live with her, and to teach her to love her Bible.' But here's a turnpike to pay, and it is getting so dark I can't see the difference of a sixpence from a shilling."

"But can't you feel it, John?" asked Henry; "I am sure I could. Let me try."

"You try!" said John, laughing. "I would rather trust my own fingers, Master Henry, though little is the money that's passed through them, it is rather more, I take, than what has gone through yours."

"But I shall be a rich man when I grow up," answered Henry, proudly; "and I dare say I shall think nothing of a sixpence or a shilling."

"If you were as rich as the queen on her throne," replied John, "you could not say so, Master Henry, for you ought to put your money to a good account, and not spend it thoughtlessly. The more you have the more good may you do with it."

"I wish John was not always speaking to me in that

way," said Henry to himself. "It is not the way Mrs. Bunce spoke to me, or Mr. Bunce either. John always talks to me as if he was teaching me; and he quite forgets I am going to a large house that will some day be my own, and that I shall be a great man, and have horses to ride on and many servants to wait upon me. I think John should know better than to find fault with me; I am a gentleman, and he is only a servant. And Betty, too, she is even crosser than John, and I know all they said about Miss Darfield was meant for me; but I won't listen to them any more. I will go to sleep, and when they find out I am asleep it will serve them right, for then they will know I can't have heard what they have been saying on purpose for me to hear. So Henry wrapt himself up closer in his papa's coat, and leaning more heavily against Betty's knee he closed his eyes, and as he was really fatigued with his long day's journey, a thing so unusual to him, he soon fell asleep and continued so, not being even awake by the stopping of the carriage at the Grove. He was roused from his sleep by Betty's getting out of the carriage, and then looking round him he saw a great many dark figures standing at the door of some large building, for whether it was a house or not he could not see. One of these persons held a candle in her hand, which flickered in the evening wind, and it was so flashed about poor Henry's eyes, as the woman who held it lighted Betty to get out of the carriage and to collect her things about her, that the poor little boy was quite ready to cry from fatigue, sleep, and uncomfortableness. There was loud talking, too, and a running backwards and forwards, and the voices all seemed strange to the little fellow, and he looked about somewhat anxiously for Betty or John. But John was too busy with the horse to attend to him, and Betty was also collecting her parcels; so he sat still, shivering in his little seat, afraid of speaking, lest all the strange persons about should come to talk to him. The woman who held the candle in her hand, however, suddenly exclaimed, as she laid her hands

upon the cloak which covered Henry from head to foot, "What have we here, Mrs. Betty? What is this?"

The little boy was much alarmed before, but now he could contain his fears no longer, and he began to cry out; but before Betty or John could answer him, another voice exclaimed, "Oh, it is little Mr. Fairchild—it is the young master—the poor dear little gentleman;" and Mrs. Tilney herself stepped forward and held out her hands to lift the child from the carriage. "Hold the light this way, woman," she said authoritatively to the under servant. "Hold the light this way,—don't you hear when I speak to you? It is Master Fairchild himself, the dear little gentleman. Welcome to the Grove, Master Fairchild, and may you live to enjoy it, little sir, many and many a long year."

The familiar voice of Mrs. Tilney, though Henry had not liked her when she was at his old home, was very pleasing to him now; and he sprung up from his seat, and throwing back his cloak, he allowed her to lift him from out of the carriage. Nor did she loose his hand again, but, calling to the same woman who had lighted them before, she took the candlestick from her, leaving all the persons in the yard in the dark, as she guided Henry towards the house, amongst tubs, heaps of faggots, coal-skuttles, empty frails, and all such things as are generally to be found in servants' offices, where the establishment is a large one, and the mistress has been out for some time.

"It is for the young master's use," she said, as she took the candle; "you must get another for yourself, Susan." Then turning to Henry as she led him along, she asked him if he was hungry, or if he had had anything on the road, or whether he would like to go to bed at once, as she was sure he must be very tired.

"I am very sleepy, ma'am," answered Henry.

Mrs. Tilney then told Henry she would speak to the housemaid, and he should have his bed ready in an in-



stant, and that in the meanwhile she would take him in to her own little parlour, where he should stay and have something to eat, or else he might lie down on her own sofa. "The room is nice and warm, Master Henry," she said; "indeed it was so warm that I had just left it, to go out to get a little fresh air, when your carriage drove up, and I just stayed to see who was come; but, Master Henry, I never sit with the servants in the hall. I consider I should demean myself to keep them company. This is mine and Mrs. Johnson's parlour, and we sit here, and I have nothing to do but to help Mrs. Johnson to wait upon your dear grandmamma, and to make her dresses, and her caps, and her frills, and her muslin aprons. Dear lady, she is very particular; but it is a pleasure to wait upon her. I hope, Master Henry, you will often come and visit me in my little parlour. You will be always welcome; and so you ought to be to every room in the house, for does it not belong to your papa? and will it not all be your own some day?"

By this time they had reached Mrs. Johnson's and Mrs. Tilney's parlour, which looked very comfortable indeed, though Henry would have preferred going to bed; and there, as he said he was not hungry, Mrs. Tilney wrapped him up in a shawl she had near, and he was almost asleep again before the housemaid who had been summoned had left the room.

But Betty had not forgot for so long a time her little charge. She had inquired, and found out which way Mrs. Tilney had taken Henry, and she had arrived in time to see him safely laid underneath the shawl on the sofa, where he was to take his nap till his bed was prepared. Betty thought the child could not be safer, so she went up to him and told him to lie still till she came for him to put him to bed, and then his night things would be aired and ready for him to put on. Betty then left him with Mrs. Tilney, who first moved the candles away, so that they should not inconvenience Henry, and then she seated herself at a little round

table, saying aloud, "If you want anything, my dear, do not fear to call to me, and I shall be very happy to do anything you want."

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Henry; but he said no more, for he still felt very sleepy, and was ready to drop to sleep again. But this was not to happen, for John came in to inquire after the child, and to know how soon the bed would be ready for him.

"I have given orders about it," answered Mrs. Tilney. "I have told the housemaid to make up his grandmamma's bed for him; it will be the one soonest got ready for him! and the dear little gentleman is very weary."

"That won't do," said John, gravely, "that won't do, Mrs. Tilney; for he is to sleep with me, or Betty, and it would not do for the like of us to lie in the mistress's bed. Our missis, that is the master's lady, told me particularly that Master Henry is to sleep with Betty or myself, whichever he liked or whichever was most convenient, and the child said he should like best to sleep with me."

"Well, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Tilney, getting very red in the face,—“well, to be sure, I should not have thought it—but certainly the dear little boy ought to have his own way, for if he is not to have his own way, Mr. John, who should?—heir as he is to such a fine estate as the Grove—to say nothing of lands and money elsewhere. He is a fine little fellow, Mr. John, a fine little fellow—a regular little gentleman, with such elegant manners, and such a sweet face of his own—dear little gentleman, he ought to have his own way, but the housemaid had better know it at once. Your room is already prepared, Mr. John; it is a very good room, not in the attics, but in the second floor. Mr. Fairchild, when he was here, chose it himself, and it is a very good room, and a very comfortable one too—quite as good as mine or Mrs. Johnson's, and very airy. If the little gentleman don't like it, he can choose for himself to-morrow, but

as it is ready he will no doubt be glad to go to bed at once, and I will see and tell the housemaid."

Mrs. Tilney was as good as her word—the housemaid was informed of the change of arrangement, and John, guided by the young woman, took Henry to bed by his own particular request. "What a good young gentleman he is," said Mrs. Tilney; "what a very good young gentleman—though any one may see he is tired to death, yet there is no complaining, and no crossness or tears. He is even better than dear Miss Ellen used to be, if that's possible; but he is a dear young gentleman, and so genteel and well spoken;"—and Mrs. Tilney's speech seemed to run on in the same strain after that. John and Henry could hear her voice no more as they ascended up the wide staircase. Betty gave John Henry's night things, and in a very few minutes the little boy was fast asleep in his new home, though the flatteries of Mrs. Tilney and Mr. and Mrs. Bunce still rang again and again in his ears, following him in his dreams.

*A Prayer that the new nature bestowed upon us by Divine Grace may subdue the workings of pride in our heart.*

Blessed and glorious Father, we can never be sufficiently thankful to thee for the permission which thou hast granted to us, whilst still abiding in our sinful flesh, to open our mind, to express our thoughts to thee, as children to a tender parent; and though we know that every thought of our hearts is known to thee even before it is conceived by us, yet we acknowledge that it is in infinite love that thou permiest us to confess them before thy throne.

The pride thus lately brought before us as manifested in a little child, who although reared in the deepest humility, yet yields to the first whisper of flattery, should be a mirror in which we may see the tendency of our own natures, and should, with the divine blessing, teach us to look inwards, and to ask ourselves if whenever we

have been tried we have resisted the temptations to lofty thoughts of self more decidedly than that little child. O have we not rather, when not tried, secretly cherished views of our own consequence and importance which can never be suitable to the condition of man ; for what are we but creatures made from dust to which we must return ? What is our beauty but a fading flower—what are the natural thoughts of our hearts but folly at the very best ?

And yet, O heavenly Father, knowing all this, pride and self-conceit so belong to our very nature, that these evil passions are not only fed and strengthened in us by worldly flattery, but often even by the kind cares of our best friends, by the severity of those who are not friends, and more than all by the belief that we have done any thing well, or escaped some temptation to do ill.

These evil inclinations belong to us more intimately than our hands or our eyes, for these may be cut off, plucked out and cast from us, but pride and conceit of self is a part of our very being as human creatures, and must remain with that being till it is destroyed in death.

I ask thee not, therefore, O Heavenly Father, to change my heart of flesh, which is incapable of amendment, but to endue that new nature which is bestowed upon me by the regenerating grace of the Divine Spirit, with power to subdue the workings of pride and self-conceit in my natural heart—to strengthen me against the influence of worldly praise—to open the eyes of my understanding to my real condition as a child of Adam, and to bestow upon me such a view of the glory and righteousness of the Lord the Saviour as shall make me ashamed to look on myself in comparison with the merits which were His before the world was made, and shall be His when time shall be no more.

## HYMN.

Oft have I turn'd my eye within,  
And brought to light some latent sin ;  
But pride, the vice I most detest,  
Still lurks securely in my breast.

Here, with a thousand arts she tries  
To dress me in a fair disguise,  
To make a guilty wretched worm  
Put on an angel's brightest form.

She hides my follies from mine eyes,  
And lifts my virtues to the skies ;  
And while the specious tale she tells,  
Her own deformity conceals.

Rend, O my God, the veil away,  
Bring forth the monster to the day ;  
Expose his hideous form to view,  
And all her restless power subdue.

So shall humility divine  
Possess with joy this heart of mine ;  
And form a temple for my God,  
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

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CHAPTER III.

I HAVE told you that Henry went to bed, his ears ringing with the praises he had heard all day, and that even in his sleep he fancied them repeated. He was very tired, however, and slept till a late hour on the following morning, nor did he hear John get up and dress, and leave the room. When Henry did awake, however, he lay for some time looking about him, and even admired the size of the room in which he had been sleeping; for he remembered that it was only John's room, and he compared it to the room which

John had been in the habit of occupying in his old home. The furniture, too, was as good as what had been in Henry's own little chamber or in his sisters', and the child thought, if John had got so much better a room than he used to have, what a nice room shall I have, and Lucy and Emily too; and what a fine place must be mamma's bed-room! O! I will get up and dress myself, and run down stairs and look all over this large house."

Henry jumped out of bed in a moment; and as he was in the habit of waiting upon himself at home, he could do a great deal now; and, in fact, he was nearly ready to go down when Betty came in to see if he was awake.

"I am nearly dressed, Betty," said Henry; "please to fasten me, for I want to go down stairs and run about."

"But have you said your prayers this morning, Master Henry?" asked Betty; "you seem in such a hurry, I am afraid you have forgotten them, and then you know you will be sure to get into mischief.—Have you remembered them, Master Henry?"

"Yes, Betty," answered Henry; but he spoke low, and he was very glad at the moment, that as Betty was fastening his dress he had his back to her, and so she could not see his face, for he felt he coloured when he told the lie, and he knew he could not have lifted his eyes to hers.

"Well," said Betty, "now you are ready, you had better go and look after John, and he will see to your breakfast; but mind, Master Henry, do not get into mischief; and if you will take my advice, you will keep as close as you can to John all day, and not go near other people who flatter you, and make you very silly and conceited, and then you quite forget yourself, and how you should behave.—There, now your pinafore's fastened, so you may run away, for I see your feet are all on the motion."

Henry did not wait an instant, but sprung out of the room, and wishing to get as far from Betty as he could, he slid down the stairs by the banisters, over which

he had bent his little body, and the next moment, being on a lower landing, he was peeping in to one door and then to another, to see as far he could see without being seen.

This was a range of bed-rooms, but then they were very large bed-rooms, with such large beds in them, that Henry, who had never seen the like before, for they had only one fourpost-bedstead in his late home, which was in the spare room, was quite lost in astonishment and admiration. In one of the rooms, too, was a glass so large, that the whole figure of a grown-up person could be seen in it at once; and as Henry passed across it, and saw his own little figure reflected in it from head to foot, he started back, for at first he thought it was a stranger. When he perceived that it was himself, he was much pleased, and walked up to it, and moved about before it, and he could not help saying aloud, "Well, this is a fine place, and what fine things are here! why, what could we have done with such a fine glass as this at our old little home?"

But Henry had too much to see to stand long before the glass, and the next door he found open was the outer drawing-room door—for there were two drawing-rooms, the one inside the other. This room was handsomely furnished with a grand pianoforte and poor Ellen's harp; and there were so many things scattered about, that Henry thought it would take a week to examine them all. "Well, to be sure," said Henry,—"this was a favourite expression of John's, and Henry was very fond of imitating John—"well, to be sure, this is a large room, and to think it is all papa's, and will be mine some day. It is no wonder Mrs. Tilney and Mrs. Bunce make much of me, for I shall be a great person when all these things are mine; and how very stupid of Betty and John not to see that I am very different now to what I used to be before papa had the Grove. But I shall not attend to them as I have done: they are only servants, and I shall be a great man soon, and they can't tell what is right as well as I

shall be able to do very shortly, for I am a gentleman, and they are only servants."

As Henry said this to himself, he walked up to one of the windows and looked out, and there he beheld before him, for the window was low, such a very lovely view, that it helped to turn his little head more and more with conceit. It was a view of the park, terminated by a low hill covered with fine growing trees, and beneath, close to the house, were flower-beds in the most beautiful order perfectly covered with blossoms, and sending up even to where Henry was standing a most fragrant odour.

I must go there this instant, thought Henry; and once more he flew rather than stepped down the stairs, and another spring took him down upon the lawn in front of the house. Henry was not in a settled mood of mind this morning, so he soon got tired of even this pretty place, and then, as he felt hungry, he turned himself towards the kitchen and offices to find John, to ask him for some breakfast.

"I wonder what he will give me," thought Henry; "I should like some buttered toast and an egg. John makes nicer buttered toast than anybody I know, and I like to eat it by the kitchen fire, for then it is so hot and good. But I wonder where John can be; how tiresome it is of him to hide himself now when I want him."

Henry had found his way to a small yard where was a barn or shed, in which was a large open chest half filled with barley, and Henry spied two fowls perched upon the open chest, and eating to their little hearts' content and clucking and clacking and calling to their fellows.

"Oh, that will never do," said Henry, "those greedy birds will stuff themselves to death; I must drive them from there," and so he did; and as they fluttered away screaming, he followed them till they alighted upon an apple-tree, or a kind of crab-tree in the same court-yard beyond Henry's reach, though he could see them well where they perched, and felt much inclined to throw a stone at them to frighten them down. Under this



apple-tree deep set in the ground was a tub half full of pig's-wash : it was not a very large tub, but still it was of very moderate size, and possessed a lid with a padlock of a very formidable appearance.

Henry might probably have never noticed the pig's wash or the tubs, or anything else in the yard, if the fowls had not first drawn his attention to it ; for as they flew into the tree an apple was shook off from its hold, and fell into the pig's wash with a splash which almost reached the birds where they sate, and at the same time besprinkled a man's cap which hung upon the same hook to which was fastened the lid of the tub. This hook was driven into the apple-tree. At sight of the splash Henry looked at the cap, and at once knew it for John's. " Oh, ho ! " he cried, " have I caught you at last, Mr. John ? " and then he began to call out as loud as he could, " John, John, where are you, John ? I want some breakfast. John, John, come to me, John ; I am by the apple-tree over the pig's wash. John, where are you ? "

He stopped shouting a moment, and he fancied he could hear a voice in the distance replying to him, and he was sure he heard a step, so he called aloud again, " John, John, where are you ? "

He was now certain he did hear John answer, but still the voice came from a distance, and he thought also he caught something said by a female voice about a cap, and yet he did not know he could not be sure. John has lost his cap, he thought, he has forgot where he has put it ; and shouting out at the very pitch of his little voice the information to John where his cap was, and that he would bring it to him, he stooped forwards, and tried to get it from the hook on which it was hanging. The hook was beyond his reach ; he stood upon his tiptoes and made another effort, but his feet slipped from under him, and we should have had only to relate the sad death of little Henry Fairchild by his fall head-foremost into the pig's wash, if Mrs. Tilney, who had heard his calls to John, and who had come out to

answer him in person, but who had been speaking about a cap to one of the under servants, had not sprung forwards and caught hold of the skirts of his frock, which being of a stout material, preserved the child from further injury.

And now just think of little Henry Fairchild, the boy who thought himself a little gentleman, who only five minutes before had been proudly thinking he could take care of himself, clinging to the side of the wash-tub whilst he was only held up from sinking by the grasp Mrs. Tilney had of his clothes. Up to his waist he was in a mass of water-bran, rotten apples, potato parings, and such like matters, and he could feel this soft mass give way under his feet, and the liquid rise higher and higher. He screamed loudly from fear and pain, for he could hardly keep his hold; and Mrs. Tilney screamed too, though she scarcely dared to loosen her hold of his dress to catch at the child, whose struggles became greater and greater as the mess in which he stood clung more to him, and he found himself going lower into the liquid. How Mrs. Tilney managed, between her screams and her fears, and Henry's total want of power to loosen his hold upon the sides of the tub to pull him out, she never could say; but after all, it was only the work of a moment before the child was on his feet again in the yard, though in his fear clinging to Mrs. Tilney with his arms round her, and his dripping and dirty dress pressed to hers. The odour, too, caused by the stirring up of this foul mass was overpowering, and poor Mrs. Tilney, who prided herself on her delicate sense of smelling, and the beautiful propriety of her appearance, could not extricate herself from the child do what she would, till he had made her in a state almost as bad as he was himself. The maid and the boy too, though out of danger, did not cease their shrieks, and it was in this disgraceful plight that the little heir of this great estate and fair property was first presented to the astonished servants, who came running into the yard from all sides to know what was the matter. John was the first who

approached near to them, for he recognized Henry's voice; and he was not a little alarmed. The smell of the pig's wash and Henry's dripping state made him at once guess what had been the matter, for the child was not in a state to speak, and Mrs. Tilney was in such a fluster, that she took even a longer time than Henry before she came to herself.

There was a large woollen horse-cloth lying on a chest near at hand, and John, without waiting to ask any questions, caught hold of this, and wrapping it round Henry, he disengaged his grasp from Mrs. Tilney, and taking the little fellow in his arms, he spoke to him soothingly; for John was very fond of the child, and he felt that he trembled with fear and cold. "It is all right now, my boy," he said; "you are not hurt, are you? Come, act like a little man, and Betty and I will see what is the matter with you."

At John's well-known voice Henry ceased crying, though he could not help sobbing very often; but he leant his little head, the only part, by-the-bye, that was clean about him, against John's shoulder, as he said, "Oh, John! I have been so naughty—so very naughty."

"Very likely," replied John, "very likely, and I should have wondered if it had been otherwise, considering all that passed yesterday."

But now Betty had joined them, and John told her what a state the child was in, and that he did not think they would be able to get the smell of the pigs' wash off the boy's dress without a good deal of scrubbing with soap and water.

"And what's to be done in the meanwhile?" asked Betty? "for though I have got a change of linen for him, I have nothing else, and it is not likely we can borrow a dress for him here."

"Well, you must put him in a tub, and wash him well," said John, "or I must do it; for at present I should not like to touch him without this great horse-cloth between us, and then he must go to-bed again till we can think of something to put him in till his dress is washed out."

Poor Henry was so humbled by his accident that he laid quite still in John's arms, and seemed to think himself only safe there; and as he certainly loved John better than any one else in the world but his mamma and papa, and Lucy and Emily, he was very thankful and grateful to the man-servant for carrying him and washing him, and putting him clean and dry into a warm bed.

"And now," said John, as he laid the little fellow down, "I will go and see if breakfast is ready for you; and after you have ate it, Master Henry, we will talk over this affair; and I will try, now your mamma and papa are not here, to counsel you, to see what good we may make out of the matter." So John went and brought him some warm tea and an egg, but he did not give him any buttered toast or butter to his bread; but he gave him some dry toast, which he thought better for him; and Henry thought it very good, and thanked John a good many times for his kindness. Betty, too, came to see him for a minute or so, but she went off again quickly, for she said she would make haste and wash his dress, that it might be ready for him as soon as possible.

"O, John!" said Henry, as Betty left the room; "O, John! how good you are to me, and so is Betty too. O, John! I have been a very naughty boy,"—and the poor little fellow hid his face in the bed-clothes and sobbed aloud.

"Well, you must tell me all about it," said John, "though I think I can guess it. You were set up, Master Henry, by Mr. and Mrs. Bunce's praises, and you became conceited, and you thought that you could take care of yourself, and you forgot what a silly, helpless little boy you really are."

"Yes, John," added Henry, "and Mrs. Tilney has praised me; and when I got up this morning I was so anxious to go down stairs, that I never said my prayers, nor asked God to take care of me."

"But God *has* taken care of you, though you did not

ask him, Master Henry," replied John, "and that seems to me to be the way with all of us. When we love God, and ask him to take care of us, he keeps us in peace and happiness. When we do not love God, and forget to ask him to take care of us, he does not forget us, but he lets us get into trouble and difficulties which force us to think of him again, and then he gives us again his peace."

"But I told Betty I had said my prayers," continued Henry, "and I told a lie, but I was not sorry for it then; I was only in a great hurry to run away from her lest she should ask me any more questions."

"Oh, Master Henry;" replied John, "how one sin leads on to another, getting us deeper and deeper into the scrape; so that, if a more powerful hand than ours was not ready to pull us out of our difficulties, we should flounder deeper and deeper into the mud, just as you would have fallen into the pigs'-wash, if Mrs. Tilney had not been at hand to help you.—But tell me how it came about, that though at home our whole grounds altogether might almost go into that one yard, and that there you never fell into the pigs'-wash; whilst here, where there are lawns, fields and gardens, and places out of number for you to play in, yet you must choose the most dangerous spot, and tumble into a mass of foul stuff, the very smell of which I shall not, I fear, get rid of for a week to come."

Henry then told John of his running about the house, and of his going out, and of his desire to find him to get some breakfast. He told John, too, about his cap which was hanging on the hook, and of his answer when he called him.

"Ah," said John, "that will explain all. I had been looking about me, for I have not got my work settled to me, nor will it be given me till master comes; and having nothing to do, I thought I would just look at the live animals about the place; and would you believe it, Master Henry, there are six as good pigs as ever you saw, and a sow with seven young 'uns; and the idle fellows

about, though it was eight o'clock, had never given them a bit to eat, and I could not bear to see the poor things crying out so for their food, and me nothing to do but carry my hands before me ; so, as I found the pigs' wash-tub open, for I did not open it, but it had been left open all night to let the crabs fall in, I should fancy, and save the lazy ones from picking them up and putting them in the tub, why I just took off my cap and hung it on the hook, for it is a size too large for me, Master Henry, and drops over my eyes, whilst I fed the poor starving beasts. I heard you call, and should have been with you in a moment, only you would not wait for me."

"Should I have been hurt much, John, if I had fallen quite in?" asked Henry. "Could I have got out myself, if Mrs. Tilney had not been there to help me?"

"I am afraid, Master Henry," said John, looking very grave, "that you would not have cared much what they were doing with your poor little body by this time, if Mrs. Tilney had not been at hand to save you. If you had tumbled in, you would have soon got your head under the wash if it had not gone down first, and then you would have been suffocated and drowned ; for you could not have called out for help, your mouth would have been so filled with the stuff."

"O, John!" exclaimed Henry ; "but this is very shocking to think of."

"It is indeed, Master Henry, because, as one might say, you would have come to your death by your own folly and conceit. You had not done anything wrong exactly, but you had been thinking vain and conceited thoughts which had turned your little head, and you fancied yourself very clever and very great ; and all that time you were so weak and foolish, that you could not take a cap off a hook without danger to your very life. O, Master Henry! when you become a man like me, you must remember this accident of the pigs'-wash, and God help that it keeps you humble and lowly-minded, and trusting to him who has done all for you through the death and sacrifice of His only Son.—Master Henry,

when you are vain and conceited, you must take care, or you will fall into a scrape that will make you as foul and disgusting to appearance as you were when you were pulled out of the wash-tub.—But here comes Betty I see again.—What news, Betty?—How does the washing get on.”

“Not as well as I could wish,” answered Betty, “but I thought, John, you would not like to be kept up here all day, and it would be very dull for master Henry to lie in bed with nothing to do, and I think after the ducking he has had he ought to lie down for some hours at least, so I have been to the housekeeper’s room to ask her if she had a book, or any thing that would amuse the child for a bit. Mrs. Evans is very good-natured, and a mighty agreeable person to ask a favour from; and though she has just now got an attack of rheumatism which keeps her to the sofa, and she can’t stir hardly hand or foot, she told me where to go to find a book, and I picked this one which she tells me was poor Miss Ellen’s favourite story book, though this is not Miss Ellen’s own copy, because her grandmamma, dear lady, has got that locked up in her cabinet in her own room; but still it is the same story, and if Miss Ellen liked it so much I was sure it must be a good one, and might amuse Master Henry when he is left here by himself and you want to go, John.”

“To be sure,” said John, “I sha’n’t like to stay here all day; and now you have brought a book for the child he won’t want me, or else I should have found it in my heart to have stayed till he went to sleep, or something turned up. I can come up every now and then and see how he goes on.”

“And so shall I,” added Betty, “and there’s a bell in this room, Mrs. Evans tells me—indeed she says there’s scarcely a room in the house that has not a bell, and we can fasten it in such a way that Master Henry can ring it if he wants anything, and I can answer it in a minute John, for I sha’n’t be out of hearing except when I go to hang the things up in the yard, and

then I can tell Susan to listen if it rings, and let me know."

Betty then gave Henry the book which had been his cousin Ellen's favourite, and there were one or two pictures in it, but Henry would not look at them whilst Betty and John were in the room, for he thought he should have plenty of time when left to himself, and that whilst they were with him he would rather talk or hear them talk.

"And what has become of Mrs. Tilney," asked John.

Betty could not help smiling, as she said—"Oh, Mrs. Tilney had a fit of 'sterics when they got her into the house, and she called for salts to smell at, for says she, 'the pig's wash is odious,' and then she asked for a cup of tea to be got ready for her; and she bade Susan just go up stairs with her to help her to change her dress, for it is nearly as bad as Master Henry's; and by-the-bye, Master Henry," added Betty, "the pockets of your trousers were all full of bran, and though I have turned them inside out and scalded them well, they still smell quite sour-like."

"And what have you done with the things that were in my pocket, Betty," inquired Henry, "I hope they are not spoilt?"

"I have dried the knife well," answered Betty, and given it to one of the stable lads to clean it for you, Master Henry, but I have thrown all the string away, for it will never be fit for you to touch again; but the marbles and the other rubbish that can be cleaned are all very safe together for you when you have a frock to put on."

"Rubbish," exclaimed Henry, "O the things in my pocket were not rubbish, Betty!"

"Nor more they were, my boy," she said, "and they were quite as useful too as what was brought out of Mrs. Tilney's pockets, by Susan, when she was in the 'sterics."

"Mrs. Tilney was very good to me," said little Henry Fairchild, very gravely, "very good to me, Betty, and I am very sorry I splashed her so, but I hope I did not



hurt her. Betty, what are the 'sterics—do they hurt very much?"

"Oh bless you, my child, no!" replied Betty, "it is only first a laughing and then a crying very heartily—when people are in a fluster and bustle; she is as well as ever now, though she says, Master Henry, that it will take a whole bottle of lavender water to make her dress smell sweet again; but, Master Henry, there is no doubt she saved your life, and you ought to thank her for it, for she did it at some little trouble to herself, and she thinks she has spoilt a dress, and that is a serious thing, Master Henry, for those who have not many dresses to spoil."

"What can I do?" asked Henry; "I can't go to her, Betty—may I ask her to come to me that I may thank her, may I, Betty?"

"I will tell her," said Betty, "that you would like to thank her, Master Henry, and I will ask her if she will take the trouble to walk up here to see you—and be sure you do it civilly, and in a way that would please your mamma if she was here. But now I must go to my washing again; and John, will you have the kindness to read this little prayer and hymn to Master Henry, for it is just suited to such an accident as he has had this morning, and before he thanks Mrs. Tilney for her help he ought to thank his Heavenly Father for sending him that help when most he needed it."

*The Prayer that John read to Henry as he knelt by his bedside, being a prayer of thanks to Almighty God for protecting his children from all dangers that threaten them both of a temporal and spiritual nature.*

O Lord, our heavenly Father, King of kings, and Ruler of Princes, thou who hast power over every thing that exists, and of thy pleasure they were and are created! O Thou supreme over all, in thy mercy hast thou told us that thou lovest us, and will watch over us,

guarding us from perils and dangers both here and hereafter! Dear and holy Father, of thy adopted ones give us faith in thy word—give us confidence and trust in thy promises, for we know that they will never fail us. Lord, teach us humility—teach us to feel in our hearts as well as to utter with our lips, that we owe all thy goodness to us to thy great and infinite mercy, and inasmuch as thy mercy and goodness to the poor creatures thou hast made, depends upon thyself alone, and not upon any thing we may do, let us rejoice in it with joy unspeakable and lowliness of heart, yet with the trusting confidence of a little child.

O God! how can we even find words in our present state to thank thee for what thou hast done for us? ere thou hadst even formed us from the dust thou hadst already prepared a way for our redemption and sanctification, that we mightest after our time of trial here be fit to dwell with thee in glory. Thou sentest thy Holy One, thy well-beloved Son to take man's nature upon him, to suffer sin and death, and be sacrificed for us, that we through his righteousness might stand before thee, and then still pitying our worm-like and abject state, thou sentest thy Spirit to enter into our hearts to teach us thy goodness, to be our Comforter in death, and to make us fit for immortality. O Lord, thou Holy Three in One—O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! for the love thou hast borne for us even before the foundation of the world, thou wilt continue thy glorious work in us till one with Christ we shall see thee face to face, and behold the King in his glory in that land which is now very far off.

## HYMN.

Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake,  
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;  
We sing the Saviour of our race,  
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding place.

Here, while we dwell in this low scene,  
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;

To Him, though guilty, we may run,  
For God has spared us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,  
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;  
Fall'n, abject, mean, a sinful race,  
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet faith and trust—some years must glide  
Before we lay these clods aside ;  
Before baptiz'd in Jordan's flood  
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure immortal, sinless freed,  
We thro' the Lamb shall be decreed ;  
Shall meet our Father face to face,  
And need no more a hiding-place.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

BETTY was the first to leave Henry to go to her washing, and after John had knelt beside the bed and read aloud the prayer, and then the hymn, he placed the bell in such a way that the child could ring it without getting up, and promising to pay him another visit shortly, he left the room. As soon as he was gone, and Henry could hear his steps no longer, he took up the book that Betty had brought him, and he found it was called "Laurette D'Adrets, the history of a pious little French girl, who died happily in the knowledge and faith of her Saviour Jesus Christ." A French girl, said Henry to himself, though he spoke aloud—I wish she had been English, I don't like the French as I do the English—John does not like the French, he always calls them the 'mounseers across the water.' Well, but this was poor cousin Ellen's favourite book, so I will try for her sake to like it. But I wish it had been a boy's book. I think boys' books are cleverer than girls' books, and there is always more sense in them—but what's this picture!

It was the inside of a church, not such as we have in England, for there were no pews in the aisles, but there were numbers of chairs piled up together in different parts under the pillars. There was a communion place too, and a table, or altar, on which were many figures, one of the Virgin Mary, with her baby in her arms, and some other little saints, which owing to the picture being a small one, were too minute for Henry to make out distinctly; but on the steps of the altar were two children, the one, a girl, half lying down with her head reclining on the topmost step, and the other, a very small child, dressed in a curious kind of little jacket, and he was leaning over the girl, and appeared looking at her in great distress.

What can this mean, said Henry,—that little one, is a boy, I am sure, by his jacket, so that there is one boy in the book, I see, though I am afraid he is only a baby. Well, I will not look to the other pictures but begin my book at once—but, oh! What's that? I must see that other picture! there is a boat in it, I am sure, I love to see a picture of a boat; but that reminds me what can I have done with my boat that uncle Fairchild sent me. I had it in my pocket yesterday, I am sure, and I felt it there too last night when I went to bed, for I remember telling John it was there, and asking him to take care it should not get broken. I wonder whether he took it out of my pocket last night: but no, I don't think he did, or else I should see it about the room: but could it have been in my trousers and Betty not see it or mention it to me? If Betty has found it, it will be all safe I know, but then she said the things in my pocket, except the knife and marbles, were rubbish, surely she could not call uncle Fairchild's boat—the boat cut out by cousin Tom, rubbish! O my poor boat, if it is lost or broken how sorry I shall be.

Henry thought a moment whether he might ring the bell and ask after his boat, but he had not been accustomed to have people waiting upon him, and he remembered he had given both John and Betty trouble enough

without disturbing them for his play things, and as John was coming to see him soon he tried to forget his little sorrow by once more looking at his book.

The picture in which was the boat, or rather in which were three boats, did not occupy much of his time, for there was very little to notice in it. It was a view of a very pretty country, dotted here and there with houses, and a large building, which Henry thought could not be a church, and yet he could not tell what else it might be; but the prettiest thing in the picture was a double bridge of chain work, connecting the land on both sides, and Henry afterwards learnt it was called a suspension bridge, for it had no arches built in the water to support it, but the chains were made of iron, and very strong, and wanted no support. As the picture was not very pretty, Henry at once turned to the story.

### LAURETTE D'ADRETS,

OR THE HISTORY OF A PIOUS LITTLE FRENCH GIRL  
WHO DIED HAPPILY IN THE KNOWLEDGE AND  
FAITH OF HER SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

It was in the autumn of the year 1831, that an English family visited Lyons, which ancient city so pleased them that they agreed to remain there for more than a month. To the daughters of this family I held the place of governess and friend. During the month we had plenty of leisure to visit the neighbourhood round, and as we heard much of a famous island called L'Isle Barbe, which is near Lyons, we agreed we would devote a day to exploring it.

This island it is supposed was discovered by the ancient Christians who fled from their homes to escape the persecution of the Emperors. They called the place Barbare, because it was rough with rocks and brambles, but they cultivated it and built a church upon it, whose ruins they pretend to show to travellers even within the last ten years.

The peasants speak of these ruins as "the abbaye,"

and they describe it as having originally been a superb gothic monastery. Considering however the poverty of the ancient Christians, this building could not have been as they represent it, or else it is most probable it is of later erection.

The great Charlemagne, delighted with the situation of Isle Barbe, caused a noble palace to be built there for his use, it being his intention to retire to this island when he gave up worldly concerns and the affairs of his kingdom to his sons. This Emperor collected also a splendid library for his palace, consisting of many very precious manuscripts from divers countries, but no traces of it are left, and the people of Lyons lay the blame of its destruction to the Calvinists. Strange as it may seem, it is yet a well known fact that this venerable edifice has been repaired, and with its gardens has been sold to a merchant at Lyons for scarcely one hundred English pounds.

Our road from Lyons to this island lay along the banks of the Saone. On the one side was a high rock which projected over the carriage, and appeared to threaten us every instant with destruction; on the other, separated from us by the river might be seen in the distance the Mount Le Cendre, whilst nearer the bank, was broken into deep valleys or rocky promontories, diversified with vineyards, Roman ruins, and modern villas, situated in stiff terraced gardens. The island is formed by a natural division of the Saone, which parting its waters, flow round it, meeting again at the other side. A double suspension bridge connects the main land on both sides, the centre pillar being placed on the Island. Alighting from the diligence we crossed the bridge to Isle Barbe, and soon reached the ancient palace of the Emperor.

The building is exceedingly damp and gloomy—the rooms are small, and there are many circular closets within the towers. There are the remains of fortifications upon the rock, but little is left to show that it has once been the residence of so powerful a monarch as Charlemagne.

The woman who led us over the palace wore no stockings, though a large gilt cross glittered upon her neck. In her arms she carried a child dressed in a scarlet woollen jacket of her own knitting.

Whilst the eldest of our party rested in this woman's own apartments of the palace, we younger ones walked round the island to look out for any steamer that might be passing on to Lyons, as we intended to return by it to the town.

The peasant had informed us that we were too soon by near an hour, but with the restlessness of youth we preferred walking to sitting in a confined apartment.

During our excursion so quiet was the island that we only met two children whom we afterwards found lived with Madame Cadet at the palace. The elder of these was a girl of perhaps ten years, she was poorly but cleanly dressed, and she led by the hand a boy scarce two summers old, clad in the same kind of woollen jacket as I have mentioned before.

The younger child looked pale and ill, the tears were on his cheek and he walked as one in pain.

"I wish I could carry you, my Pierre," said the girl, stooping down and kissing the boy; "I wish I could nurse you and make you comfortable, but I must take this wood to Madame Cadet, and I cannot carry both. Dear Pierre, do not weep," she continued, the tear rising in her own eye as she spoke, "Pray do not weep, but sit down and I will return to you in a minute."

But the child was in great pain and could not conceal his sufferings. He sat down or rather lay upon the grass as directed by his sister, and he moaned constantly, though evidently with a desire, young as he was, to suppress his feelings; but his gentle companion, throwing the wood from her apron, knelt beside him on the ground, trying to sooth and comfort him, though scarcely knowing what to do.

The boy at length ceased to moan, but a brilliant colour had now suffused itself over his before pallid cheek, and his eyelids drooped languidly, so that as his

sister supported his head on her shoulder they gradually closed, and the poor baby fell into a slumber as if wearied out with pain.

We now approached the girl and asked what ailed the little one.

"*Helas, mesdemoiselles,*" she replied softly, "it is his teeth that pain him, and he has no *maman* now to take him on his knee to sing him to sleep."

"Where is your mother then, my dear child," inquired my pupil Agnes.

"*Ah, mademoiselle,*" she exclaimed, her countenance glowing with pleasure, "is it of me you would ask where is my mother? or would you wish to make me happy," she added smiling, "by telling me she is above the sky, arrayed in robes of white, following the Lamb of God who died for her, that she might never know sorrow again?"

We were surprised at her remark, for we were in a Catholic country, and yet this peasant child spoke as a Protestant only could speak. Was it possible we could have misunderstood her, we thought; we therefore asked her who had told her her mother was gone to heaven?

"Did not Jesus Christ die to save sinners?" she answered, "and was not my mother a sinner? Am I not then right," she asked, "when I say my mother is with her Saviour, and have I not reason to rejoice at my parents' happiness?"

"And yourself, my little girl," asked Agnes, "have you these bright hopes for yourself also?"

"Yes, *ma'am,*" she replied joyfully, "yes, and not for myself alone, but for my brother Pierre, for my God has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Our Saviour loved children when he was on earth, and if then in his trouble he could think of little children, how much more now, since he has died for them, will be his love."

We were delighted at the simple faith of the peasant girl. We longed to draw her out to say more, but yet



we feared to question her lest we might be led to say anything that might confuse the child.

But we were even younger than this little child in the right way, for we were not aware that the faith of Laurette was so wholly given her by divine grace that no earthly power could taint its purity ; but being, however, desirous to hear what she had to say, I begged her to inform us how she had learnt this good news that her salvation was assured to her.

The child hesitated, saying she knew Madame Cadet wanted the wood she had collected, and madame was so indulgent she did not like to vex her.

“Is Madame Cadet very poor?” inquired Agnes.

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Laurette, “she is very poor, but she is very good to me and my brother Pierre, and I would not wish to vex her.”

“Well then, my child,” said Agnes, “I will give you this five franc piece to take to your friend, and you must tell her that it was the English lady who gave it you that kept you from her.

Laurette smiled as she received the money, thanking Agnes most warmly ; and seating herself on the grassy bank, she drew the baby on her knee, with much simplicity entreating us to take our places beside her.

It was a lovely day in the summer, the blue waters of the Saone were at our feet, and before us was an old-fashioned mansion with terraces, bordered and stiffly trimmed with box, with no other ornament than some marble forms of the heathen gods and goddesses.

No sound of living creatures reached our ears in that retired island as we took our seats beside the young peasant patiently waiting to hear her story.

“I have very little to tell you, mamselle,” she said, addressing Agnes, “but if you will condescend to hear that little, I shall be very happy to relate it to you. The very first thing I can remember was living in this island in the ruined palace with my own parents, before I had a little brother. I was very young indeed when my father himself taught me to read, and one day when

I cried at my task, he told me that his family had once been a very noble family, and that it would be a great disgrace if any one of the name of Adrets could not read.

“My father used to love to talk of his family, and to tell stories of them when they lived in their castle of Mornez, near Vauclouse in Languedoc.

“There was one story in particular he loved to repeat, though in itself it is now of no consequence, yet somehow it was the means of bringing my mother to know of the goodness of our Saviour. I will tell you the story, mamselle, because it is a short one, and perhaps you have not heard it before. Many, many years ago, one of these Barons des Adrets took a great many prisoners to his castle after a battle. He was a cruel man and determined to kill them all in a very cruel way. His castle was built on a high rock, higher than any about Lyons, and he made all the prisoners stand upon the rock, and he ordered all those who were Roman Catholics to jump off the rock into the valley below. Though they knew it would kill them, many of the men obeyed, for they were afraid of being used even more cruelly, but one man went twice close to the edge and then turned back again. The wicked baron laughed, and called him a coward, because he did not wish to die. The man, instead of being frightened at his laughing, they say, laughed too, as he said that he was sure that if the baron himself was ordered to run to the edge of the precipice, he would not throw himself off the rock the third or the fourth time. His being able to joke at such a moment saved his life, and in the end he became a great favourite of the cruel baron’s.

“My father loved to tell this story of the prisoner and the baron,” continued Laurette, “and then he used to say that ‘the prisoner persuaded the baron after a time to become a Roman Catholic, and that ever since the family had continued in the same faith.’

“These were my father’s own words to my mother ;

and then he generally would add, that if any of his family became a heretic he would turn them out of his house to beg their bread.

“He said this very often, and I can remember he taught me to say very naughty things about heretics, till at last I wanted to know what a heretic was ; and when I asked my mother, she told me she did not know, but she wished to know very much, for my father was so constantly talking against them.

“I was eight years old before my mother had learnt anything more about heretics ; but I was getting a great girl, and I was allowed to run about by myself all over the ruined palace, and to tumble about the rubbish for anything I could find.

“My Pierre was then a very little baby,” added Laurette, as she looked affectionately at her sleeping brother, “and he was too young to play with me, though he kept my mother more busy than she was before he came to us. I had no companions of my own age, so I used to spend my time in running about the ruins and searching in every hole and corner I could find.

“One day, when quite tired with play, I sat myself down in the Emperor Charlemagne’s favourite stone chair, and leaning back I looked out on the Saone, and I could not help thinking how odd it was that a poor peasant girl should have the same seat as a great king.

“I wondered, too, how so wise a man could spend his time in watching the river run beneath his palace walls ; and I thought, if I had been as wise as him, I should have liked some more useful employment.

“Whilst thinking so my fingers were not quiet, for I had been in the habit for many months of poking amidst the rubbish, and I really did not know what I was doing till I had cleared away the dust from the right-hand side of the great chair and discovered a ring of iron so rusty that it was with difficulty that my mother and myself together could stir it.

"No person was present when we lifted up the ring and the square piece of stone attached to it, but my mother, my infant brother, and myself; and you may be sure that we all, even little Pierre, looked very anxiously to see what could be below.

"My mother has told me since she thought to find a precious jewel; and though at first her eyes were blind to its merits, the jewel she found was of even greater value than she could have imagined. And now, ma'm-selle," said Laurette playfully, "I think you may guess what it was we found there."

"Surely it could not have been a Bible!" exclaimed Agnes.

"You have guessed right, ma'am," replied the girl. "Yes, it was a Bible; a very old one indeed, but quite perfect,—and was not it a valuable jewel for us to find?"

"'It is this book, Laurette,' said my mother, 'which makes people heretics. I want to know what a heretic is, for your father is always finding fault with them, and I fancy he knows as little about them as I do. If you can keep it secret, we will read it together,—but even Père Adolphe must not know what we are doing, or else he will make us give him up the book and do penance too, which you will not like better than myself, Laurette.'

"As I did not go to confession myself," continued the child, "I very rarely saw Père Adolphe, and my father only came home at meal-time; so that I really had very little opportunity to speak to him about the book we had found."

"But how came a Bible in Charlemagne's library?" we asked. "Have you any idea how it came there, Laurette?"

"My mother had," she answered, "for have you not heard the story of the beautiful German lady, ma'm-selle, and of the steward who was confined in Charlemagne's palace?"

It was only that very morning we had heard it on our

road to Isle Barbe, but most probably it is unknown to those who may take any interest in the simple story of Laurette d'Adrets.

Between Lyons and the Isle Barbe may be seen a high tower on the banks of the Saone. It is situated in a woody dingle, having a railed walk round the top, and a balcony many feet above the river. Some years ago a native of Lyons, a favourite of a German prince, became attached to a peasant girl in Germany, who was a Protestant. By his marriage with her he offended the prince, and in the end was forced to return to his native town with his beautiful wife, taking with him a steward, a German by birth, and also a Protestant.

The Lyonnais unhappily became jealous of his lovely wife and his faithful steward, and he caused the lady to be shut up in that high tower amidst the woods, whilst at the same time he confined his servant in an apartment of his own castle.

The steward, however, found means of escaping from his prison, and plunging into the Saone he hoped to fly to Germany. He was, however, seen from the battlements of the castle and became the aim of the archers, and was wounded by more than one poisoned arrow. Unable to save himself, he was taken a prisoner to Charlemagne's palace and confined in the library till he died. The beautiful lady had from her tower witnessed the horrible scene, and from that day she had pined, and at last died of grief.

"But how do you account for the Bible being found in the library?" we inquired of Laurette.

"My mother supposed," she answered, "that as the steward was known to be a heretic, that he might have had the Bible concealed about his person when he was brought a prisoner to that very apartment."

"From that time," she continued, "my mother and myself read in it every day; and I loved to sit in the stone chair where first I found it, to think of what was in that book, and of those sweet promises mentioned in it of happy times to come in the home prepared for us above."

“My mother too loved to bring her knitting to talk to me of what we had been reading.

“And were you not frightened lest you should be discovered?” inquired Agnes.

“Frightened!” repeated Laurette, with a look of innocent astonishment. “Has not God promised to take care of us, ma’m’selle—has he not told us he will be our friend and father? I know how kind my own father was to me, and that makes me love to call God too my heavenly Father.”

Agnes felt half ashamed at the faith of this simple child: she longed to ask her more questions, and yet she felt that each word was a reproof to her. It was this very faith of Laurette that was the support of the peasant girl, and Agnes could admire though she had never experienced it.

“How do you know, Laurette,” she inquired, “that those bright promises of scripture are addressed to you personally?”

“Ask, and it shall be given to you, ma’am,” she replied promptly. “I have asked—my salvation is given to me, but I must wait to know all my happiness till I die.”

“And is it upon this one verse you rest your hopes, Laurette?”

“Not on that one,” she answered; “but if it was only for that one verse, ought I not to be easy, ma’m’selle? Surely it does not require a thing to be repeated often to make it true—one word of our heavenly Father’s is as good as thousands.”

“But still, my child,” I said, “you ought to be glad that these kind promises are repeated in the Bible.”

“Yes, ma’am, I am,” she answered, “for though my little Pierre knows I love him dearly, yet he likes to hear me say it many times; and so it is with the Bible: I love to read the many, many promises; for though I could believe one as well as many, yet it is a pleasant sound—the repeated assurances that a Saviour loves us, and has many pleasures prepared for us in heaven.”

At that moment the sleeping boy began to move as if about to awaken, and in haste Laurette finished her simple tale. "When I kissed my parents for the last time," she added, "they were lying side by side upon their dying bed. My father smiled as he told me that my mother had taught him things that would make him happy for ever; 'and you must teach those same things my child,' he said, 'to your little Pierre. You must love Pierre very much, and to show your love to him you must tell him of his Saviour.'

"That night Madame Cadet took my brother and myself from our parents, and soon after they told me they were both dead of fever; and it was not many days afterwards when Père Adolphe came to the palace and took my precious book from me. He seemed very much displeased, but I do not think it was with me, for he did not say anything to me. We have since lived with Madame Cadet," added Laurette, "and though we are very poor, yet I am very happy in thinking of that time which is to come."

The shrill voice of Madame Cadet herself had, for some moments, reached us, calling aloud the name of Laurette—and Pierre, roused by its sound, started from his sister's lap trembling with agitation. The little girl soothed him as well as she could, and taking the wood in her apron, she again thanked Agnes for the money she had given her, and curtsying, she hastened to join Madame Cadet.

We saw the child no more, as the steamer soon stopped at the island for passengers, and we were hurried off to Lyons even before we could tell the elders of our party of our adventure.

Here came a pause in the story, marked with stars in this manner \* \* \* ; and Henry, who had been getting very sleepy, for the tale was rather above his comprehension, shut the book, closed his eyes, and turning on his side, murmured—"It is a girl's book, I thought it was—I wish I had my boat;" and so saying, fell fast asleep, with the words half uttered on his lips.

*A Prayer for the increase of faith.*

Oh! thou blessed Saviour, by whose faith we were saved, before we were brought into life, or could utter the faintest cry for present help. We confess that the petition which we now address to thee, for the bestowal upon us of the free gift of faith, could not arise in sincerity, unless according to thy divine word thou hadst heard our cry before we called, and granted what we needed before thou hadst opened our lips to utter our request. We thank thee then for having already bestowed upon us such a degree of faith, as enables us to say with the afflicted father in the gospel, "Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief;" yet do we confess with shame that although thou hast made us to understand much of thy former and present loving-kindness to the children of men, yet that in every trial we are still disposed further to listen to the suggestions of our own evil hearts, than to those of that faith which assures us that so long as we walk in the way pointed out to us by our heavenly Father, we need not fear what man can do unto us. Intercede then for us, O thou divine Mediator, that daily supplies of faith may descend on us from on high, to carry us without reproach and without offence through what remains to us of the passage of this present life. And as thou hast borne on thy eagle wings many of thy redeemed ones, once as weak and worthless as ourselves, bear us up also above the snares and temptations of this present evil world, and grant that our existence, here commenced in faith, may be carried on through an endless eternity, in the enjoyment of that light by which faith itself is swallowed up, and where all the redeemed will unite in praise to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.



## HYMN.

Come let us join our friends above,  
Who have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our king  
In heav'n and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him,  
One church, above, beneath :  
Though now divided by the stream—  
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

Even now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die !

O Jesus, be our constant guide ;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in heav'n.

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CHAPTER V.

HENRY was awoke by a soft step in his room, and looking up he saw Mrs. Tilney with her hand on the lock of the door, just in the act of going out of the

apartment. "O Mrs. Tilney, dear Mrs. Tilney," cried Henry, sitting up in bed, "I am awake—do not go, I want to thank you so much—so very, very much; you saved me from being drowned, and it was so kind of you."

"My little fellow," said the lady's maid, approaching the bed and addressing the child with a sincerity very unusual to her—"My dear little fellow, I could not have done otherwise if it was a beggar's child; and for you," she added, "you, the little heir of this great estate—you, Mr. Fairchild's only son!" And she was going on to say more when Henry interrupted her. "O do not, pray do not speak to me in that way," he said, "it makes me conceited, and then I get into scrapes. Dear Mrs. Tilney, I want to love you, I am sure I could love you very much, you are so kind, but please not to speak to me in that way."

"In what way, my little man?" added the lady's maid, as she seated herself upon the bed. "What do you mean?" "I mean," said Henry, trying very hard to say what he had to say, clearly and civilly, "I mean that I am a very conceited silly little boy, and that when any one tells me I am papa's only son, and that all these fine things will be mine some day, I forget how silly I am, and then I get into mischief, and so ma'am, please—please not to flatter me."

"Ah, I understand you, my dear," answered Mrs. Tilney, kindly. "I understand you—you want to say what your cousin Miss Ellen, poor dear young lady, has often and often said to me when I would have praised her genteel figure and elegant manners—she would say, 'Tilney, God has been very good to me in gifts of all sorts; indeed, if he had left me my own mamma and papa, and sister, he would have given me so much that I should not have liked to leave this pretty world for a better; and yet, Tilney, I am such a poor weak creature, that I could be vain of these things though they were given to me for no merit of mine own, and the will of God could take them all from me as they were taken

from Job. But even more than that, when I hear them mentioned very often they seem to make my head dizzy as if I had been taking a good deal of wine, and I go about as if my mind was tipsy, and I must fall unless some one more powerful than myself held me up.' Miss Ellen was a very religious young lady, Master Fairchild, a very religious young lady; and I suppose you know whom she meant when she said that she required a powerful help to hold her up."

"O yes," answered Henry, "I know she must have meant the Holy Spirit of God, which could only keep her from falling: but have you hurt yourself, ma'am?—Did not you cry out as if you had hurt yourself when you helped me?—and you have got a black ribbon on your hand;" and he touched her hand very gently, as if he feared he should do it harm.

"I have sprained my wrist a little," she replied, "but it is not much to speak of; but my nerves, Master Henry, my poor nerves, they are so easily overcome! Why I had a regular fit of hysterics, and could not get one bit better till Susan had made me a cup of tea."

"Betty told me of the 'sterics," said Henry, very gravely, fancying that he was pronouncing the word right—"and that you had to smell some salts. Mamma used to carry a bottle of salts in her pocket a little while ago, but I think she has given it away lately—indeed I am sure she has, to old Mary Trinder, whose daughter has fits sometimes. But did you lose any thing out of your pocket ma'am, for Betty said your pockets were emptied? I hope you did not, but I think I have lost my boat, and I shall be so sorry if I have."

"Your boat, my dear boy," asked Mrs. Tilney, "what kind of thing could your boat be if you carried it about in your pocket?"

"It was very small," said Henry, "very small indeed, and it was cut out by cousin Tom, and uncle Fairchild lent it to me only a week ago—it is such a pretty boat, and it sails about by a magnet in a large soup plate."

"Ah, your cousin Tom was always a clever hand

with his knife," replied Mrs. Tilney—"he has often been at the Grove to see his grandmamma, for he calls your grandmamma his grandmamma, though she is not really so."

"Is she not," asked Henry; "but papa and my uncle were brothers, and had they not the same mamma?"

"No," answered Mrs. Tilney. "Your uncle, Captain Fairchild, is only half-brother to your papa: he is much older than your papa, and when your grandmamma married your grandpapa, your uncle was already a young midshipman, and was out on his first voyage, which I have heard him often say was to America. But have you never seen him, Master Henry—how came that about?"

"He has always been out so much at sea," said Henry, "and we lived so far away from the sea, that though I know papa has expected him very often, and cousin Tom too, they never came."

"Mr. Tom would always come to the Grove if he had any spare time," replied Mrs. Tilney; "he called it his home, and he loved Miss Ellen like a very dear sister—he will feel her death very very deeply, poor gentleman."

"Then, do you think he will come here soon?" asked Henry. "What shall I say to him about the boat?—I shall be so ashamed to tell him of my fall into the pig's wash! What can I do?"

"Was it the only thing in your pocket?" inquired Mrs. Tilney.

"No, O no," replied Henry, "but Betty said that she had found my knife, some marbles, and some string, and she called all the rest of the things rubbish—she could not have called my boat rubbish, could she, ma'am?"

"Indeed, I think it quite possible," replied Mrs. Tilney, tossing her head; "Mrs. Betty is a young woman of most extraordinary ideas. I would not take upon me to say what she might call rubbish or not. But did you ask her particularly if the boat was there?"

“No,” replied Henry, “for I did not think of my boat till she was out of the room, and John gone too, and then I did not like to ring the bell, for I thought I had given them trouble enough in the morning.”

“You are a most considerate young gentleman,” exclaimed Mrs. Tilney, rising, “but I’ll go and see about the boat if it is all safe; and if Mrs. Betty has not got it, I’ll have the pig’s wash emptied out that it may be found, so set your dear little mind at rest; if it is at the Grove it shall be found, cleaned, and brought to you.” Mrs. Tilney then left the room to seek for Betty, and Henry once more taking up his book read as follows:—

It was about eighteen months after our visit to the Isle Barbe, that we again stayed a short time at Lyons, on our way to England. Agnes had talked so much about Laurette and her brother, that her parents longed to see them, and her father even promised that if he found Laurette’s story to be true, we should take the children with us to England, and bring them up in the humble rank of life in which they were born.

“He was afraid,” he said, “that the girl would be used exceedingly ill if she was known to be a Protestant, and he thought it was only her extreme youth that had spared her hitherto.”

We lost no time, on our arrival at Lyons, to pay a second visit to the ruined palace, where we found Madame Cadet, as before, though her boy had completely grown out of our remembrance.

Even at that distance of time, the woman had not forgotten the five franc piece sent to her by Agnes, and probably it was with a hope of receiving the like sum again that Madame Cadet welcomed us so cordially.”

“But where is Laurette and her brother?” inquired Agnes, looking anxiously round her, even before she took the seat offered by the poor woman—“pray send for them, Madame Cadet, as we are anxious to introduce them to our parents.” “Alas, ma’m’selle,” she replied, as the tear stood in her eye, “those lovely children are in the arms of the blessed Mary, the Mother of God,

and they are now receiving the reward of their good works."

"Is Laurette no more?" we all exclaimed. "Is that gentle spirit removed from this world; and that sweet patient baby, is he also gone?"

"Laurette and her brother are dead," replied the woman. "Pierre loved his sister too well to linger long after her, but they died in the path of duty, and our Lady will intercede for their entrance into glory. Père Adolphe says, that the wonderful sacrifices Laurette made, and through which she died, has been the cause of her receiving a heavenly crown; and the infant Pierre also was inspired with the same holy feeling, so that it made him act as none save St. Nicholas has done before him; for where do we see piety in one so young?"

It was evident, by the monotonous tone of voice in which she spoke, that Madame Cadet was repeating words she had learnt by heart, and at the same time it was equally evident she had no desire to deceive us by letting us suppose these were her own opinions of the orphans' fate.

We felt there was much to be known respecting them, and perhaps more than the woman would choose to tell us. But here we wronged her, for she had really loved the children consigned to her care, and she longed to open her heart to some one who would sympathize with her, and not betray her confession to the priest.

As we were travellers, purposing to leave the neighbourhood in a day or two, and also professing the Protestant faith, she felt that we might be trusted with the true history of the orphans; and when, added to this, we promised secrecy during our stay in France, and even bribed her with money to reveal all to us, it will not be wondered at that Madame Cadet at length gave way, and informed us of the true cause of Laurette and little Pierre's early deaths.

Père Adolphe, said the good-hearted woman, had always a great respect for Monsieur and Madame d'Adrets, so that when on their death-bed they declared

themselves heretics, the father chose to take it as the ravings of delirium, and even administered the holy unction to them when they were too far gone to oppose him.

Laurette was so young, that Père Adolphe believed the child could not be a heretic; so he took the Bible from her, and did not then say one word to her, thinking all would be right in a short time.

He ordered me, however, to make her go with my family regularly to mass, to which her mother had never taken her, for she was sadly negligent in those things.

Laurette said she should like very much to go and hear about God in a church, for she had never been to a chapel since a baby in arms; and she set off joyfully with us to the chapel we attend half-way between this and Lyons.

But when mass begun, the child behaved so ill that I threatened to send her out by herself, and when that did not do, I told her Père Adolphe should be sent for to reprimand her.

When the father came to see us, he took her into a room by herself, and talked to her for some time; and before he left, he told me he had ordered her to rise twice in the night to kneel on the stone bench in the emperor's library, and he gave her these words to repeat two or three times as she knelt: Sancta Maria,\* mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in horâ mortis nostræ. Amen.

"And did she use such words?" inquired Agnes eagerly; "poor Laurette! did they force her to use such words?"

"No, ma'm'selle," replied Madame Cadet; "she rose as the father bid her; but it was her own words she used when she knelt on that stone bench. Père Adolphe was very angry with her, and called her obstinate and headstrong; but she only said, 'If I wanted to ask my own dear father for anything, ought I to have asked him

\* Holy Maria, mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and in the hour of our death. Amen.

in words I did not understand myself, or have asked him to do it for the sake of some one whom he only love as well as myself? and then if I would not do it to my earthly Father, I am sure I ought not to do it to my Father which is in heaven. Père Adolphe would only get more angry at her words, and he ordered her to live on bread and water, and to continue her nightly penance till she consented to use the prayer he wished to teach her.

“It was about this time, ladies, that you saw Laurette. Père Adolphe was in the palace at the very time you were speaking to her beside the Saone, and he it was who sent me to call her, for he did not wish you to talk to her.

“When she came in he questioned her about what she had been doing. Laurette had a fearless innocence about her that made her always speak the truth as she believed it; and the priest was so very angry with her when he found that she had been talking to you, that he bade me shut her up in her own chamber; and he told her to spend the evening in prayer and penance. Laurette did not complain, for little Pierre was so troublesome without her, that to save myself attending to him, I shut them up together, and with him she could be happy anywhere.

“For more than a month, by order of the father, was she shut up in that room; and though he believed that Laurette was alone, I could not bear to see the sorrow of the brother and sister when separated, and it was only at the hours that I thought him likely to visit us that I took little Pierre from her. During that time she had only bread and water for food, neither was she allowed ever to enjoy the fresh air in which she had been accustomed to spend the greater part of the day since her infancy. The father said he regretted to be forced to use such severe treatment with her, but he did it lest by her foolish manner of talking to any one she met, she might tempt another to become a heretic.

“Père Adolphe often tried to terrify the child by



describing to her the horrors of hell and purgatory, but somehow it never frightened Laurette; for she said, she knew her parents were in heaven, and that her brother and herself would go there when they died. 'My own father could not bear to see little Pierre or myself unhappy,' she would say, and my better Father in heaven loves us even more than my father who is dead.'

"It was very extraordinary," said Madame Cadet, "but Laurette always spoke of God as of her Father, and of the Redeemer as her brother. She had no fear of either, and though, to do her justice, there was not a better child living, yet in these points she was as immovable as a rock, and her belief had in it something so innocent and childlike, that I must own I for one loved to hear her speak.

"There was nothing like presumption in it," she continued; "it was more like a daughter talking to her parent; not that the Almighty was doing it because he saw any good in her in particular, but because he felt as a father for her, and could not fail of acting as a kind father would do by his child. But Père Adolphe declared Laurette grew more and more obstinate, and at last he settled upon a penance which he thought would be sure to do her good, whether she did it willingly or otherwise. It was this, that the child should walk bare-headed and bare-footed to the church of Nôtre Dame de la Fourviere on the other side of Lyons, and there pray before the high altar all night.

"When I first heard of this plan I spoke myself to our priest. I told him that Laurette was too ill for such an undertaking. She had always been an ailing child, and the poor food she had eaten of late had made her so weak I was convinced the walk would be her death. I said this, and more than this, to Père Adolphe, but his reply, was that the greater the suffering the more acceptable would be the penance, and the Virgin would behold the sacrifice with satisfaction, and would have pity upon the sin of the child.

"Do you know our church of Nôtre Dame de la

Fourviere?" inquired Madame Cadet, with some little pride; and then, without waiting a reply, she thus continued. "Nôtre Dame is built on the top of the hill on the other side of Lyons. It is full of pictures, in which the Madonna and her infant are seen preventing the most frightful accidents when called upon for aid. Many wonderful miracles are performed at Nôtre Dame, and one in particular I was a witness to myself,—a dumb child who by going there as a pilgrim was enabled to speak,—and if anything could have altered Laurette's mind it would have been this pilgrimage to Nôtre Dame.

"Pope Pius the Seventh has also blessed this church, and these are the words of his blessing:

"'Pope Pius the Seventh, who crowned the great Napoleon, has issued a bull granting power to the Virgin to give indulgence to living and dead for certain prayers said in the church of Nôtre Dame de la Fourvières, but this blessing is only to last whilst the Cardinal Fiesche and his regular successors in the archiepiscopal chair shall continue, but in case they be ejected, which God forbid, the Virgin is to discontinue her favours.

De par le Roi defense à Dieu  
De faire miracle dans ce lieu.'"

Such was the account given to us of Nôtre Dame by Madame Cadet, the inscription of the bull being repeated from memory; but such as it was, we could not help smiling involuntarily at the Virgin being kept from performing miracles at the pleasure of her acknowledged servants.

But to return to Laurette.—

"Père Adolphe had named the first Wednesday in August for the child to walk to La Fourviere," continued Madame Cadet, "but the sun was so warm, that I sent to him in the morning to ask him to put off the day, or else to let her wait till evening.

"His answer was, that if it was the will of the blessed

Virgin to afflict Laurette with the broiling beams of the sun she must submit without a murmur; for she must remember how trifling it was compared to the eternal fire of hell,—and she must not fear but Him alone who could and would send both soul and body into this everlasting fire.

“Poor Laurette wept much when she came to say good-bye. She kissed me many times, and thanked me for what I had done for her.

“‘I shall never return to Isle Barbe, dear Madame Cadet,’ she said, ‘I feel I never shall; for I am not well to-day, and it is a long walk in the sun to La Fourviere, but it is not for that I cry, it is for my little Pierre, who will miss me very much. For myself, I am going to be happy, and my little brother will be happy too by-and-bye; but, O what will he do when he awakes from his sleep and finds Laurette has really left him? My poor, poor Pierre,’ she added, sobbing as if her heart would break, ‘what will become of you when you find Laurette is quite gone!’

“The boy was still asleep when she gave him, as she thought, her last kiss, and covering the couch on which he lay with flowers, she said with more cheerfulness than before, ‘They will amuse him for awhile, Madame Cadet, and I would wish him not to miss me as long as possible.’

“Blinded by the tears she shed, Laurette left L’Isle Barbe, and I walked with her across the bridge, and stopped to watch her as far as the road would permit. She walked slowly from me, turning back more than once, waving her hand to bid me another and another farewell.

“I was so sad when I returned to my home that I sat down and wept bitterly; and my thoughts were so occupied with the dear sister, that I forgot the little brother left to my care. Not being in the habit of attending to his wants, I allowed the day to pass, having once looked at him as he slept, till at last wondering

at his absence, I went to seek him, and found that he was gone, the flowers on the bed being collected together as if the child had played with them till he was weary.

“It was in vain I called upon his name and ran from one room to another in search of him ; and fearful lest he should have fallen into the Saone, I hurried out to find if I could some trace of him.

“But none for some time met my eye, till I saw upon the bridge a short stick covered with flowers fastened upon the thorns. It had been a constant habit of Laurette’s thus to deck the sticks for her brother’s amusement, and on this morning she had done so for the last time, being anxious to do everything she could for the amusement of Pierre.

“When I saw this stick, and its blossoms still unfaded, I remembered that it had been laid on the bed with the flowers for the child, and that it must have been dropped by himself, probably in sorrow at not being able to find his sister.

“It was no use to follow him far ; he had got on the right road, and I hoped he had before that time found his sister, as I knew Laurette would have rested more than once on her road, and I believe Pierre would walk on till he found her.

“One of my neighbour’s daughters was going to Lyons that morning and I asked her to look after the child, which she promised me she would do ; but it was from Laurette herself I learnt the particulars about her brother. She said that she cried so much that she could scarcely find her way to Lyons, and that she was so blinded by her tears, that she struck her foot against a sharp stone, which made it bleed. She could not go on, for it hurt her very much, so she sat down by the Saone, and bathed her foot, tying up the wound with a piece of rag she tore off her under garment.

“Her head ached from the sun, but she had got a cool place under one of the great chesnut trees for which the neighbourhood of Lyons is so famous, and

here she so far recovered herself as to begin to think of again moving.

“Just at the moment that she was rising from the ground she heard a light step approaching her and an infant voice sobbing the name of Laurette. She knew that step and that sorrowful voice, and the next instant the orphans were in each other’s arms, never more to be parted.

“The joy of little Pierre was very great at finding his sister ; he wept indeed, but very gently, and seating himself on the grass at her feet, he rested his weary limbs by her side, holding firmly by her ragged petticoat, lest she should leave him again.

“He told her he had played with the flowers she had left for him, but when he saw the stick covered with blossoms he wanted to show it to his sister and to say how very pretty he thought it. He had sought her but could not find her, by accident, it seems, having taken the road across the bridge, where in his grief he dropped the flowery stick for which he had wished to find her.

“Then it was he began to weep and sob till he reached the chesnut tree where was his own Laurette.

“She dried up his tears, but not knowing what to do with him, she was half inclined to bring him back to me ; but when the little fellow understood her intentions, he clung to her, crying so bitterly that she could not make up her mind to vex him so much. Hand in hand did they continue their pilgrimage, and so fearful was the boy of being left behind, that he made no complaint, but dragged his little weary limbs along after Laurette till they were both so exhausted they laid down near the entrance of Lyons and fell fast asleep.

“It was evening before they again awoke, and Pierre asked for something to eat. Laurette too felt faint for food, but Père Adolphe had forbidden her to taste anything till she reached Le Fourviere. She had promised, and she did obey him, but she begged some bread in the town for her brother, which he devoured eagerly.

“La Fourviere is situated on a high hill,” said

Madame Cadet, "and there are no less than three hundred steps placed on each side the street, which a person must ascend to go to the chapel. After these steps is a lane very long and steep, and built in on each side by walls, which makes it exceedingly warm when the sun shines. The lane is paved with stones put there on purpose to annoy and even wound the pilgrims' feet who visit La Fourviere.

"Laurette and her brother were much heated by the fatiguing walk, but they entered the chapel quite gaily, for they felt they had done the worst part of their task.

"The chapel itself is small, and very shabby if compared with our cathedral in Lyons, or any other of our churches, but our lady has done much to honour it, so that we ought to rejoice in its possession.

"The children being weary, at once walked to the high altar, and seated themselves upon the stone steps. Laurette has since told me that she had not remained there many minutes before she was seized with violent shiverings, and her head became very giddy, but she fancied it was because she was fasting, and there was no one, had she wished it, to whom she could have complained.

"As night approached her uneasy feelings increased, and Pierre also began to feel cold and ill. His sister took off some of her own covering for him to warm him, for he had begun to cry as if in pain.

"The man who locked up the chapel every night seemed astonished at beholding such very young children doing penance by themselves; but Laurette showed him a written order from Père Adolphe, as he had expected her youth might have prevented the man from allowing her to remain in the chapel all night.

"During the next twelve hours the poor girl was too ill to have a distinct recollection of what passed, but she told me she was neither frightened nor unhappy, though her limbs pained her all over, whilst Pierre, though restless and ill himself, slept the sound sleep of infancy.

“When morning dawned and the man returned to open the chapel doors, he found Laurette lying senseless on the ground, and the boy weeping by her side, having in vain tried to rouse her.

“The extreme youth of the orphans made him pity them, and taking Laurette in his arms he carried her to the Hotel Dieu in the city, there to be nursed and tended, whilst the little Pierre ran by his side, earnestly imploring him to let him go with his Laurette.

“The affectionate boy would not be held back, neither did any one desire it; and when Laurette was laid upon a bed in the Hotel Dieu her brother took his station at her pillow.

“From that day Laurette grew worse and worse, though her recollection was restored to her, and to the last moment of her life did she still hold those sweet thoughts of God’s love to her, as if she had indeed been his child.

“She did not seem impatient to die, neither did she fear it; and what was more extraordinary than all was that she was no longer uneasy about her brother. ‘Pierre is a child of God as well as myself,’ she said, ‘He can take care of him, and even make him happy, though I may not be left to comfort him.’

“Laurette did not survive her pilgrimage but one short week, and poor little Pierre refused to be lifted off her bed or to take any nourishment when she was no more.

“When he first perceived the cold remains of his sister, for he was asleep when she died, he shuddered as if with cold, but he never looked up again, and within twenty-four hours his infant form was stretched beside her he had so fondly loved.

“A smile was on that baby’s face in death—just such a one as he might have had when he found her under the chesnut tree; and surely,” added Madame Cadet, “I am not wrong in supposing that those children are again united, and are happy together; for the faith of Laurette, her simple and innocent confidence in her

Heavenly Father, could not offend a good and merciful God.

“Père Adolphe told Laurette in her last moments, on her refusing the holy unction, she was eternally lost; but now he says, since the affair got noised in the city, that she died a martyr to our religion, and that our Lady of La Fourviere worked such a miracle in the understanding of little Pierre, that he left L’Isle Barbe on a pilgrimage to her chapel, though his tender frame could not undergo the fatigue of so long a journey.

“The story somehow was spread through Lyons, and many came to see the orphans as they lay side by side. They were buried beside their parents in the Cemetrie de Saint Juste, and some of the noblest of our ladies decorate their tomb with flowers and pictures, as is our custom.”

Such was the story of Laurette d’Adrets and her brother Pierre; and to Agnes in particular it was a lesson full of comfort, for she has been taught to pray for the simple faith of the peasant girl, and she has learnt like her to feel that God is indeed a father to the beings he has formed.

*A Prayer of Gratitude to our Heavenly Father for his mercy to the children of men.*

O Lord our God, infinitely kind and good, when we consider the circumstances under which we are placed on earth, we cannot but acknowledge that all thou doest is wise, and righteous, and good. O who can understand his errors? who can call to mind the innumerable offences of his past life? or who can say that from the time when they first began to act, they have ever been free from daily, nay hourly sin?

What are we? What is man even at his best estate but altogether vanity? Great God, holy and just, we are amazed to think of the dreadful wages which our sins have merited. Fearfulness and trembling would have come upon us if thou hadst not opened our eyes to



the Saviour and mighty Deliverer, who will give that help which it is in vain to expect from any other man but the man Christ Jesus. O, our great and glorious Maker and Redeemer, our continual Preserver, thine we are every way, for thou hast formed us for thyself, and dearly ransomed us after we had destroyed and sold ourselves. And so renew our spirit and draw our hearts to thy blessed self, that we may not serve thee as from necessity but inclination, not as forcing ourselves, but delighting in thy will. Thou holdest our souls in life and providest for us that heavenly food by which we are to live for ever. O let us spend our zeal and spirits not for earthly but for heavenly things. Open thou our lips, that our mouths may show forth thy praise. Make us forward to speak for thee and for the service of thy truth and the glory of thy name; and as thou fillest us with thy good things, so fill our hearts with thy love and grace that we may use every gift aright to thy glory. O Lord, thou wilt hear our prayer for the sake of Him to whom we owe our pardon and redemption,—through him who is the resurrection and the life, our blessed Saviour and Mediator, Jesus Christ.

## HYMN.

Hark ! a voice, it cries from heav'n  
 "Happy in the Lord who die;"  
 Happy they to whom 'tis given,  
 From a world of grief to fly !  
 They indeed are truly blest ;  
 From their labour then they rest.

All their toils and conflicts over,  
 Lo ! they dwell with Christ above ;  
 O ! what glories they discover  
 In the Saviour whom they love !  
 Now they see him face to face,  
 Him who sav'd them by his grace.

'Tis enough, enough for ever,  
 'Tis his people's bright reward,  
 They are blest indeed who never  
 Shall be absent from the Lord !  
 Oh ! that we may be like those  
 Who in Jesus then repose.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHILST Henry was finishing his story, Mrs. Tilney sought Betty to ask her about the boat which was supposed to be lost, but for some time it appeared that Betty must have gone after the boat, for neither the one nor the other was to be found. At last Mrs. Tilney encountered Susan with a mop in her hand which she was going to trundle in the yard. The mop savoured very strong of the pigs'-wash, and Mrs. Tilney at once diving into her pocket drew forth her bottle of salts, and holding it to her nose she called out to Susan. "Susan," she said, "can you tell me where Mrs. Elizabeth is to be found?"

"Mrs. Elizabeth!" repeated Susan.

"Ay, Mrs. Elizabeth, or Stubbins if you choose so to call her," replied Mrs. Tilney, "for is she not going to be the young ladies' own waiting-maid? and she will no doubt be called by our new lady either Stubbins or Mrs. Elizabeth."

"O, you mean Betty the new-comer," exclaimed Susan, laughing, "why then, Mrs. Tilney, you will find her in the laundry, with her gown looped up through her pocket-hole and her pattens and black bonnet on, wringing out the young master's dress, or damping it or something. But if the like of her is to wait upon young ladies such as ours, I shall look out for service with Her Majesty. She is no more fit for her place than I am for a shoe-black. Why, could you believe it, Mrs. Tilney, there she has been in the wash-house and laundry helping herself to all she wanted just as if she had been at home, and Charlotte's in a fine fury, I can tell you, at her interfering with what is not her own business."

"Stubbins should not so demean herself," said Mrs. Tilney, highly indignant; "it is not for such as her to be washing, unless it might be a delicate bit of lace for

her ladies, or something so fine it ought not to go out of her own hand to the common laundress ; but I will go to her,—she can't know her rights. Charlotte ought to have seen to the washing of the young gentleman's dress herself ; but I dares to say she has been impertinent to Mrs. Stubbins, who would not let the young gentleman be kept waiting in bed for the impudent laundress. Mrs. Evans must know of it, and I will see that Mrs. Stubbins is not insulted by that low woman Charlotte Collins."

"Mrs. Stubbins," murmured Susan, "how ridiculous ! why she is as very a Betty as ever went to market ; but because forsooth she is to have a seat in Mrs. Tilney's parlour, why Mrs. Tilney will hold her up hand and glove, though she could scratch her eyes out for very jealousy because she has got the place Mrs. Tilney wanted for herself ; but it does not matter to me, they may fight it out as they like. Betty is so cross, or else I would have taken her part for the fun of the thing and for the pleasure of annoying Charlotte."

Whilst Susan thus muttered to herself Mrs. Tilney walked towards the laundry, where she found Betty as described, her oldest black bonnet on her head, her coarse blue chintz dress drawn through her pocket-hole, displaying to view her clean though well-patched stuff petticoat and clumsy country shoes and high-mounted pattens. Betty looked very flushed in the face, but this might be caused by the heat of the laundry and the works he had been doing ; so taking no heed or warning from it, Mrs. Tilney entered abruptly saying,—“ Goodness, Mrs. Stubbins, why are you slaving yourself to death and doing other people's work ? ”

“ Don't call me Mrs. Stubbins, or Mrs. Elizabeth either,” replied Betty in a rather excited tone of voice. “ My name is simply Betty. My master and missis thought it good enough for me, and I don't wish to be aping my betters.”

“ Well, now you have got it, Mrs. Tilney,” exclaimed a young woman who was seated on a very high stool

with an Italian iron on the board before her, and who was plaiting a cap when Mrs. Tilney came in. "Now you have got it, and I suppose it will go the round; but I shall let Mrs. Evans know, I can't allow persons to be coming into my places with clothes perfectly stinking of pigs'-wash, using all my tubs and things which I pride myself in keeping nice, and all without so much as saying by your leave or for your leave."

"Why," said Betty, "I never heard the like of that, —here is the young master without a frock to put on, and is he to be kept in bed for hours whilst you are settling amongst yourselves who is to wash it out for him. One says it warn't my work, and another said it warn't mine, and then you all cried out as if you had never touched pigs'-wash in your life; and amongst you all I thought Master Henry would have had to have kept his bed till his mamma came to buy him a new frock,—and it is not what he has been accustomed to, and as long as I have the use of my legs and arms he shall not want the service of them."

"Well but, Mrs. Elizabeth," said Tilney, "you should have applied to Mrs. Evans if you wanted anything."

"And, poor woman, she laid up with the rheumatism," replied Betty, "and suffering enough without my giving her fresh trouble, so I only put my hand to the work and washed out the dress, and then you would have thought everybody in the house wanted the job and grudged me my labour, though I can't but say it was not an over nice one, and the skin is almost off my fingers in washing the dress clean."

"Well but," said Charlotte Collins, the young woman seated at the ironing-board, "I told you that I would send for our regular washerwoman, and the things could be got up properly, but you did not choose to heed me."

"And you told me too," replied Betty, "that she lives a mile, at least, from here, and you would get one of the idle boys about the stable-yard to fetch her as soon as you could lay hands on him, and then you did

not know whether she was at home or not, and all that time my own little master would be fretting and fidgeting to get up,—no, I would not vex the dear little fellow so,—I have carried him in my arms many and many's the time, and I have had to thwart him often enough for his own good ; but now there is no good to him to baulk him and only a little trouble to myself, and I can't think what it can matter to any of you, for I will wash and clean up everything I touch."

"Well, and I am sure that is more than could be expected of you, Mrs. Elizabeth," said Tilney, "when there is the scullion girl who ought to be thankful to be employed in any kind of work ; but let me tell you, Mrs. Stubbins, if you are to make one of us, to sit down with Mrs. Johnson and myself in our parlour, it won't do for you to demean yourself by doing the under servants' work. Why here's Charlotte Collins, she will tell you, if she chooses, that she would not put her hand to the washing-tub, and yet I don't suppose she would go for to say that she does not think our places better than hers any day of the week."

"Not better than Mrs. Johnson's, certainly," replied Charlotte ; "I should like that well enough."

"Nor mine either," said Mrs. Tilney, angrily. "Mine's as good as Mrs. Johnson's any day."

"I can't say that," replied Charlotte. "Mrs. Johnson waits upon our lady's own person, and Mrs. Lakin waited upon dear Miss Ellen, and I think, Mrs. Tilney, you had to wait upon Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Lakin to do the work they did not like or could not do, and you had little or nothing to do with the ladies."

Mrs. Tilney was about to flame up, to use an expression of her own, but she thought better of it, and only said—"And if dear Miss Ellen had lived I should have become more and more useful to her as Mrs. Lakin's health failed. You know Mrs. Lakin was Miss Ellen's mamma's nurse, and she was too old for her place, and her health was bad, only Miss Ellen was too much attached to her to part with her. But what's the

use of staying here talking? I want to know, Mrs. Elizabeth, if you have found a little boat belonging to Master Fairchild, for I have promised the dear young gentleman to take it to him."

"If you mean me," replied Betty, when you say Mrs. Elizabeth, "why, I have, and it is with his other things that I took out of his pockets, and he shall have them all together. They are locked up in my box safely, and I can't go for them now; the child knows they are there—I told him so."

"But he does not know his boat is safe," retorted Mrs. Tilney, who was very glad to find something on which she could speak out her mind, for she had been very angry at Charlotte's last remark, though she could not answer it, because it was the exact truth—"he does not know his boat is safe, and I promised him he should have it; and I should be much obliged to you, Mrs. Betty, if you would give it to me."

"If the boy must have it, I will take it to him," replied Betty, "so you need not trouble yourself about it, Mrs. Tilney—I will go and give it to him:" and Betty left the laundry in high indignation, forgetting to take off her pattens, or loosen out her dress; and as she went towards the kitchen, her steps distinctly heard, though getting fainter and fainter: as she proceeded on her way, the servants who were left in the laundry began all together such an attack upon her, that it would have been thought impossible she could have deserved it all, even if she had come to the Grove purposely to quarrel. Mrs. Tilney declared she was not fit to be seen, with her extraordinary dress and vulgar pattens—Charlotte said that she was the most impertinent young woman she knew, teaching them all their businesses; and Susan, who had returned to the laundry with one of the housemaids, and an under-ironer, did all she could to excite the storm against poor Betty, whilst they unanimously agreed she was not fit for the place Mrs. Fairchild had given her in the family; and they hinted pretty broadly it should not be

their faults if she stayed amongst them. Charlotte then ordered the under-ironer to bring her Henry's frock, which she examined minutely, pronouncing it of coarse materials, and clumsily made—that is, made by a second-rate hand, and then she bade the girl iron it at once, that Betty might have no more any excuse for coming into the laundry.

In the meanwhile, Betty sought John to tell him of her annoyances, and how very trying she found them to her temper. “Well, well, Betty,” said John, “I am not much happier than you, I can tell you; but thanks be to One who is able to keep me from harm, I have not at present said anything I regret. The offices are in a shocking state, Betty—the neglect and waste are fearful: two or three poor families, I am sure, might be kept from what is allowed to rot on the ground. I am thinking, Betty, that master's mother is too old a lady for a place of this sort, but perhaps it is better when she is at home, and Mrs. Evans the housekeeper up and about.”

“I don't know,” replied Betty; “I don't fancy that old Mrs. Fairchild has much to do with it, for Mrs. Johnson has told me that she was so wrapt up in the two little ladies, her grandchildren, Miss Fairchild and Miss Ellen, that she appeared to care for nothing else. Mrs. Johnson says her lady is often crying out now that she has behaved very ill, that she made idols of her elder son's daughters, and she neglected every one else for their sakes, and God in his mercy has brought her to see her error—He has taken her idols from her, and has made her to see that the little ones she neglected are as worthy of her love. I am like to the patriarch Job, is the old lady's cry. My children have been torn from me, but I have others, and more in number given to me in their stead; but my family are most numerous even now above, I hope and long soon to be united to them in that land where they will no more be removed from me, and where the beloved ones I leave on earth can be united to us for ever.”

“O Betty,” said John, “how even the very mention of these subjects bring peace to the mind. You have been hasty, have you not? You have not thought that the ways of other people are unlike our simple habits at home, and you have been vexed and cross. I know you can be very cross, Betty, and you have made them dislike you, and you have fretted yourself. When the missis comes, things will be better: do not let us trouble her with our little annoyances the very moment she comes to her home. I can see already she will wish herself and the family back at the cottage again, with only you and I to wait upon her, Betty, at least fifty times in the day. If she has got some of the pleasures of money, she has plenty of its cares, and I must say I am sorry for her, and the master, for they are not fit, any more than you and I are, Betty, for this new state of things. But perhaps we were going on too comfortably, and were thinking too well of ourselves, and this change is to show us what poor creatures we are, and what a fairer world there is above. But it is time I should go after the child—is his dress ready?”

“I will go and iron it,” said Betty, “and you can take him his boat, and you may get him up. You will find his linen airing for him by the kitchen fire.”

Betty found the ironer had nearly finished ironing the frock; and whilst Betty waited for it, there was a silence in the laundry, for Charlotte had exhausted her ill temper somewhat by abusing Betty behind her back. What John had said to Betty had, however, a blessed effect upon her, for Betty was a truly pious young woman, and now, as she stood waiting, with nothing to do, she was led to pray inwardly that she might not be tempted to give way to her besetting sin, which was an irritation of temper which fitted her best, for being the only female servant in a house, and not one amongst many.

The short prayer she inwardly uttered softened her heart—the Divine Spirit strengthened her to act consistently with her christian character, and as she took the



dress she not only thanked the young woman who had ironed it, but she turned to Charlotte and apologized to her for her hasty speeches, and also for any thing she had done which had displeased her. She repeated also her thanks to Charlotte, adding, "but if I was hasty, you must excuse, for I love the little boy as if he was a child of mine own, and I could not bear to think he wanted some one to wait upon him."

Charlotte took the apology somewhat ungraciously, perhaps as one who felt they had been the injured party, not the injurer; but Betty was made happier by having spoken out, and it was with a lighter heart she took the dress to Henry's room. The child was ready for it; but he too had learnt experience, and with his own consent would have preferred staying beside John or Betty for the rest of the day. Henry dined in Mrs. Evans's room, with the upper servants; and as Mrs. Evans herself was lying on a sofa in the apartment everything went on with apparent good order and propriety. There were two men-servants at the table, and Betty and Mrs. Tilney, and very little was said during the meal, for the men seemed to think they had come to eat, and it was losing time to talk. After dinner, Henry went out with John to look over the premises, and did not return till it was time for him to take his bread and milk, and go to bed; and in this happy, because obedient state, we shall leave him, and return to his papa and mamma, and sisters.

Old Mrs. Fairchild found herself so far from well after her morning's drive, that it was thought advisable she should go at once to bed that she might be recruited for the morrow's journey. She talked a great deal to Mrs. Johnson of her lamented grandchildren, particularly of the one she had lately lost, and she said more than once, "Ah, Johnson, I have been much to blame, very much to blame in giving up my whole affections to the children of my elder son, and now I am too old to turn to these little dear ones who are so worthy of my love—and I cannot look

upon my Emily without thinking of the beloved Emily I lost, when about that same age; nor upon Lucy without pain that her little affectionate heart cannot rejoice in bestowing the comfort she desires to give to her sorrowing grandmamma. O, Johnson, had I not so wrapt up my heart in thinking only of the children whom I loved too well, I should have known these little ones before. Now they would have held their proper station in my affections, and it would not have been in my sorrow that I should have first been thrown upon their sweet gentleness, but in my bereavement I should have felt my family were but diminished below—not quire extinct; but

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be;  
Help me to tear it from its throne,  
To worship only Thee."

The younger Mrs. Fairchild entered the room as the old lady repeated these lines, and knowing well that her mother was alluding to the lamented Ellen, she addressed her in the language of Scripture, bringing forwards such texts as she knew could comfort under affliction; but the old lady interrupted her. "It is not so, my dear," she said, "I am not now grieving for my glorified one, but at my own failings as a parent and as a Christian. For my Emily and my Ellen I neglected your Emily and your Lucy, who ought to have been as dear to me, ay, and in one way they were as dear; and now I am reaping the consequences of my own negligence;" and the old lady wept bitterly. "It is not that I do not love them," she added,—“yes, and love them dearly—so dearly, that I cannot bear to depress their young spirits with my sorrowing presence; but I feel that I have not in past years given them their due right of my love, and now that I would pour forth on them a stronger, more overwhelming kind of affection, I would do it in the secret recesses of my heart, not as I have done with those who are gone."

The younger Mrs. Fairchild was pained to see the

tender conscience of the elder lady, and she soothed her as well as she could by pointing out to her that the orphan girls had demanded her love more than her own children, who were still blessed with the paternal care; and then she went on to say, that human nature is so weak and helpless, that if one duty is performed tolerably well, it often happens others are in consequence neglected; and this, she added, shows our finite nature, and how little confidence can be placed on the creature."

"How often do we see a Christian female," she added, "fulfilling her duties—we may use the term admirably—as a wife, a mother, or a daughter; and in romance one is told the same character is perfect alike in all: but it is not so. I have known the best of daughters an unkind sister—a good mother irritable and impatient with her husband, and an affectionate wife so occupied with her husband's comforts or her children's well-doing, that her own parents have been wholly neglected and forgotten. This we may call a shocking state of things, and so it would be if there was not One whose character, as described in the Holy Writings, is perfect in all connexions of society—husband, father, brother, friend, Redeemer, Mediator, and Son. He has borne our transgressions for us, he has taken our sins upon him, and with his stripes are we healed."

The pious discourse of her daughter soothed the old lady; and Mrs. Johnson, seeing she was easier, proposed that the younger Mrs. Fairchild should remain with her for the present; "and I will go," added the worthy woman, "and see to the young ladies, and then their papa can be at liberty, for it would not do to leave such young children alone in a strange place as this must be to them."

Mrs. Fairchild thanked her for her kindness, and Mrs. Johnson soon found the little girls, and proposed a walk to look about them. Emily and Lucy were delighted at the idea, as they had dined and had nothing to do, and both longed very much to see what was to be seen: so they soon put on their bonnets, and the kind

Mrs. Johnson taking a hand of each, led them out into the street.

It would take too much time, and it would not be worth recording all that the little girls said or saw in the town, excepting that they stopped before a stationer's shop, of which the windows were full of pictures, of which they soon perceived to be the title-pages of different songs. Here, whilst they stood looking at these pictures, they heard music within, which they soon discovered to be a harp, and the performer was playing that sweet Welsh melody called "Poor Maryanne."

"Ah, dear Miss Ellen!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, wiping the tear from her eye; "ah! dear Miss Ellen, how often and often have I heard you play that—ay, and sing it too with dear Miss Fairchild, with your sweet infant voices; and I remember Miss Fairchild saying, 'Grandmamma, there are not many tunes that are pretty enough to be played on golden harps, but this is one; and the hymn words to it need not be changed. We may sing this, grandmamma, to our golden harp, for it is so very pretty.'"

"Had cousin Ellen a golden harp?" asked Lucy.

"No, not a real golden one," replied Mrs. Johnson. "It is a long story that, Miss Lucy, but it is a pretty one too. I will tell it you some day, if you would like to hear it."

"O, please to tell it us now," cried both children at once; "please to tell it us now, we love to hear of cousin Ellen."

"Then let us go into yonder meadow," said Mrs. Johnson, "for they had walked from the music-shop down a street which led into the country, "and there I can tell you the story of the golden harp."

*A Prayer for strength, that when fulfilling one duty, we may not neglect others equally important.*

O God, our Father and our Friend, thou in thy infinite nature art perfect, there is no spot nor blemish in thee, and thy Son being one with thee and the Spirit,

is also infinitely holy, for he is perfect God as well as perfect man. Of ourselves, being poor weak worms, there is no good in us ; we leave undone those things we ought to have done, and we do those things we ought not to do, because in ourselves there is no health ; but being grafted on thee, and made one with thee through our Redeemer's merits and righteousness, we look forward at some future happy time to be made free from sin and glorious objects of grace. But till that time comes, thou who filled every station with honour and glory, thou we know wilt be as Father, Guardian, Brother, Friend, and Counsellor to us, and will keep us from straying far from thee, or from doing what is displeasing in thy sight. O then, as thou hast promised in thy Word, hear our prayer. We ask to be made to do our duty here below to parents, brothers, sisters, friends ; let us not neglect the one whilst attending to the other ; and as, O Father, thou knowest our frame, and rememberest that we are but dust, upon thy strength do we rely, and upon thy powerful arm, knowing that if it is taken from us we are more to be pitied than the blind, or the lame, or the helpless infant who is cast off by its natural friends. O God, we ask thy mercy in full confidence that it is already ours through the sufferings and death of our Holy Brother and Redeemer, the Lord Jesus.

### HYMN.

One, there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of friend,  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end :  
 They who once his kindness prove,  
 Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed their blood ?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God :  
 This was boundless love, indeed !  
 Jesus is a friend in need.

When he lived on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name ;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same :  
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another  
 What he daily bears from us ?  
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
 Loves us though we treat him thus :  
 Though for good we render ill,  
 He accounts us brethren still.

Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften ;  
 Teach us, Lord, how thee to love ;  
 We, alas ! forget too often ;  
 What a friend we have above.  
 But when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love them as we ought.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### MRS. JOHNSON'S STORY OF THE GOLDEN HARP.

“ I WAS with your grandmamma, young ladies,” commenced this worthy person, “ before she came to the Grove, and was much trusted with those lovely little ladies, her grand-daughters, from the time when they first arrived in England. You know how soon they lost their dear papa, and I shall not easily forget how deeply those sweet little girls mourned the loss of this parent. Time, however, or rather I should say, that perfect trust in the love of their Redeemer changed the nature of their feelings, before their tender frames could be injured by sorrow ; for these, the natives of a very debilitating climate, when brought to our colder country, were so delicate, that they were apt to droop when exposed to the slightest breath of what we should only call fresh and healthy breezes.

“ Having lost their mother, who was by all accounts a truly pious lady, and one or two infant brothers within

their memory, and having had their minds turned, through a blessing on their father's conversation, towards that which is revealed to the believer by the divine Spirit, of the happy state of those who die in Christ, they had been accustomed to think and speak of those of their relations who had departed years before as dwelling in delight unspeakable in the presence of their Redeemer; and thus they soon, very soon learned to think of their father as being united with these happy spirits; and when these brighter and truer views took full possession of their breasts, there remained no thought appertaining to their last departed parent which was not sweet to them. Still, however, they were very young, and often mingled childish fancies with their views of the unseen world. Their deceased father had used such figures as were known to them to describe heavenly things, and in truth he had no others wherewith to serve himself; so that they often spoke of their departed friends as now become angels with wings and crowns of light, anthemning the praises of their Redeemer to the chords of their golden harps.

“So much had these little ones been taken up with the mention of this last figure—the golden harp—that being naturally exceedingly fond of music, they had often asked their papa to let them have a golden harp, and be taught to play upon it; little Miss Ellen saying, ‘that Emily’ papa, may cause it to bring out sounds something like, though we are sure that they cannot be so sweet as those our mamma and our little brothers bring out in the happy world above.’ When this request was made the last time to their poor papa, he was too ill to enter into the subject with them, or to try to set them right as to the confusion they had made in their young minds between the natural and spiritual object; but he made them a promise that they should be indulged in their desire as soon as it was thought proper for them by their grandmamma; and for this purpose a certain sum of money was found after his death to have been set aside to procure a gilded harp, or for any other object which at the time the young ladies might desire.

“And now,” continued Mrs. Johnson, “having explained the way in which this object was established as a matter of strong desire to these little ladies, I shall go directly to my story.

“The sisters were arrived at such an age at which it was judged proper that they should begin to learn music, for which they had such a decided taste. It was summer time, and my lady proposed that we should take a little excursion, travelling slowly in the coach with our own horses and men-servants.

“We went first to London, where we spent a week in lodgings, and went to a celebrated musical instrument maker’s to look for a harp, my lady intending to select several for the inspection and approbation of our Reading music-master, who often took a run to town, though we had no railroads at that time. I went as I generally did on this musical expedition with the ladies, and saw that Miss Fairchild and Miss Ellen were at once taken with one particular harp the moment they entered the warehouse.

“This instrument was all resplendent with gilding,—in truth it was magnificent, a really elegant specimen; though the golden ornaments were by no means any proof of its excellence as a musical instrument. Its price too was very high, though not beyond the sum laid by for the purchase. The little ladies, who insisted that it was just such a harp as they had often thought and even dreamed of, would have had their grandmamma strike the bargain at once, though they acquiesced with their accustomed gentleness to her proposal that Monsieur Levrat, their music-master, should first try it.

“We left town at the end of the week to travel by very easy stages into Kent and through some of the most wild and beautiful parts of Hampshire, your grandmamma choosing that route in order that she might take your cousins to see Mrs. Harvey, an old schoolfellow of their departed mother’s. This Mrs. Harvey had married very early in life a clergyman



older by several years than herself, a perpetual curate in that country, one who bore a high character as a truly religious man and faithful pastor, though known to have a very small income, which had not been much augmented by his wife's fortune when they married.

"We made it two days' journey from town to the abode of Mr. Harvey, that is, we left London early one morning and did not arrive within sight of the old tower of his parish church as seen over an extent of low woodland until about five o'clock the next evening. Much of our conversation in the coach during these two days had ran upon subjects connected with the golden harp which we had so lately seen in town, and I remember that your grandmamma once remarked in her gentle way, that she had never known her little girls so much set upon obtaining anything as this golden harp.

"'Oh! grandmamma,' replied Miss Emily, 'that is because we have always talked so much about it.'

"'I believe,' replied my lady, 'that people older than you are, my dears, often talk and talk of things till they talk themselves and others up to putting much greater value upon them than really belongs to them.'

"'But we love music so much, grandmamma,' replied Miss Fairchild, 'and the music of the harp more than all others. Somehow we fancy that it is more connected with heaven than any other kind of music, don't we, Ellen?' 'Yes,' added the younger sister, and she quoted one or two passages from Scripture in which harps are mentioned.

"Well do I remember the sweet manner in which your dear grandmother took up and answered what was then said by the dear children, taking occasion to show them more than I myself had ever then heard clearly stated of the nature of the figures used in Scripture to make manifest spiritual things to the apprehension of the children of the redeemed in this present world. Showing, for example, that music in its highest sense is used for a type of praise; 'as if,' she added, 'when harpers harping with their harps are mentioned in the

Revelation, the inspired writer would have said, persons praising God with all their powers of music.'

"After this too, as we went slowly along, fresh scenes of wild beauty opening before us continually, or when the little ones in their young glee pointed out any objects which particularly took their fancy, such as young lambs playing on a verdant field, or a sunbeam resting on a bank of flowers, or some sweet quiet homestead half hidden by the fruit trees which clustered about, she was never at a loss to show them how these figures might be interpreted whenever used in the volumes of the prophecies. And thus our time wore on till we saw the tower of Mr. Harvey's church peeping from its elevated site considerably above the low woods which surrounded it. At this very moment the servant who attended us on horseback rode up to the carriage to say that the heavens looked angrily towards the west, and that he had certainly heard a clap of thunder, and that therefore it would be well if we were soon all under cover.

"He was then directed to ride on and ascertain where the parsonage lay, and he had not parted from us ten minutes when we saw him again at the entrance of an embowered road which ran upwards in the direction of the church, which he said led straight to the parsonage.

"A rough way it was,—damp from the thick shade above, and very steep, though short.

"Through this way we soon reached the parsonage,—and a sweeter little hermitage I assuredly never saw, having no view from its casement windows of the world without, but in the blue and misty distance through openings in the woods which encompassed it.

"Just as the carriage stopped before the little green wicket which opened on the small lawn before the house, we distinctly heard a clap of thunder from the west.

"'We must alight here and go in, whether there is any one at home or not,' for as yet we had not seen a single person, said your grandmamma.

“‘And had I not best drive to the inn,’ asked our coachman, “and put up the horses,’ for Thomas has learned that there is accommodation in the village.’ Thus without further reflection, and being sure of shelter from the coming storm, if of nothing else—for we had seen that the door of the house, which was sheltered by a porch covered with honeysuckle, stood ajar—we walked forward whilst the coachman turned to go down the lane.

“We could not fail of observing that there was an uncomfortable appearance of recent neglect and want of the rake and besom upon the lawn, which was shed over with straws and such rubbish as appears in the places where heavy packages have been made, and as no one had yet appeared, my lady expressed some alarm lest something should be wrong with the family. Another and nearer roll of thunder, however, hastened our movements, and, as I said before, finding the door under the porch half open, we went into the house, entering by a little vestibule with an old oaken staircase in front and a door on each side, one opening into a kitchen and the other into a parlour.

“This last door was open so wide when we entered the passage, that we could see all that was within, and even hear some words which were said by those within, though not intending to act the mean part of listening intruders. The room, which was low, though not small, showed the same air of indefinable recent neglect which the lawn had manifested; there was an appearance too as if some of the articles which it contained had been displaced as if for removal, whilst other things, such as children’s books and a few toys, were scattered about. The only persons in the room were two girls, one about fourteen, whilst the other, from her very infantine appearance, could only have been three years old, or at the most four.

“The elder was seated on a low stool in the middle of the room, and the younger being about the height of her sister as she sate, was clinging round her neck, and

though we could see only her rounded infant shoulders, her fair neck, and her clustering ringlets of rich auburn hair, we could plainly distinguish that she was in some trouble, for her soft infant tones as she addressed her sister were tremulous and plaintive.

“‘I did,’ she said, ‘I did give my silver shilling for it. Perhaps somebody will give another shilling to have it,—and won’t that help, Marian?’

“‘Oh, my little Dolly,’ answered the sweet voice of the elder, ‘my own little Dolly,—no, no, no, your pretty watch will not now bring a shilling again—you know that it is broken,—no, no, no,’ she added ‘we cannot help,’—and then she seemed to clasp her sister closer to her and all articulate sounds were lost in sobs.

“‘What can this mean?’ whispered my lady; ‘something terrible has happened;’ and she added in a raised tone, ‘What can we do? Is it possible that we have been brought here to give some little help in the time of need?’

“‘A worldly selfish person,’ continued Mrs. Johnson, ‘would have said, ‘I wish we had not happened to have come just now. It is very unfortunate that we happened to do so.’

“‘But dear grandmamma is not a worldly selfish person,’ replied Lucy; ‘only pray go on, and tell us how soon those poor children, Marian and Dolly, found out that you were come.’

“At the moment in which my lady raised her voice they looked round, and seeing the passage full of company they stood up, the younger still pressing herself against the elder, the manner of both expressing much alarm. Your grandmother instantly moved forward and addressing Marian, she explained at once in as few words as possible who she was, and who the little ladies with her were, the children of their mother’s ancient friend at school, with their reasons for making the visit, telling also the name of her daughter-in-law before she took that of Fairchild.

“Marian Harvey repeated the name.

“‘Clara Nevil,’ she said, ‘ah how often have I heard my mother speak of her own dear Clara Nevil.’ And then stepping forwards with a grace which showed her to have been well instructed in all the simple and elegant courtesies of social life, and all that beaming charity which the world can never attain to, she welcomed my grandmother, and indeed all of us to the house, lamenting that her parents were not at home, begging us to come into the parlour, hastening to arrange our chairs and directing her little sister by the eye to go forward to the youngest of our party, a hint immediately taken by the well-trained little girl.

“The tears were hardly dried on the cheeks of these young creatures whilst they were thus exerting themselves to make us welcome, whilst their mean and scanty though well mended and clean apparel formed a painful contrast with their superior manners, their intelligent countenances, and the careful training of their glossy hair.

“When asked about their parents, however, they hesitated, and the elder seemed as if she could hardly frame her trembling lips to give the answer,—‘they were both,’ she said, ‘at Winchester: their poor father was—was—’ and she hesitated, ‘obliged to stay there, and their mother was with him.’

“‘And you, my dear ones, are keeping house alone in this place?’ asked my lady, becoming more and more puzzled.

“‘Yes, ma’am,—yes,’ faltered the young girl ‘for a day or two more,’ and then she made some slight excuse and went out as we thought to weep.

“But it soon appeared that she had withdrawn with other intent. There was no servant then in the house, but a cottager and his wife had been fixed in it, as protectors and assistants to the poor children, and it was not long after Miss Harvey had returned to us, and was trying with an aching heart to say all that courtesy required to her guests, before this cottager came in, wiped the table with her clean apron, and afterwards

brought in and laid thereon the best apparatus for tea-making which the house in its then condition could afford, with a part of a loaf, a little honey and butter, a few knives, and such spoons as are used in kitchens.

“My lady had not failed at the first sight of these preparations to beg that this trouble might be spared; but when she saw that she could not prevail, she changed her manner, thanked her young hostess for the kind attention, and when poor Miss Marian with some blushes expressed her sorrow that she had nothing better to offer, she assured her that the refreshment of a little tea was all that the party required. Little Dolly had run out and brought in a little basket of currants. ‘These are from my tree, pretty ladies,’ she said, looking at our young ladies. ‘I did get them for my own poor papa, but Marian told me I could not send them to day, and that I must get some fresh ones to-morrow for poor papa—my own papa.’

“We made the best and the most of this humble meal so hospitably and sweetly tendered, for my lady would have me to sit down with them trying to talk upon ordinary subjects in the mean time, though the minds of all present were occupied with other things, the poor children having their own heavy sorrows to think upon, and we feeling ourselves even the more excited to sympathy with them from not knowing what these sorrows were, though everything seemed to point out that they proceeded from pecuniary embarrassments. In the mean time, although the thunder was heard at a greater distance and longer and longer after the flashes of lightning, yet the clouds were so dark and hung so low that we could not have thought of continuing our journey till they had discharged themselves.

“We had concluded our repast, and some one had announced the first heavy drops of rain, when a gentleman was seen coming quickly up to the porch. He was simultaneously announced by our children and little Dolly, who were watching the fall of these first large

drops, as Dr. Reynolds, a distant relation of your grandmother who then held a living in the near neighbourhood. He had seen the carriage at the inn and hearing where we were had run up to the parsonage, as he said, racing before the deluge which was coming.

“I shall not enter into the particulars of the meeting, saying only that the kind gentleman took little Dolly on his knee when he sate down, though he afterwards set her on her feet again and bade her go to the window to see the water run along the gravel,—nor will I give the words of his discourse to my lady, but I shall only repeat the substance of the information he gave respecting the family in whose house we were.

“He confirmed all we had ever heard of the excellent character of Mr. Harvey, but said he had ever had a small income, though the family had always lived in comfort and remembered the poor.

“One false step, however, had ruined all his prospects and brought the poor man to his present condition, a debtor’s place in the jail at Winchester. He had become surety for one hundred and fifty pounds for a brother who required such aid to enable him to take possession of a good situation in the West Indies, this brother having promised to defray the debt as soon as he should touch the salary, but he never reached his place of destination.

“Mr. Harvey had borrowed the money from a hard man, and had never been able to reduce the debt to less than a hundred pounds. He had prevailed on his creditor to allow of several delays, but upon something passing which had given this man offence, he had drawn upon his poor debtor for the whole sum, and as he could not answer the demand had thrown him into jail, expecting his friends, if he had any, would come forward to assist him. This having been done since the Monday, for the poor curate had done duty in his church on the Sunday, and that day being only Friday, nothing had been resolved upon but to sell the best parts of the

furniture, some of which was already packed for removal by private contract, which Mr. and Mrs. Harvey had both insisted should be done without delay.

“Mr. Harvey had been taken ill immediately on his arrival at Winchester. Mrs. Harvey had then dismissed her servant, got a cottager into the house, and had gone to him.

“Whilst Dr. Reynolds was making this explanation, to which he added that he and some of the gentry and clergy in the country had settled to pay all the costs, indeed they judged they could not do less for a family so respected, and persons so anxious to do all in their power to help themselves, poor Marian had sat behind your grandmother’s chair, weeping larger drops than those which fell from the clouds. Little Dolly was standing crying in the window, and your two cousins were beside her with their eyes intently fixed on Dr. Reynolds until he had come to the end of his story and was proceeding to make some comments, when these last then moved to the second window, for there were two in the room, and probably no one but myself observed that they had entered into deep discourse with each other, of which truly I did not guess the import. At length they came forward hand in hand, with such glows on their sweet faces as made those faces seem even more than earthly—they came up into the little area between their aged parent and Dr. Reynolds, and Miss Fairchild then addressing the Dr. said—‘A hundred pounds, sir—you mentioned a hundred pounds—will a hundred pounds do?’

“‘A hundred pounds would set all right, my little lady,’ was his answer.

“A still brighter glow rose then in the children’s cheeks; they turned to their grandmother and whispered in her ear—‘We do not want a golden harp now,—please to take the money and say you will give it to Marian and Dolly’s poor papa,—pray do, dear, dear grandmamma: papa gave leave for us to spend that money for anything we might desire at the time, and



we now no longer desire a golden harp. Oh, let the money be given to pay that cruel debt !'

"As the fair children continued to urge their suit they forgot to whisper, so that all in the room heard the latter part of what they said, though not all understood it. Your poor grandmother burst into tears, and she afterwards said to me—'Could any harp constructed by created hand produce such tones as those which the Divine Spirit then uttered from the tongues and lips of my precious children? Oh, what music can be compared to that of the human voice when it is attuned by the Spirit from on high!'

"Your dear grandmother, young ladies, never had very much money at her own command, the property and money which keeps up the establishment coming, as you know, from her son, and then in fact belonging to the young ladies.

"It was some minutes before Dr. Reynolds could be made to comprehend the offer which the young ladies made.

"How such little girls should have a hundred pounds at command seemed incomprehensible to him, and required a much longer explanation than could be expediently given in the presence of the young ladies; so I walked away with them to the window where little Dolly was, and then they both cried as if they needed a flow of tears to relieve their overcharged hearts. They had seated themselves on the old-fashioned window-sill, and as their way was whenever they were over-excited, they laid their faces against each other's shoulders.

"I observed the little one looking anxiously at them, her breast heaving as if she was ready to weep with them, her next movement was to run and fetch a stool, to climb upon it, and from that to the window seat, to get quite close to my young ladies, to coo over them a moment, for she uttered no articulate sound, and then to take up the corner of her pinafore to wipe away their tears.

“ ‘Sweet little Dolly,’ cried one of them, I know not which, ‘O! I am so glad. O, my God, thou art so good thou providest all our wants.’

“Our attentions were all at that instant drawn from our own little corner in the window by the voice of Dr. Reynolds saying, ‘The rain is passing and the sunbeams breaking out. I will hasten to the inn and bring up my little carriage, and send the coach. It is only an hour and a half’s drive to Winchester. The dear children must come. I will take Marian with me, and the little one can easily be put into a corner of the coach,—but where is Marian?’ She had fallen back half fainting in the chair behind your grandmamma; when she understood what was proposed for the relief of her father, it had been too much for her. She did not recover herself till we had bathed her temples with water and caused her to smell my thieves vinegar; and when she did so, O what a burst of gratitude there was, first as poured out in thanksgiving to her Heavenly Father, then to your grandmamma, and afterwards to your cousins, before whom she would actually have fallen on her knees had it been allowed.

“ ‘But now,’ said Dr. Reynolds, ‘let us be off. Marian and you, little cherub, are to prepare to go with us to your papa and mamma. Put on your best apparel, my young ones, and make your arrangements; you will not return to-night. If I mistake not,’ he added, ‘this fresh instance of the divine love towards poor helpless man is not unworthy of being sung to the sounds of those who strike their golden harps on high.’ So saying, he hastened from the room, and though the rain had ceased, he brushed showers of drops from the shrubs with the cloak which floated more freely from his shoulders from the rapidity of his movements across the lawn. He felt at the moment that gladness which gave wings to his steps—such gladness as human creatures never enjoy unless they are made to feel that the divine love is its source and fountain.

“Marian and Dolly retired in the interval to make

their preparations, and to give the elder leisure to explain what such a babe could be made to understand of the happiness which was before them ; but a little child requires not many ingredients to make her cup of bliss to overflow. She understood that her Saviour had shown some proof of fresh kindness to her—she was to ride in a carriage to see her own poor papa—and she was not troubled by the mean appearance which the best frock she had would make before the footmen, nor with the effect which would be produced by her old straw bonnet which spoke but too plainly of a long course of rigid economy in those who had to provide her with necessaries.

“The coach was at the gate before the two sisters appeared, for Marian, understanding that her parents were to return the next day if all was well, had some orders to give to the cottager, and we were all seated in the coach when Dolly came running down to the gate like a lapwing, raising her young arms to be lifted in, and then looking to see if Marian and Dr. Reynolds were coming close after. How sweetly did the little creature prattle to us as we went along, though showing her beautiful training every moment by the gentleness and ready obedience of her whole behaviour. She had been told by her sister that we had come to make her papa well and happy—that God had sent us in his great kindness—and she already loved us as messengers she supposed from on high, for she still retained that sweet unsuspectingness of childhood which makes children more ready recipients—to speak as men speak—of the testimonies of mercy from on high than older and what are called wiser persons.

“I may tell you, young ladies, some of her pretty remarks on the objects we saw at some other time, but I have already made my story too long.”

“No, no,” said Lucy and Emily, as it were with one breath, “not long enough.”

“We reached Winchester before sunset, and drove to an hotel, where we ordered beds and a supper. Dr.

Reynolds did not alight there, but drove on with Marian to the persons concerned in Mr. Harvey's affairs; and so well did he employ his time, that he did not return to us till he was enabled to say that things were so settled that Mr. Harvey at that instant, though as yet he knew it not, was at liberty to leave his place of confinement whenever he pleased; but the question was, would Mrs. Fairchild like to be the messenger to him of his happiness.

"This your grandmamma declined; and it was agreed that Dr. Reynolds should finish his work of kindness by going to the jail, liberating the poor man, and bringing him to supper with his wife, who would, we knew, be found either with or near him.

"Never to be forgotten is the scene which took place when the poor liberated one entered the parlour of the hotel, followed by his wife in floods of joyful tears; of all that scene nothing touched me more than the rush of little Dolly into her father's arms, and the expression of paternal ecstasy which lighted up his pallid features.

"Before we went to supper, we all united in a prayer which was led by the grateful man himself, of which I can give you a copy, my dear young ladies, as correct as memory could render it, for I wrote it down before I slept that night."

*Prayer on being united again with dear friends and relatives after a time of trouble.*

O, our God and Creator, thou who art all love, perfect love, and never chastisest the creatures thou hast made but in mercy for their good, now let us thank thee that thou hast blest us with a reunion here as a foretaste of that sweet and holy joy we shall experience when we make one amidst thy family in heaven. O, blessed Lord, to thee we owe every happiness here and hereafter, for thou hast formed us, and for thy pleasure we are and were created. It was thou in thy great love for man that sent thy Son, thy only begotten

one, to die for us, and He being one with thee and the Spirit, took man's nature on him, and by his great righteousness made full and perfect atonement for our sins. He has gone before but to prepare the way for us, and still remembering us whilst in this state of probation, He has sent to us the Comforter, the Divine Consoler, who is at hand to whisper peace to our hearts in times of passing troubles and anxieties which would otherwise be too overpowering for our finite natures. O, blessed and blessing Father, thou hast well known our weakness, and as a tender parent hast pitied and protected it, for thou hast provided redemption above our utmost expectation, free, unconditional, and of grace unspeakable.

## HYMN.

Bright harp of Judah, let my song  
To thee and only thee belong,  
For tho' its sounds are faintly given  
Its lowest murmurs speak of heaven.

What are the strains of sweetest praise  
Which man in flesh can ever raise,  
But echoes faint and faltering too  
Of heavenly songs for ever new ?

Sweet harp of Judah, must thy sound  
Be faintly heard on earthly ground ?  
Yes, for to higher worlds belong  
The wonders of thy sacred song.

No breathing pipe nor stringed lyre,  
Unless our God the strains inspire,  
Are sweet as murmurings of love  
Proceeding from that harp above.

Thy prophet bards did sweep thy chord,  
Their glorious burden was the Lord,  
Till thou in flesh took up the strain,  
They struck the chords again, again.

Thro' worlds remote—the old—the new,  
Thro' realms, nor Rome, nor Israel knew  
The Christian hears, and by thy tone,  
Sweet harp of Judah, tunes his own.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE longest lane must have an end,—and so had the journey of Mr. Fairchild's family from the happy seat of his children's infancy to their new abode at the Grove, though, as often happens in far more important passages of this life, those that set out together were not destined to reach their object at the same time.

We have heard how Henry, and Betty, and John, who by-the-bye were the three persons who should certainly have appeared last, or come in under the protection of their superiors, first arrived—how Master Henry demeaned himself in his new character of heir apparent to something more than an ornamented cottage and a few fields—how John found himself out of place, and wished himself back again in the old garden—and how Betty inspired all the fine servants with envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, by her dogged straightforwardness, and the homely cut of her apparel, which last Mrs. Tilney asserted was “a shame to be seen in a genteel family, so near town too.”

The party had set out early in the week, and yet, owing to the feeble state of the health of the elder Mrs. Fairchild, it was nearly seven o'clock on the Saturday night, before the ladies, young and old, entered through the lodge of the Grove. They had parted only a few hours before from Mr. Fairchild, who had been met by a servant, with a led horse, on the road, not many miles from Reading, through which the party had to pass, requiring him to turn aside a few miles, to the place of a near family connexion, of whom more may be said hereafter. The call was an urgent one, he could not therefore resist it, but his wife would much rather have had his support at the crisis in which she was to be initiated into those new dignities for which, with much knowledge of herself, she felt that she was not suited; for a long

course of retired life, spent in the training of little children, is not a fitting preparation for encounters with high society, and fine-bred menials. Not liking to mention her feelings before the old lady, she remained silent and full of thought, whilst her companions were all equally engaged with their own private cogitations. The grandmother was thinking of her Emily and her Ellen, and meditating on the gentle manner in which her Heavenly Father had brought her to a sense of her undue partiality to the children of her elder son. Lucy's ideas, as soon as the shades of evening were beginning to throw their veil on all the objects without the windows of the coach, had flown back to her former home, and all the accustomed scenes, employments, pursuits, and friends of childhood—almost wondering how far, in less than a week, these images had passed into the back ground, not of her affections, but of her retrospection, so that it seemed as if as many months as days had passed, since she took her last sad look at them; for as yet the prospect of a higher condition in life, with all its attendant circumstances, had taken small hold of her imagination.

The past and the future were much more mixed up in Emily's mind, and were there so strangely jumbled, that she could not herself have said whether she was pleased or grieved at the change which had come over the fortunes of the family.

There was a considerable descent, where the road was bordered on each side by dark woods, just before the approach to the Grove; and as the carriage went down slowly, the moon arose among the trees, and shed its silver beams along the summits of these woods. It attained a level road in a few minutes—its motion was accelerated—the gates of the park were opened, and in another instant the travellers were within the domain of the Grove.

The house, of which those who arrived saw little but a pillared portico spreading nearly as wide a front as that of the whole of the little cottage so dear to the

memories of those who then first looked at it, was large and of modern construction. The only object which stood out distinct and clear above the portico was the hatchment, or escutcheon, for the dead, bearing the family arms, dimly gleaming in the moonbeam, and telling the little girls of the death of one, not many years older than themselves. They knew the signification of the huge lozenge standing on one of its points, with its wide black border, and they turned from it with a shudder, to look round at the woods which seemed to encompass the house, though at a considerable distance, rising above it—looking black or silvery, as lighted up by the moon or not affected by its beams.

So swift is observation, and so rapid the flight of thought across the mind, that although the doors under the portico were thrown open almost before the carriage stopped, yet the little girls had seen these things, and even made some reflections upon them, before two servants, in mourning, had let down the carriage steps, and had presented their elbows to assist the ladies to alight. There was some delay in getting Mrs. Johnson down from her seat behind the coach, and Mrs. Fairchild, the elder, from hers within; her daughter-in-law followed—Lucy sprang out without help, and Emily made a courtsey to the butler, and said, "Thank you, sir," when lifted down by that important functionary; and thus, without further mistakes, they all got into the great hall, into which most of the lower apartments opened, and where was a staircase, wide and long enough to admit a coach and six.

There the old lady, desiring to withdraw to her own apartments, kissed her daughter-in-law and the children, piously praying that the blessings from on high might be as abundantly shed upon them in this their new home, as they had been in the former, and taking the arm of Mrs. Johnson, went slowly up the stairs, whilst the servants, to whom a boy in a black livery was added, stood waiting the orders of the travellers who were thinking only of Henry, and looking only for him. In



a moment, however, his step and cry was heard—a door which led to the offices was dashed open, and the little fellow sprung forwards, and there was a general embrace, as if these beloved ones had been parted as many months as days.

The next move was to a dining-room, where a cold supper was already set out, and to which a few hot dishes were speedily added ; and it was well that Henry was present to talk, otherwise the meal would have proved a very silent one, Lucy and Emily being perfectly struck dumb with the new scene, and all its concomitant circumstances, so very different to any thing they had been accustomed to, although even the few short days in which he had been at the Grove had divested the place of much of its artificial splendour and freshness in the eyes of the little boy ; for so short-lived, so exceedingly transitory are all the impressions which are made by worldly circumstances, that even before our habits become conformed to them, they lose much either of the pleasure or of the pain which they are calculated to inspire. Though Henry was some months older than he had been when he enlightened his papa's mind, or endeavoured to do so, on the subject of the exploits of the Pyet, on the memorable day when he and Emily had pursued her over the culminatory point of the barn—he did not make a much more intelligible story of his grand adventure of his fall into the receptacle of pig's wash, for he so mixed it up with the loss of his boat, that the first idea of his mamma was that he had fallen out of some boat into a pool, from which Mrs. Tilney had drawn him out ; and such was her alarm, that she applied to Mr. Fearing, the butler, for an explanation, which that well-trained personage gave in the most succinct manner, and with the most imperturbable gravity—leaving Mrs. Fairchild quite as much cause for thankfulness on her boy's account as before, though Emily and Lucy could not refrain from laughing, and the youngest foot-boy was forced to fly the field.

Mrs. Fairchild was, however, prepared by this narra-

tive to look much more favourably on Mrs. Tilney than she had been predisposed to do : for she had been considering how it might be possible to get rid of her in a handsome way.

The travelling party were tired, for very slow travelling is not much less wearisome than that which is very rapid ; and as the ladies knew not what rooms were provided for them, the housekeeper being confined to her sofa, the said Mrs. Tilney was found waiting for them, with candles, at the head of the stairs, when she received notice that they were retiring.

Now Mrs. Tilney had made up her mind that as the place of lady's maid to the young ladies was already engaged, she would have that which would give her rank over Betty at least, if it had no other advantage ; that is, she would be the maid of the mamma, and as possession, she judged, to be nine points of the law, she had already taken possession of the place—had arranged the packages in the dressing-room—had lighted the toilet candles—had arranged the chairs and tables to her fancy, and had spread every loose cloak or other article in the drawers : Betty in the mean time being in waiting in the apartment on one side of the dressing-room, which was to be occupied by the sisters ; whilst Henry was to have his bed in his papa's dressing-room on the other side of his parents' bed-room. This suite of apartments had been chosen and thus arranged by Mrs. Fairchild.

“ Indeed, ladies,” said Mrs. Tilney, as she courtseyed low at the head of the stairs—“ we thought you very long in coming ; but are all glad—that is, we servants—to see you at last, and I have *deranged* your *departments* according to my master's orders, which I trust will meet with your approbation—of course, Mrs. Elizabeth, as the young ladies' maid, took charge of their *departments*.”

Mrs. Fairchild lost not an instant in expressing her gratitude to Mrs. Tilney for the very great service she had done Henry ; and so strong were her expressions

of thankfulness to her Almighty Father, who had saved her child from a disaster on which she dared not think, and so warmly did all the children join with her, that the waiting-maid, though she pretended to disclaim all merit, saying, that had she been dressed in her best silk she could not have done otherwise than she had done—failed not to consider herself from that moment firmly established in the place on which she had already set her foot, and on the strength of these disclaimed merits, to prattle on upon the subject of Master Fairchild's unlucky adventure, from the head of the stairs, through the lobby, along the gallery, and into the dressing-room, looking from moment to moment at Henry, to awaken his ready sympathy in all the minor troubles of the affair.

“I was just going up the back stairs,” she said, “to carry a phial of medicine to poor Mrs. Evans, who is confined to her bed by the rheumatism, and was just crossing the *festive* to the back stairs, where I had stopped to speak to the laundry-maid about my cap, when I heard Mr. Henry's call to John, and not knowing what the dear young gentleman wanted, I was so alarmed, my heart went flutter, flutter, against my stays, as if I was just upon fainting; however, out I was in the first yard, and across it, and into the back yard in no time, and had hold of the young gentleman's coat with both my hands, and so stopped him from sinking over head:”—

“And thus saved his life,” interposed Mrs Fairchild.

“True, ma'am, true, for if he had sunk over head in that abominable stuff, no one knows how it might have been, so I screeched, and he screeched, poor young gentleman, and we got help speedily: but what an *ind*dicament was we both in when he was got out! there was I daubed from head to foot—I shall never fancy my gown again, though it was next to new when I met with the misfortune: though it has been washed and ironed, and hung in the fresh air ever since. But that don't matter in the least—if it had been my best I should have thought nothing of it.”

"The destruction of a dress is easily remedied," replied Mrs. Fairchild—resolving that this matter should be attended to immediately, though she was quite certain that there was not a town in England that could supply a gown-piece equal to that which had been spoiled, in the appreciation of Mrs. Tilney; however, she then saw that she was in, irrecoverably, for the infliction of a lady's maid, and for one of precisely the description she most dreaded.

The little girls found Betty waiting for them in their room, and there was such a meeting, as perfectly shocked the refined feelings of Mrs. Tilney, who saw it through an exceedingly narrow chink formed by the care which she had taken when her mistress went into the room where Betty waited, not to close entirely the dressing-room door. She spoke of the way in which the young ladies had demeaned themselves on the occasion when she sat down in the housekeeper's room to her supper with Mr. Fearing adding, that she hoped, however, as Mrs. Fairchild, junior, had lost no time in securing her services, she should soon be able to change many things for the better; and perhaps to convince her mistress of the extreme impropriety of allowing such an uncultivated person as the young woman she had brought with her to wait upon her daughters."

"Oh, to be sure! as the ladies say," replied the butler, "you will be able to bring many things to pass, Mrs. Tilney—there's no doubt but that you have made a very advantageous start, though I don't say from a very dignified post."

"To which start, I know," returned Mrs. Tilney, "I owe my present security; for I could see with only half an eye, that my mistress having been used to very low life, would much rather wait on herself than have any one about her, which I take to be the strongest indication of low breeding which any lady can give. Would you believe it—that I am not to show myself in the morning till she rings; and then I have no question but that I shall find her ready dressed." The upturned lip expressed the utter contempt which the lady's maid

experienced when she uttered this sentiment. Nor was she mistaken in her presentiments : when Mrs. Fairchild opened her eyes at her usual hour on the bright new day before her, and had dressed herself as far as she thought right to do without summoning the Abigail, she went into her dressing-room, the door of which had been left open, and was going on to the room of her little girls, when she was startled—first by a rattle, as of falling furniture against the floor, and next, by a dead sound of some heavy, though soft body, in the same act of falling to the same floor.

Mothers are often afraid where no fear is ; into the room, therefore, she suddenly rushed, and there she beheld her little daughters pulling with all their might at an immense feather bed which they had thrown off the bedstead, together with all the paraphernalia of sheets, blankets, and counterpane, causing two chairs, which they had set at the foot of the bedstead, to come down with a clatter, whilst all the other articles followed of course.

The children were only half-dressed, and were quite flushed by their efforts to draw back the huge case of feathers into its place. They desisted on seeing their mamma, and ran, as their custom was, to kiss her.

“But, my children,” said Mrs. Fairchild, “what are you doing?”

“We are making our bed, mamma,” replied Lucy. “As we did at home,” added Emily. “Home,” repeated Mrs. Fairchild, “our pleasant little home.”

“Yes, mamma,” resumed Lucy, “it was a pleasant little home, and we were humble then : and Emily and I, when we awoke this morning, found out that we were both proud about this grand house, and we said we feared that we should become fine ladies and do nothing for ourselves, and forget poor people ; so we settled to make our bed to begin with.—Was it wrong, mamma?”

“Wrong, my children,” replied Mrs. Fairchild, “the very worst word that can be said about it is that it is ill-judged. We must ring for Betty to put these things right.” Then the gentle mother, sitting down with one little girl

on each side of her, tried to make them understand that all the conditions of the children of God on earth are appointed by him ; some being placed in low degrees, some in middling, and some in higher, so each condition has its distinct as well as general duties, all requiring to be observed. Through their due performance heaven is not, however, to be obtained, but by such obedience it may be shown that heaven is secured to them, and that they know it is so, and thus every duty, those far more laborious than making heavy beds, is rendered sweet to us, when we feel that our blessed Redeemer approves of what we do. " When we lived in our sweet home, my children," she continued, " we had very little money, and it required industry and economy to enable us to do anything for the poor. Now it has pleased God to give us more, we are still required to check the many desires which in all conditions of life always run beyond our means; but very often, instead of using our own hands to serve ourselves, as in a more lowly condition, we must assist others by supplying to them the very employments in which we were used to labour ourselves.

But," she added, " I hear a step along the gallery, probably it may be that of Mrs. Tilney. She must not see what you have been doing, my little ones. You will not be very long before you discover that every grade in life has its petty annoyances, and that the higher a person gets in society, the less liberty he finds in following even his most innocent whims disregarded." Mrs. Fairchild then led the following prayer, and joined with her children in singing the hymn.

*A Prayer of thankfulness to our heavenly Father, who will not allow us to trust in the deceitful pleasures of this world, but by showing us their emptiness, makes us to long for those lasting pleasures which he has promised us in a blessed hereafter.*

O blessed God and Father, thou from whom all comfort flows, upon thee, and thee only, do we depend for our

daily nourishment. Thou hast told us to take no heed of what we shall eat or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall clothe ourselves : for our heavenly Father knoweth we stand in need of all these things, and he has promised to mete them out according to his own good pleasure.

O blessed Father, we ought then to rejoice in every fresh gift bestowed upon us, because they are a Father's gift, and a token of a Father's love. We ought to rejoice in them, and love Him who in His bounty has bestowed them upon us, and who has declared that though a mother may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon her son, yet He will not forget the beloved children of his adoption. It is in this same spirit of love, O Father, that thou hast taken from all earthly pleasures that enjoyment which would last, so that the very nature of earthly blessings are transient and given to decay, and pass away. This thou hast done, we know that we may not lay up our treasure on earth where moth and rust can corrupt, and where thieves can break through or steal, but that we may place it in that blessed land where nothing fades or dies, and where all is eternal and everlasting. Thou hast bestowed so many mercies upon us, O blessed God, that even as it is we are unwilling to leave this world which has so many drawbacks to perfect happiness ; for our minds are so poor and weak, that we cannot comprehend the greater glories that will be ours hereafter. Enlighten then, we pray thee, our mental eyes ; let us see, even though it be as in a glass darkly, the glories of our future home ; and above all, teach us to look forwards without fear, and even with joy, to that land thou hast prepared for us, and which is ours through the death and righteousness of our Lord and Redeemer, the God Man Jesus Christ.

#### HYMN.

Honey though the bee prepares,  
An envenom'd sting he wears ;  
Piercing thorns a guard compose  
Round the fragrant blooming rose.

When we think to find a sweet,  
Oft a painful sting we meet ;  
When the rose invites our eye,  
We forget the thorn is nigh.

Why are thus our hopes beguil'd ?  
Why are all our pleasures spoil'd ?  
Why do agony and woe  
From our choicest comforts flow ?

Sin has been the cause of all !  
'Twas not thus before the fall ;  
What but pain, and thorn, and sting,  
From the root of sin can spring ?

Now with every good we find  
Vanity and grief entwined ;  
What we feel or what we fear,  
All our joys imbitter here.

Yet through the Redeemer's love,  
These afflictions blessings prove ;  
He the wounding stings and thorns  
In to healing med'cine turn.

From the earth our hearts they worn,  
Teach us on his arm to lean ;  
Urge us to the throne of grace,  
Make us seek our resting-place.

In the mansions of our King  
Sweets abound without a sting ;  
Thornless there the roses blow,  
And the joys unmingled flow.

## CHAPTER IX.

“ You have received your orders direct from your principals, Mrs. Elizabeth,” said Mrs. Tilney, as about an hour after breakfast she entered the room where the children had slept. “ It is a good step over the park, and we are to walk, and we have not much time to lose. I have sent Roger after our young ladies, for when their mamma was called away to their grandmamma, who is very unwell this morning, they were out at the open



glass-doors of the breakfast-room, running round the house to see what was to be seen—Master Fairchild foremost.”

Betty’s complacency was never improved by the sound of Mrs. Tilney’s voice. Moreover, she did not quite comprehend the meaning of orders received direct from principals ; so she made no answer whatever, but went on with what she happened to be about when broken in upon, which in fact was neither more nor less than pinning her shawl in front as smoothly and as formally as she could contrive to lay it.

“ I am to suppose, then,” continued Mrs. Tilney, “ that you have not received any orders. Well then, as neither of our ladies nor Mrs. Johnson can go to church this morning, I and you are to take Miss Fairchild and Miss Emily, and the little gentleman, to church over the park ; and I am to show them the family pew, and in course sit there with them to see all is right, as his grandmamma is afraid for Master Henry lest he should fall over, for the pew occupies a gallery by itself ; and that unpleasant affair, of which I don’t like to think, makes her particularly apprehensive about him. So that is the order of the morning, and you see I am quite ready. I have put on my mantle, and have my gloves in my *ridicule*, and all ready. But surely, Mrs. Elizabeth, you don’t mean to make your first appearance at church with your shawl pinned and plastered down in that fashion ? Do, for propriety’s sake, take out those immense corking pins, and open out your shawl and double it, as I commonly wear mine, and let it hang loosely and jauntily from your shoulders—do let me show you how.”

In what manner Betty might have answered, had she not been interrupted when about to speak, can never now be ascertained ; for in that critical moment in burst all the three children, all flushed with their run round the house, and in such states of high animal spirits as did not promise any very great display of discretion in the enterprise which was before them—a first appearance at the parish church of the Grove, under the auspices of Mrs. Tilney and Betty.

“Here you are, ladies and gentleman,” cried Mrs. Tilney, as soon as she saw them, “and we have no time to lose, I promise you.—Come, Master Fairchild,” she added, attempting to take hold of Henry, “do let me *derange* your hair, and put your collar to rights, that’s a dear young gentleman.” Henry suffered her to pursue him to the side of the bed, but just as she thought she had caught her bird, he sprung upon it, turned head over heels, and alighting on the other side, cried, “Good-bye, I am going to John, he is to take me to church, and he will put my hair and collar to rights—so good-bye;” and as he ran out, Betty thought that the child would be much safer with John than with her party; for she saw clearly, that unless some measures were taken to prevent it, the children, whom in their former simplicity had been so dear to her heart, would be utterly ruined by the worldly persons who were got about them, and thought it their interest to flatter them. Nor was it without secret prayer for the divine aid, that the worthy young woman made these reflections.

But though poor Betty was blessed in having received many high and pure religious principles during her residence in the house of Mr. Fairchild, yet, like many another child of God, perhaps we might say every other such an one in the flesh, she was liable to be often troubled with risings of her most besetting infirmity, which was that of temper; in aid of which, she not unseldom fought with the very principles of rectitude which she had been led to adopt for better purposes. Nor did there exist a human being within her acquaintance who had the power to irritate her like Mrs. Tilney. It was therefore with no gentle hand that she seized on Lucy, who happened to be nearest to her when Henry made his somerset over the bed, and began the various processes of straightening her hair, and tying on her bonnet and cape with about as much taste as she had exhibited in arranging her own shawl; and had just pushed her from her, with the manner of one who says “that job is done,” and was turning to perform the same services for Emily,

when she found that the fair little girl was already under the hands of Mrs. Tilney. She stood a minute or more looking on, and when she found that there was small hope of the child's being speedily ready, she caught hold of Lucy's hand, and saying, they would wait in the portico, she led her out of the room.

"Well," cried Mrs. Tilney, when the door was closed on her rival, "Well! poor Mrs. Elizabeth—she has small notion of dressing a young lady. How should she, having had no education in such *lineaments*? Did you observe how she tied on Miss Fairchild's bonnet, Miss Emily? With all her pretty ringlets as completely disguised as if she were putting them under an oilskin bathing cap."

"Mamma used to dress us at home," replied Emily; "Betty did the work in the kitchen."

"Those things should be forgotten now, Miss Emily," returned Mrs. Tilney, with such a proper pursing up of the lips as ladies' maids of some descriptions can use on occasions

"But how can I?" returned the child. "Can I forget all those happy pleasant things which happened when I was young?"

"Well, my little lady," replied Mrs. Tilney, "perhaps at present you cannot; but when you have been here a little while you will have other things to think of. Look there, Miss Emily, in the glass, and see how I have brought forwards your ringlets, and how becoming they look, and how nicely I have set your bonnet. Is it not tasty? I can tell you that all eyes will be upon you at our church, and we have a very genteel congregation; not such a one as was at your church at home, as you call it, though you must now call the Grove your home." To this intent, and indeed worse, as being more personally flattering, did she go on. Whilst the little girl did that which she had too often done before when not so pressed by the tempter without; that is, she stood admiring her fair young face in the mirror with no small degree of complacency, and thinking how it would appear in the eyes of the genteel

congregation before mentioned. It was full time, however, to be off. Mrs. Tilney took her hand, with the intention of keeping it fast ; and no sooner did the two appear in the hall, than Betty set off with Lucy, taking the direction which she saw the other servants going, and leaving space enough between herself and Mrs. Tilney to make all conversation impossible, whereby she certainly neglected her duty to Emily ; for she should have made a point of at least hearing what might be said to the little girl. But as poor Lucy had already found, she was anything but in a good humour ; and who can give way to, or allow the influence of any evil passion without incurring some actual sin, or neglecting some decided duty ?

It needed but such a comparatively pure and simple state of mind, as that in which Lucy and Emily had walked to their own little church only the Sunday before, to have rendered them more happy now than then. Then they were looking on old faces and sweet scenes, from which they knew that they must be immediately parted ; and now they had entered on new and bright, and even magnificent scenery, in which they hoped to spend many happy years to come. They ought, it would seem, to have been very glad, and very grateful to their heavenly Father, who had thus richly poured his gifts upon them ; but that preparation of the heart, without which heaven would be no seat of bliss, was wanting in both the little girls. The flattery of Mrs. Tilney had made Emily restless from vanity, and the crossness of Betty had made Lucy sullen for the time being, though the little girl had recovered from this fit before she reached the church, only, alas ! to fall into another scarcely more agreeable to herself.

In the mean time a gayer scene could not be beheld on a bright Sunday morning : parties of persons from the house might be seen all along from one distance to another, going on to the church. The space immediately before the mansion was an open well-shaved lawn, encompassed by a belt of beautiful shrubs, beyond which, in

the way to the church, was a deep dingle shaped by forest-trees, in the bottom of which murmured a rivulet as clear, brawling, and capricious as heart could desire. A bridge over this rivulet connected the gravel-walks on either side, from the centre of which, above and below, opened glades not inferior in beauty to the well-remembered wood scenes in Mary Bush's coppice.

Directly from the little bridge, the path wound upwards through deep shades opening at its termination by a wicket into the park, which rose so high above it, that a vast variety of its adornments were distinctly seen from below.

There were lawns of bright green, sunny or shadowy according with the position of the great sources of natural light in their daily and nightly courses. There were breaks and hollows, dells and uplands, and crowning all the rest, a circular mound crowned with firs and larches, the feature in the landscape which possessed more interest to the children than all the rest. The church itself was out of sight below the highest reach of the park, yet the bells, which were resounding in a full peal, as Mrs. Tilney told Emily, in compliment to the newcomers to the Grove, proved it to be at no great distance.

And this fair scene was animated all the way by parties going from the Grove to the place of worship, reminding Lucy, when the little girl was recovering from her fit of sullenness, of some old picture she had seen of the pilgrimage of Christiana and her family travelling onwards to Mount Zion. Nor did Betty say anything as they walked along to disturb the thoughts connected with this subject, which continued to pass through the mind of the child until they were all put to flight at the little gate which opened from the park into the churchyard.

There Mrs. Tilney's voice was heard calling on Betty to stop, and when she was come up she moved first, as undoubtedly taking rank of the other, proceeded to a private door of the church, went up a few winding steps,

and led Emily into the family pew—Betty and Lucy following.

This pew was a large and square one, raised on pillars above the ground-floor of the church—as high as the reading desk, cushioned, lined, and carpeted in due style; and having several large gilded prayer books disposed on the ledge of the carved wooden parapet in front. The back and side walls of that part of the church where it was, were covered with ancient time-worn monuments belonging to the family who possessed the Grove before the Fairchilds.

On entering the pew, Mrs. Tilney immediately led Emily to the front, and the child getting upon a hassock, made the best of her time in examining the congregation below: her first discovery in this hitherto unknown region, being her brother Henry, side by side with John in the men servants' quarters, which Mrs. Tilney pronounced to be a most unprecedented indecorum.

Lucy being freed from the hand of Betty, was hastening to take her place by her sister, when she was recalled, and made to keep in the background, by Betty, neither seeing nor being seen, and having nothing before her eyes but the grim effigies of knights and dames of olden times, with all the sculptured forms and symbols of natural death!

Of course, the minds of the little sisters, though they were personally so near to each other, were very differently affected by their different situations, during the service. Lucy was becoming more thoughtful as she looked again and again on the mementi moris of successive generations before her—on the records of the deaths of parents and children, many of the latter of whom had died younger than herself, though when living, possessing higher honours of birth, and perhaps higher prospects of fortune. When she read on one or two of these monuments, "Here lieth in the vault below," such-an-one—and such-an-one, her imagination flew back to the moment in which she had seen the coffin of Miss Augusta Noble lowered into a vault: in

all these thoughts there was nothing of real religion—nothing of that bright feeling of true Christianity, by which the fear of natural death is swallowed up in victory; but a reaction proceeding from the high thoughts which had arisen, almost unconsciously to herself, for some days past, on the occasion of her elevation to a higher grade in society—that is, in plainer words, the proud thoughts which the child's nature had suggested, were followed up on the occasion I speak of by their natural consequences—uneasy ones as to the uncertainty of the hold which any one can have of the good things of this world. Thus, in this life, every evil movement of the natural heart brings its own punishment. Our glorious Saviour be praised in that he hath removed the possibility of the consequences of offences pursuing his redeemed ones after this life.

In the mean time how was it with Miss Emily?—what she might be thinking of is not exactly known, but any one who watched her, might have seen that she could not keep still one moment—that her head turned this way and that, so as to cause the crape trimmings of her bonnet to shake without ceasing like the leaves of an aspen tree, and that her features never looked as they naturally should, but were always forced into some artificial form, as if they were moved by hidden wires, and this especially when she saw people looking up towards her. Betty, who remembered what she was in the days of pinafores and bed-making, saw all this with such an increase of genuine grief and ill-humour, as promised but little comfort to poor Lucy in her walk home. I much fear that not one of our party, including Henry, were much benefited by the service that day, for Henry had found a great many grim figures of dogs and horses and other strange forms carved on the old wood-work of the men's pew, the sides of which arose above his eyes, and was engaged through the whole time in decyphering these—though John found his places in his Bible and Prayer-book, and put the books into his hands.

No sooner was the service over, than the strong hand of Betty griped that of Lucy, and as they had been nearly the last to arrive at the church, they were then the first to leave it.

"Well!" said the honest servant, as soon as they were out of hearing—"if things are to go on in this way we shall have you all ruined out and out: only but to see Miss Emily standing up there on the boss, looking about her all church time, as she did—with that Mrs. Tilney simpering away at her side! it is enough to make one's heart ache when one remembers how it was in our own little church at home; and as to you, Miss Lucy, had not I stopped you, where would you have been but on the next boss, showing off in the same way? What is a place of worship made for—and what's Sunday put aside for? and what does those, calling themselves Christians, meet for—if it is only to stare at one another—to see and be seen? I can tell you that this is not the first time, by many, that I have wished us all back again at home, and me in my own dear kitchen; and if it is not the first time, I am sure it will not be the last: but come along, there is no use looking back for Miss Emily—she is not even come in sight yet. I will be bound for it that Mrs. Tilney is introducing some of her acquaintances to the child, and that when she comes home—that is to our present house, which is no home to me—she will be just like a peacock with all the stars in its train, spread to be admired."

"But, my own sweet Emily," replied Lucy, "I have always had her with me, when I walked from church."

"That was when you had no fine flattering servants to come in between you and her," answered Betty; "but you must learn now to be often parted from her—that is, if such as Mrs. Tilney are allowed to rule the roast."

Betty was not mistaken in her conceptions respecting what caused Mrs. Tilney's delay with Emily; she had lingered in the churchyard till several of the superior



persons of the congregation had come forward to speak to the little girl, and to ask her after her parents ; and some had imprudently flattered Mrs. Tilney on her pretty appearance, in the child's hearing ; and Mrs. Tilney had repeated more of these praises during the walk back, insomuch so, that when the two sisters were left together in their own apartment, they were never less fitted to hold sweet converse together.

The servants had been called to dinner—Henry had not yet appeared, and their mamma was still with their grandmamma, when these two thus found themselves together, neither of them knowing what they should like to do next. They had not yet become accustomed to any of the parlours in the house, and they had none of their books unpacked but their Bibles : Lucy had seated herself near one of the windows, and Emily was arranging her hair at the glass, neither of them being in a disposition to take up those holy scriptures which had, by the Divine favour, formed their delight on many a past Sunday. Lucy at length spoke :

“Emily,” she said, “how cross Betty has been this morning, I was going on to stand by you in the front of the pew, when she made me come back and stay by her, so that I did not see anything but the old monuments on the wall.”

“And Mrs. Tilney,” answered Emily, turning round from the contemplation of her own little self in the mirror, “she was so kind—and when the ladies came about me after church, she spoke so kindly about me to them, that I began to like her so much—so very very much.”

“Betty did very well at home,” resumed Lucy, “but I wish mamma had not sent her to dress us and go out with us here.”

“Mrs. Tilney,” returned Emily, “says she is very good—but that she does not know how to dress young ladies ; and you know, Lucy, we must be dressed nicely now, and mamma can't have time to do it. I wish some other place could be found for Betty, and that we had Mrs. Tilney to do things for us.”

"I don't so much care about the dressing," replied Lucy, speaking very sincerely, "but I don't like the crossness. I don't like to be pushed this way, and pulled that way," added the little girl, rising from her seat, and imitating Betty's manner, "and not to be allowed to speak a word without being checked, as if every word I said was nonsense—mamma and papa never do that."

"And I am sure Mrs. Tilney does not," returned Emily; "she told me several times to-day that she had the greatest pleasure in life in hearing me talk."

"And yet," said Lucy, with a sigh, "I think I would not change dear old Betty for Mrs. Tilney."

Emily did not second this remark, though she had some sort of feeling which prevented her from contradicting it.

Seven times only had the earth turned on its axis, causing all the celestial bodies to seem to rise and set, and run a glorious course, before the eyes of its inhabitants, since these little sisters had spent a Sunday in the home of their childhood, under the influence of all those sweet and simple feelings which their pious parents had been enabled till then, to preserve in their first young freshness. And, oh! already, how greatly had the world disturbed those influences! Where then, during that first Lord's day spent at the Grove, was that peace and gladness, enjoyed on many a former Sunday; when these little ones, being returned from morning service, scattered themselves about their former small domain, each seeking some cherished retreat, apart from his fellow, sweetly to read his Bible—his well-worn Pilgrim's Progress, or other Sunday book, in the enjoyment of a peace which the world cannot comprehend?

Could a few days in other scenes effect so great a change of feelings as Lucy and Emily had experienced that morning? Are the long labours of believing parents so soon destroyed by an unbelieving world? The answer shall be adapted to the inquiry from the words of Scripture.

“Faithful is he that called you,” to the work of leading your little ones to God, “who also will do it.”\*

*A Prayer for the Holy Spirit to be ever with us to keep us in the right way.*

O, our blessed God and Father, thou who before the foundations of the world were laid hadst already prepared an atonement for the finite creatures thou wert about to form, how inestimable is thy love!—how great thy mercy, a mercy which can never fail us, for thou art perfect, and all thy attributes are perfect, and there can be no flaw in them. Thou hast bid us ask for what we desire, and we shall receive it: Lord, we ask for faith—for love, that we may trust and love thee more, and think only of thee, and not of the perishable pleasures of this life. O what poor creatures are we now! whilst in this fleshly state our low capacities cannot receive the glories of the future world that is laid up in store for us, but our finite minds are ever grovelling in the dust, and wishing to revel in pursuits and transitory pleasures, which must all perish in the use of them. O our Father, thou knowest our weakness, our utter inability to stand without thy supporting arms, and yet as the weaned babe we are ever trying our own strength and thinking we can go and stand of ourselves; but through thy paternal mercy thy arms are ever round us, and though thou allowest us to fall when we too wilfully trust in ourselves, yet thou art close beside us to lift us again on our feet, to hold us up, and comfort us from any troubles that our fall and wilful desire of independence has drawn upon us.

O blessed Father, subdue this proud nature in us; draw us closer to thyself; give us humility; give us child-like trust in thee; give to us those sweet hopes of thy pardoning love which has made us so happy here, and which promises us eternal happiness hereafter.

\* 1 Thess. v. 24.

Lord, we ask thee to control our earthly desires and ambitious thoughts ; let us be thankful for the blessings bestowed upon us, but keep us from glorying in them or madly imagining we could have deserved them, for we have deserved nothing from thee, O Father, but the wages of sin, which is death eternal. But thou hast given us thy Son, thy Divine Son, and with him thou hast promised us all things ; and thou hast given us thy Spirit, thy Holy Spirit, to sanctify and purify our hearts, to prepare us for that home on high, where no polluted thing can dwell. Blessed Spirit, descend upon our hearts in greater fulness ; let us not stray from thee, but be thou ever with us till we are removed to glory, for we are redeemed and ransomed through the death and sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

## HYMN.

Sweet were the days when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood  
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt  
 And bring me home to God.

Whilst far off in my earthly home  
 Thy love to me was opened, Lord,  
 And thy paternal call to come,  
 Came sweetly thro' thy Holy Word

Then when the dawn the morn revealed  
 His praises tuned my tongue ;  
 And when the evening shades prevailed,  
 His love was all my song.

I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,  
 And leaned upon his arm ;  
 But now the tempter spreads his wiles,  
 The world begins to charm.

Now when the evening shade prevails  
 My soul in darkness mourns ;  
 And when the morn the light reveals  
 No light to me returns.

My prayers are now a babbling noise,  
My Saviour hides his face,  
I read—the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.

Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey,  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail—  
Thou'lt come without delay.

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## CHAPTER X.

THE elder Mrs. Fairchild was somewhat better on the Monday morning, so she did not require her daughter's presence, and Emily and Lucy were therefore able to enjoy their mamma's company at the breakfast table, where Henry was all anxiety to take them about to show them all that he knew about the place. "John has nothing to do, mamma," said Henry, "and he has had no work ever since he has been at the Grove. He was very sorry for the little pigs the first morning he came here, for there is one pig who has got seven young ones, and the lazy boy who ought to feed them, whom they call Bill Rogers, had forgot them, so John fed them. When it was known John had fed them Bill Rogers got such a scolding from Sykes, that I should think he would not forget it in a hurry, and so since that Bill has taken care to feed the pigs in good time."

"Why, Henry," interrupted Mrs. Fairchild, "what is this I hear? Bill Rogers and Sykes! They are not fit companions for you, my dear boy. How came you acquainted with them?"

"O, I don't know them, mamma," he answered, "that is, I never spoke to either of them unless John was by; but then I do like John so much, I am always with him when I can be, and you know now he has nothing

to do he is generally in the stables or offices, so I can't help hearing what is going on."

Mrs. Fairchild looked very thoughtful, and she sighed too, as she said, "At our dear little house, Henry, you might have been with John all day and never heard a bad word or anything you ought not to have heard; but I am afraid you can't say the same thing now, can you, Henry?"

"No, mamma," replied the little boy after a moment's hesitation, for he seemed afraid to acknowledge the truth, for he feared what might follow; but having once said the word he added boldly, "No, mamma, there is a great deal that is wrong to be heard in the stables and offices, but I do so like John, mamma, I do so like to be with him."

"And I like you to be with him too," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and so does your papa, my dear; but John must come to you—you must not go after John. Then, too, Henry, as soon as your papa comes we must arrange some plan for your studies, during which time John can do his work; but at your play hours you cannot have a safer companion than John if he will keep you to himself, and I know he will do so when I represent the matter to him."

"Well, mamma," exclaimed Henry, "if I still may have John with me I shall like the Grove better than our old home, but if I must not talk to John I would rather go back again, for I do so like John. But, mamma, there is such a sweet little pony here, poor cousin Ellen used to ride on it, and John says it is as quiet as a lamb: may I have a ride to-day, mamma, and may John go with me on one of the horses? I am not afraid, I have been on it about the park, and it goes so nicely; but may I take a regular ride, mamma? O, do let me."

"I must see John about it," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and if he thinks it safe you may, but it depends upon what John says."

"May I bring John to you, mamma?" asked Henry,

"may I, mamma? for I should like to set off immediately after breakfast, and then we should be back again before papa comes home."

"You may," replied Mrs. Fairchild, "and if John thinks it safe, you may set off as soon as you like."

When Mrs. Fairchild saw John, she spoke to him first about the pony, and learning from him that it was so gentle Henry might safely ride it, and that he would take care the child should go quietly and did not get into mischief from too high spirits, she then told him that she did not approve of Henry's going into the stable or offices amongst the lower men-servants and stable boys, where he must hear much that was wrong. "And so, John," she added, "as you are the only person I know here on whom I can depend, I will trust Henry to your care till his papa comes home, begging that you will not only be on your guard that he does not hurt himself by outward dangers, but that you will remember it is of more importance that he should not wilfully hear what must hurt his mind, his morals, and his manners as a gentleman, and above all as a Christian. No gentleman by birth is a *real* gentleman, John, who loves the stable-yard and the company of uneducated grooms and keepers of dogs. They may be attached to a faithful dog or a noble horse who returns their affections, but the language of the stable-yard or the kennel must always be disgusting to a gentleman, and must give gross offence to the ears of a Christian, if it is only because there they too often transgress the commandment of our God which says, Swear not at all, but let your communications be only yea, yea, or nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh to evil. So, John, be as much with Henry as you can, but keep him from where he should not go, and therefore you cannot do better than take him out on poor Miss Ellen's pony."

"Are we to do lessons to-day, mamma?" asked Lucy, as John and Henry left the breakfast room.

"No, my love," replied Mrs. Fairchild, "for I shall be too much occupied to attend to you; indeed I

scarcely know when I shall have leisure to begin them again ; but your dear grandmamma will, I hope, be soon better, and then I shall have more time, and Mrs. Evans too, her illness necessarily adds to my occupations."

"Then, mamma," said Emily, "shall we go to our room, our school-room, as we have settled to call it, and unpack our dolls, and our books, and other things, and try to put them in their places?"

"Very well, my dears," replied Mrs. Fairchild ; "and if you want anything don't go for it yourselves, but ring the bell that is by the fireplace, and Betty will answer it ; and indeed, now I think of it, Betty had better be in the room with you whilst you are unpacking, to help to put up the things, or else you may not have done when your papa comes."

So Lucy and Emily ran up stairs to their pleasant school-room, and having rung for Betty, they amused themselves by looking about the apartment, at the closet filled with shelves, at a large cupboard on one side the fireplace, and at a bookcase which answered to it on the other. The school-room was a nice-sized room, having a window that looked out on the park, and as the room itself was over a part of the hall and the front door, it was the best window for seeing anybody or any carriage that drove to the house, though at the same time there was an equal chance of being seen from it by those without.

Lucy and Emily, assisted by Betty, were, however, too busy to look out at the window ; they had had three trunks brought in one after another into the room, and they had been unpacked and the things put into their places, for Betty was very particular, and would not even let a book be taken out of the box till it was settled where it was to be put, when suddenly they heard a sound of horses' feet approaching to the house.

"O, it is Henry," cried Emily ; "he said he would ride round the carriage drive that we might see him."

"Yes, and I hear John," added Lucy, "O, Betty,



we must go to the window—we must see Henry on poor Ellen's pony! Come, Betty, come."

Betty did not want urging, and the next moment she had her head and shoulders half way out of the window with both hands, one on each side, tightly grasping at the dresses of Luey and Emily, who were so eager to see Henry on his pony that they were in danger of throwing themselves out of the window. The drive to the house was through an avenue of trees which only ceased in front of the mansion to give from its windows a clear view of the park, and as this drive was a winding one, those from the house could not see any one along it till they issued out from the trees just below them; and thus it happened that Lucy, Emily, and Betty, all three half out of the window in the dusty state they were in of unpacking and arranging, which always discolours black dresses more than others, and the two little girls with their hair and bright ringlets as if a brush had never passed through them, were first seen by the newcomers to the house.

The first was a young lady in a riding-habit and hat, over which was a green veil, which she had thrown from off her face on her entrance into the avenue. She was a fine-looking girl, as they afterwards learnt, of sixteen or seventeen years old, with bright black eyes, which, however, seldom varied in expression, and a dark complexion, which, though generally pale, was now rosy from the exercise she had been taking. She rode her horse spiritedly, fearlessly using her whip, though she had arrived at her journey's end, and was evidently so much at her ease, that she looked up, even though cantering, to the party at the window, though she did not condescend to notice them with a bow or salute of any sort.

Close after her was a young gentleman, younger than herself, for he was her brother, but the difference in ages could not have been more than a year, for he was tall and large made for his size. As he first appeared from the avenue, his countenance was exceedingly pale

and grave, even his very lips were colourless, and when he looked up at the window the smile that passed over his face at sight of Betty's stare of vulgar astonishment was changed to an expression of pain at beholding the hatchment, and Lucy afterwards said that she saw his eyes filled with tears. He rallied himself, however, though those who knew him might have seen that he put a violent force upon himself, and backing his horse, with his face raised he bowed and said, "Good morning, fair ladies above there—my cousins, I suppose. I am Thomas Wigram Fairchild, Esq., a student of the Inner Temple, only son and worthy heir of Captain Fairchild, late of the good ship Santa Anna, and this fair lady is my sister, Miss Louisa Charlotte Fairchild, or as she chooses to term herself, *the* Miss Fairchild, by rights of seniority in her own person and in her father's. But, ladies and relatives, are we to sit on our horses here all the morning, or will you in compassion send some one to take the tired beasts from us?"

This had all been said so quickly, that Betty, who feared to loosen her hold on the children, had been unable to withdraw from the window. Lucy was ready to laugh most heartily, indeed she had begun to do so, whilst poor Emily, who was more sensitive, felt fully conscious of the ridiculous figures they must appear to their cousins from the untidy state they were in; and the tears rising in her eyes from shame and blushes, she withdrew herself as hastily as she could from Betty's hold, and slipping down on her knees, she hid herself from the sight of those without. Emily was now suffering the more because of her vanity the day preceding, for Mrs. Tilney had roused her love of dress, which was her besetting sin, and nothing pleased her better than to be told that she looked well, and her frock or bonnet became her. Lucy, however, who had no such thoughts, and was quite unconscious of the patch of dust upon her left cheek, for she had been dusting a shelf that showed how careless the housemaid had become during the illness of Mrs. Evans, the housekeeper, was by no

means put out, and with her head still out of the window, was laughing heartily at her cousin Tom and his strange manœuvres to keep his horse still whilst he spoke to those above. But though this scene takes some time to write, Tom had not finished his speech before a boy appeared from some part of the grounds, and the young gentleman, throwing him the reins, sprung from his horse, left his sister to dismount as she could, and disappearing for an instant, the next moment his step was heard in the passage, and the door of the room being open, he walked in so rapidly that one stride almost brought him half way into the apartment. Lucy had turned to meet him, Emily had sprung upon her feet, but held back from consciousness of her untidy appearance, whilst Betty would have left the room, only she could not do so without passing the young gentleman.

Tom Fairchild was very pale, and his eye looked sad, very very sad, though he had a smile upon his lip; and when the little girls thought of it afterwards, they remembered that there was no mirth in his manner, though jesting words were on his tongue. In truth, he was feeling most acutely the loss he had experienced since last he was in that house and that room, where he had so often played or conversed with his beloved cousin Ellen; and his thoughts were so full of painful recollections, that if he had given way to his real feelings he would have sate down and wept like a woman. But he was of an age to think such conduct unmanly, and he was also before strangers, and conscious that his lip trembled and his eye was dim, he had sprung from his horse and mounted the stairs by threes or fours at a time, and at once hurried to that room that in his cooler moments he feared to enter again. The one familiar object after another meeting his eyes, he closed them a moment convulsively and hastily, and as if swallowing down his feelings, he turned to look at the persons in the room, knowing that these all were strangers, and that he might hope to recover his composure by addressing

them. Emily still held back, but Lucy coming forward offered him her hand. "I am Lucy Fairchild, sir," she said, "and that is my sister Emily."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Tom, "I beg your pardon, but I thought you must be the housemaids of the family, judging by the state of your dress and that lovely patch upon your cheek, Miss Lucy; but I see I have made a great mistake. I beg your pardon, but I did not understand your ways, my little cousin; I shall be wiser shortly, I trust. And this I have no doubt must be my aunt Fairchild," he added, turning towards Betty, who was trying to escape from the room, "she has been helping you to dust and clean up the rooms, I see. My good aunt Fairchild, I beg you will not leave the room, I don't mind a little dust I assure you; you need not take the trouble to clean yourself, as the maids say; it is quite a family party. I can't part with you, I assure you."

Poor Betty became as flushed in the face as if she had been standing over the fire cooking a large dinner, but the more she attempted to get away the more Mr. Tom was determined she should not, for he placed himself before her, dodging to the right and left as she tried either way of escape. "My name is Betty Stubbins, sir," at last cried poor Betty, half ready to cry, and dropping a curtesy almost to the ground; but Tom could not hear what she said or make any reply to her, for at that moment his sister entered the room in a state of high indignation. "How rude you are, Tom," she exclaimed, without looking at her cousins. "I never saw so unmannerly a boy as you are; why you left me without any assistance to get off my horse, and never rung the hall bell; and as to that boy Rogers, he has no idea of helping a lady to dismount. It was most disagreeable, I can tell you, and I had very nearly a fall, the boy was so stupid: but where is my aunt? where are the servants,—Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Tilney—are they all dead together?"

A shade of sorrow at this last thoughtless remark

passed over Tom's countenance, he turned away from Betty, who hastily left the room to inform Mrs. Fairchild of the new arrivals, and looking kindly, nay, even gently, at his two cousins as they stood, not knowing whether to advance or to recede, as the strange lady gave them no encouragement, he said, "Louisa, these little girls are, Lucy and Emily, our new cousins. This is Lucy," he said, drawing her forwards to his sister—"and that is Miss Emily, in the corner, who is too shy, I suppose, to come forward to speak to us."

At this, Emily advanced, but the tears stood in her eyes, and she hung down her face, which was covered with blushes, but Tom shook her hand most heartily, though like Lucy's at that moment, it was none of the cleanest.

Miss Louisa looked coldly at them—apologized for not shaking hands lest they should soil her glove—asking how they were, and ending her speech with saying—"But goodness, children! have all the servants left the hall, that you are obliged to do the cleaning and scrubbing?"

Emily could not reply for shame, but Lucy said, "they were only putting up their books and dolls, and the shelves were so dusty."

Louisa did not listen to what she was saying, but, turning to her brother, she asked—if he had seen their aunt yet?

"No, to be sure," he answered, "I have not had time even to ask for her, but I suppose she is with our grandmother."

"By-the-bye, how is the old lady," enquired Louisa of Lucy—"how does she bear poor Ellen's death?"

"Dear grandmamma is very, very sad," replied Lucy, "very, very sad."

"I thought she would be," said Louisa, not addressing any one, but speaking as it were her thoughts aloud. "I thought she would be, she was so fond of Ellen—but just look, Tom, don't you think that child

there"—and she pointed to Emily—"has some slight look of Ellen?"

"Of Ellen!" he answered, fixing his eyes firmly upon poor Emily—"of Ellen, my own beloved Ellen! O, Louisa, is it possible you can have forgot her so? Ellen was so very lovely—so very lovely! we shall never see her like again."

"Well, for my part," replied Miss Louisa, "I never thought Ellen particularly good looking, but you were so fond of her, you know—you were no judge."

"O Louisa, Louisa!" exclaimed her brother—"and can you speak of her so—now, now, at the moment of first standing in that room, which was so exclusively her own, which was always made bright with her presence—and she so good, so kind to you? O Ellen, beloved Ellen!—it is of no use, I cannot struggle thus with my feelings; can I ever, ever forget you, sweet sister of my heart!" and so saying he rushed out of the room, was down the stairs by almost one spring, and an hour or more passed before he appeared again amongst them.

"Well, Tom is infatuated," was the cool remark of the unfeeling girl, "and his last speech was not over complimentary to me; but tell me, Lucy, where is my aunt—where is Mrs. Evans, or Tilney? I am tired to death with a ride of nearly fourteen miles—I should like some refreshment, and to change my dress. Is not Tilney at hand?"

"I will run for her," said Emily, who was glad to escape from the room; for though she felt some little sorrow for her cousin Tom, she was yet very angry with him for speaking so very slightly of her in comparison to their lamented cousin, and Emily had been too much praised the day before to bear this without resentment.

Mrs. Tilney was soon found, and accompanied Emily to Miss Louisa to wait upon her; and as they went along the passage, the lady's maid told Emily what the poor child knew before, that she was in a very dirty and untidy state; "but, Miss Emily," she added, "if you

will wait till I have attended to Miss Louisa, I will meet you in your bed-room, and there I will *derange* your hair and brush your dress. It is a pity those pretty curls should not be smoothed out tastily."

"And then, cousin Tom," thought Emily, "may not look so very contemptuous, if they say I am like poor cousin Ellen. I wonder whether she was so very pretty!"

On arriving at the school-room they found both Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild there, and Emily soon learnt that her papa, on the Saturday, had gone to the house of their relative, who had sent for him, and that there he found the family had been summoned immediately on business to London. He found, too, that Tom and Louisa were paying their friends a visit, and that their father, Captain Fairchild, was coming to them there, in a few days, and so he proposed that his nephew and his niece had better come with him to the Grove, to meet their father, and this was the reason of their unexpected appearance; Mr. Fairchild, or as they called him, uncle Edward, having been detained at the lodge by a man who had a message to give him, had directed them to ride on, as they knew the place well, having often been there in past times.

*Prayer to be resigned to the will of God, and not to rebel when he thinks it right to chasten us, either by struggling against our feelings, or giving too much way to them.*

O divine Creator! thou who temperedst the wind to the shorn lamb! Thou, who in the person of thy divine Son, wept over Jerusalem! Thou, we should ever bear in mind rememberedst how weak is our frame, and that we are but as dust. As a father pitieth his children, so dost thou pity us, but yet it is in thy very love to us thou chastenest us. O give us to see clearly that there is mercy and goodness in thy judgments, and that

if we will but kiss thy rod, thy holy peace will descend upon our hearts, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.

Teach us not to grieve rebelliously, when those we love are taken from us: let us dwell upon their exceeding happiness, upon what they have gained, and not upon our loss: teach us, as David did, to cry, I shall go to them, they cannot come back to me. Let each new link that is broken on earth, bind us the more closely to heaven, where thou dwellest, and make us in our Saviour to find all we have lost. O, blessed Father! thou hast more than fulfilled the covenant with man, and well is it for us that there is nought left for us to perform, or else that little must fail:—O how great is our weakness, that when all is done, all is perfected for our salvation, yet we fail of faith and confidence in Him who left the realms of glory to take our form upon him, that by his stripes we are healed. O Lord, let us give up our beloved ones to thee without a murmur, for thine they are; thou hast removed them from evil and sin, and sorrow will be no more known to them, for they are with thee; but send thy Comforter, thy promised Comforter, to us below, to give us peace and joy in believing—to show us the Saviour, and through him, Thee, our reconciled God and Father. O be with us, thou Holy Three in One, and we ask thee in full confidence that thou wilt hear us, for thy promises are sure and never fail.

## HYMN.

Say, why should friendship grieve for those,  
 Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?  
 Releas'd from all their hurtful foes,  
 They are not lost—but gone before.

How many painful days on earth,  
 Their fainting spirits number'd o'er,  
 Now they enjoy a heav'nly birth,  
 They are not lost—but gone before.



Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
 And sweet the strain which angels pour,  
 O why should we in anguish weep ?  
 They are not lost—but gone before.

Secure from ev'ry mortal care,  
 By sin and sorrow vex'd no more ;  
 Eternal happiness they share,  
 Who are not lost—but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above,  
 In faith triumphant may we soar ?  
 Embracing in the arms of love  
 The friends not lost—but gone before.

On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,  
 And hear the swelling waters roar ;  
 Jesus conveys us safely home,  
 To friends not lost—but gone before.

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## CHAPTER XI.

ON the afternoon of that day which had so suddenly brought Louisa and Tom to the Grove, Mrs. Fairchild proposed to her children that they should walk to see the tomb and monument of their departed cousins, Emily and Ellen. "We know less," she said, of that gentle Emily, whose memory is not so fresh in this place—but, my little girls, I most earnestly wish that you should keep that of Ellen, as you have known her by character, fresh in your minds—by way, with the Divine blessing, as a high and bright example of what the Divine Spirit can bring to pass in the heart of one still tied to the infirmities of human nature." Then addressing Louisa particularly—"You knew her well, my dear," she added, "and can bear witness to her humility, piety, self-denial, and enlarged and liberal bounty to all who needed her assistance."

“O! as to her charity to the poor,” returned Louisa, “you must not ask me—if she did give a great deal away, she kept her good works much to herself—she never spoke to me about those things.”

“But her school speaks for her,” said Mrs. Fairchild:—“the very superior condition of the day-school, in the village, proves, I am told, that she spared no money, no, nor even labour, to promote the benefit of the children, so long at least as she could exert herself; and it would be a bitter grief to me to doubt that Lucy and Emily may be enabled to follow up with all their power, what their now glorified cousin has so well began.”

Mrs. Fairchild so little liked the expression of Louisa’s mouth, when she was preparing to answer her last remark, that she hastened to ask her another question, to prevent what she was going to say coming out:—“Will you like to go with us, Miss Fairchild?” she said,—she could not honestly add, “we should be glad of your company.”

“I thank you,” replied the young lady, “but shall beg to decline; after my ride this morning I shall be too much fatigued for such a walk.”

“Well, then, you will be ready, Lucy and Emily,” said their mother, “in less than an hour; go to Betty to dress you.”

The little girls immediately left the parlour, where this short conversation had been held, but before they reached their own room, Louisa had overtaken them, and without ceremony walked in after them.

“And are you really going,” she said, “to cultivate the dismal, at the grave of our cousins—is there not enough of that commodity already in this dismal old house here? Do you know they have put me in a room where a corner of that horrible hatchment comes across part of the upper sash of one of my windows! I can’t and won’t sleep there, or in any room in this house by myself. I wish one of you would come and sleep with me. O! don’t look so frightened, I shall not put

any constraint upon you ; Tilney will come herself if I say but a word. But, really, tell me—why did not you decline, when my aunt proposed this dismal scheme ?”

“ Because,” replied Lucy, “ we liked to go.”

“ Well !” returned the young lady, with an upward toss of her head, “ there is no disputing about tastes, but I am resolved to keep out of the sight of death as long as I can ; so good-bye, my little doleful ones, and I wish you all possible enjoyment of your excursion this afternoon.” So saying, she left the room, running Betty almost into the door-way, and taking no notice of the modest withdrawal a few paces back of that respectable young woman—a notice by a slight bow or smile, which even a royal lady would not have scorned to take on occasion of such collision.

Lucy and Emily were found by their mamma in the portico, and as they stepped from thence on the gravel, Lucy, taking her mother’s hand, exclaimed, “ O ! dear, dear, mamma, this is like old days again ; if papa only were here, I could almost fancy that time was gone back, and that we were setting off to our dear hut in the wood—only, where are our dolls and our basket ?”

“ And some nice new book in somebody’s pocket,” said Emily.

“ And my knife and bit of wood, somewhere,” added Henry :—“ I wish those times would come back again, when I could go wherever I liked, and there was nobody to cry out, O do come and see our young gentleman, when I happen to be helping John.”

“ But I thought,” said Mrs. Fairchild, “ that you were told, Henry, not to go to John in places where the other men were ?”

“ No, mamma, and I have not,” replied Henry ;—“ we were in a corner of the garden, after our ride to-day, and all alone, and I was just helping John to clean out a place where he wanted to set some things, when some of the garden boys came, and then it was all over the garden, from one to another, like the echo in the

gipsy's valley in the old story book,—O, come and see our young gentleman! come and see our young gentleman! till John got so angry, that he threw down his spade, and took me away with him, and he did wish himself at home as well as I did—but may we run, mamma?"

Mrs. Fairchild gave her permission, with the old instruction that they were not to run out of her sight; and the little boy, having persuaded Emily to go with him, left Lucy with her mother.

"Mamma, dear," began the little girl, when the others were gone forward, "it is so seldom, so very seldom that we are alone together now, that I think it the very greatest treat when it does happen; not that I mind Emily, or Henry, or papa, or any of the old set, but here am I full of so many thoughts, and nobody to tell them to, who quite understands me. Please first to answer me one thing—is it wrong to be rather pleased because we are become greater people than we were?—you know what I mean by greater."

"But are you pleased, my dear?" asked Mrs. Fairchild; "sometimes you speak as if you wished we were living at home as we formerly did."

"And so I do also," replied Lucy; "I seem to have two minds. I do not mean a religious mind or new heart, and a natural heart, but I mean, that I seem to have two minds in my natural heart, and one makes me sigh, and even often cry, when I think of the happy, happy days that are gone; and the other seems to say, are you not pleased at being a so much greater young lady than you used to be? and all those things, mamma; so that, if any body was now to give me the choice of whether I would stay here or go home again, I should hardly know what to say."

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Fairchild, "that you should be as contented at what you call home if you were now to return to it, as you would have been had you never tried this new life?"

"I think, I fear—I am almost sure," answered Lucy,

“ that I should not. Indeed, mamma, I do not understand myself ; I wish not to be set up, and I am set up. I often cry when I think of my happy home, and the little things which used so to delight me in those times, which seem to be gone as long away as almost the first things which I can remember ; and yet I feel that I would not, if I could, go back to those times. I am teased by Mrs Tilney and the other servants when they get about me, and pretend it is almost an honour to wait upon me, and yet I am vexed when Betty speaks to me just as she used to do when I gave her any trouble more than usual at home. So you see, mamma, I have two minds about worldly things, we may call them—and two sets of thoughts and two sets of wishes, one pulling me one way and one another ; and I do not think either of them have much to do with heavenly thoughts and desires. Have they, mamma ?”

“ Many of these uncomfortable feelings, my dear Lucy,” replied Mrs. Fairchild, “ proceed from the somewhat violent change of habits which have taken place with you in common with all of us. Had you, like poor Ellen, been brought up in the habits which you are now called to adopt, they would have been as easy to you as those in which you were reared, and you would have been no more annoyed by the services of ten or fifteen servants than you were by those of two : all these things are matters of habit, and require time to bring any one to accommodate themselves to them as to things of course. In the process of arriving at this point, there is great danger of becoming proud, and what may be termed high and insolent ; and it is by divine grace only that a human creature can be preserved from this peril.

“ As to your sometimes painful longings after former modes of life and former pleasures, these only show the imperfection of all earthly enjoyments ; for whoever found a condition on earth in which something was not wanting, or something might not have been better ? But here we are where our heavenly Father has placed us,

and we may be assured that he will not tempt us beyond what he will enable us to bear."

The little party were now arrived within the belt of shrubs, and Lucy, having set her mind at ease by the conversation which she had had with her mamma, was all easy and disengaged, and prepared to look about her, and admire everything she beheld being connected with the sweet assurance so lately given her, that she was where her heavenly Father had placed her; and that she had his permission to enjoy all the sweet circumstances of the scenes through which they were passing.

On the bridge Emily and Henry joined them, and many were the comments the young people made as they looked up and down the irregular line of the rivulet.

"If there were such things as fairies, mamma," cried Emily, "I could fancy they would choose exactly such places as these, when the moon shines bright, to keep their feasts in."

"What places there are here for hide and seek, mamma," exclaimed Henry, "when may we have a game?"

"I wonder if there is an echo here," said Lucy; "if there was but an echo, how nicely we might play the Gypsies' valley.—But see that waterfall up above, with the trees arching over it!—how it dances and sparkles where the light above can get through to it!—Mamma, I do so want to go to the end of all those little gravel paths which are winding about."

"And see that hut—see that hut!" resumed Henry; "to be sure it has got benches and odd-looking chairs made of roots; but it is nothing to our old hut, is it, Emily?"

"O, mamma, when you can find a pretty new story, shall we come some day and road it in that hut?" asked one of them. The request being seconded and reseconded so loudly, that had there been even a sleeping echo in that glen, she must have been thereby effectually awakened. Mrs. Fairchild stilled them by a promise that it should be as they desired, if circumstances would admit; and then walking on along the upward path through

the denser woods, they soon followed her, coming out presently into the park, where deer and beautiful little fawns peeped at them from behind the fern and brakes, ready to start away should they perceive anything alarming in their aspects.

As the party ascended the hill having the fir-crowned tumulus on their right, the battlemented crown of the old tower of the church began to show itself, seeming at first to mix itself with the heath and fern on the highest point of the park, but rising as they ascended, at least to the eye. At the sight of this all the party as by one accord became silent, and Henry took hold of Emily's hand, whilst Lucy once more joined her mamma.

A few more steps brought them in view of some cottages which were built adjoining the churchyard, and Henry pointing to one, whispering, for the little fellow did not like to raise his voice, said, "Do you know, Emily, Mrs. Lakin lives in that house?"

"Mrs. Lakin," repeated Emily, "who is Mrs. Lakin?"

"Cousin Ellen's nurse," replied Henry. "Have you never heard of Mrs. Lakin?"

"Mrs. Lakin, my dear Emily," said Mrs. Fairchild, "was nurse to your cousin's mamma; and as she was a widow when she took charge of your aunt, she had no home to go to when her lady grew up. So she lived with your aunt till she married and went to India, and there she went also; and it was in her arms that the little brothers of Ellen, and, at last, their poor mamma died, and then all her love was given to the two sisters that yet were spared her.

"Mrs. Lakin brought them to England, and it was her greatest pleasure to wait upon the two little girls, whom she loved as if they were her own daughters. The death of Emily but drew out her love more warmly towards Ellen. Whilst time but added gifts of youth to your cousins this same time took away the health and strength of Mrs. Lakin, she became very infirm, and for days together would be unable to wait upon her young

ladies, and to save her your grandmamma employed Mrs. Tilney, though in indulgence to Mrs. Lakin's feelings, she was never allowed to be called your cousins' maid, or in the end Miss Ellen's maid, for these infirmities commenced even whilst the two sisters were both living.

"Poor Mrs. Lakin stayed but at the Grove to close the eyes of her beloved child, and then she retired to yonder cottage, living upon an annuity left her by your uncle ; and the house she now resides in was chosen by her because from her bed-room window she can see our Ellen's grave, and her increasing bad health keeps her almost confined to this one apartment."

"Mamma, may we go to see her?" asked Lucy. "I should so like to hear her talk of cousin Ellen ; and perhaps, mamma, if she thinks Emily like the first Emily, she would be pleased to see her."

"We will call," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and ask if it is agreeable to her to see us. She must remember me, for we have met in happier times to her, but from her first arrival at the Grove her health has prevented her ever leaving it, even when her ladies went from home on change of air, and it was not without difficulty she was removed to this cottage."

By this time they had reached the house which looked towards the church-yard, but from the porch they could not see the sisters' grave ; but they had not leisure to look about them, for a very neat, clean-looking girl, who had been seated in the kitchen doing some needle-work, had observed their approach, and recognized who they were, as she had seen the children at church the day before. She came forwards to meet them, and asked Mrs. Fairchild if she would like to walk up stairs to see Mrs. Lakin.

"Would Mrs. Lakin be well enough for us to pay her a visit?" inquired Mrs. Fairchild.

"Why, she has been rather put about to-day," replied the girl, "by Mr. Tom's visit, for he stayed with her more than an hour this morning ; but she wishes very much



to see you, I know, and above all, the young ladies, the least Miss especially."

"You shall go to her, my good girl," said Mrs. Fairchild, "and ask her if she would like to see us; but be sure you tell her, if she does not feel equal to it this afternoon, we will call again shortly."

The girl did as directed, but returned again almost immediately with a message from Mrs. Lakin, to beg that they would walk up to her room, and I am to say all of you, Mam," added the girl, "even little master, if he will be so good."

Lucy and Emily expected to see an elderly woman, and one, too, that was very infirm from old age and bad health; but they were not prepared to find Mrs. Lakin so very old or so very ill as she seemed to be; and as Henry afterwards said to his mamma, he thought she looked quite old enough to have called his own grand-mamma daughter. Could it be possible that she was not as old as Methuselah, who was considered the very oldest man that ever lived.

Mrs. Lakin asked Mrs. Fairchild to sit down on a chair near the bed, and then bidding her little maid to put aside the window-curtains, she called Lucy and Emily to her, and having put on her spectacles, she looked at them long and earnestly—so long, indeed, that it quite disconcerted them. Then putting Lucy on one side, she said, as if to herself, "No, there is no likeness there—none whatever but this face"—and she drew Emily closer to her—"Yes, this face is like my own Miss Emily's; and she was just about this size when my God thought fit to take her to himself."

"This is another Emily, Ma'am," said Lucy, "called after your own Emily; for mamma loved your Emily, and wished her own little girl to be like her, and so she called her Emily."

"Another Emily Fairchild," repeated the old lady, "but, alas! not my Emily. But still, how could Mr. Tom say there was no likeness? There is a likeness—it is a faint one, but perhaps he has forgot Emily, and only remembers Ellen."

“Then you have seen my nephew to-day?” asked Mrs. Fairchild; “was he with you long?—Does he feel our loss much?”

“Ah, Ma'am! he feels it bitterly—very, very bitterly,” replied the invalid. “I thought none could feel it as I did; but dear Mr. Tom, I never saw a poor creature so distressed as he is. I look forwards, dear madam, to join my beloved child, perhaps, before the primroses blossom in yonder church-yard. At the very most, two spring seasons will not see me here; but it is not so with him, their separation is for a longer time, and it is in consequence more painful.”

“Then you think,” inquired Mrs. Fairchild, anxiously, “that it is only the separation he mourns. He is assured of our Ellen's happiness. He knows in whom she trusted, He who gave her that faith which made her close her eyes in death, as if she were but a confiding child reposing in her parent's arms. He has the mourner's comfort in affliction, I trust. He could not surely have so long associated with his cousin, and have been ignorant of her hope in death, her glory now.”

“Ah, Ma'am!” replied the poor woman, “he has heard the truth many and many's the time from the sweet lips of my beloved young lady; nor has her grand-mamma forgot her duty by him whom she calls grandson, but I much fear it never came home to his heart till now, and he has not therefore that comfort that we possess in our affliction. Like me, dear lady, he could not rest till he had seen the grave of our lost and lamented one; but, alas! our feelings were very different. I love to see the sunset these lonely evenings shining brightly upon the white and polished marble that covers my child. I can think of her sleeping there without any other regret than at our temporary parting. I know with whom she is, with those who loved her on earth, her parents, brothers, sister. I know, too, that she is with Him who could be all in all to her, and could make up to her all and more than all of these beloved relations. Her happiness, I know, is complete, perfect

in Christ her Redeemer and Sanctifier; and when I shed tears, it is because I am not with her, for I long, as David did, to go to her, to be united with her and make one with her of our Lord's blessed family for ever."

"And Tom," asked Mrs. Fairchild, "poor Tom! how does he look on that cold marble?"

"He sees in it but death, corruption, and the grave," exclaimed Mrs. Lakin; "and poor dear young gentleman, his grief this morning was such, I could not but earnestly pray that faith might be given to him to kiss the rod; and yet at times words fell from him that gave me hope, great hope for him. Oh! he is a most kind young gentleman, and I fear that neither his father, nor particularly his sister, know how to give him comfort. Miss Louisa was often a trouble to my own Miss Ellen and her grandmamma."

"We are going to the church," said Mrs. Fairchild, rising, "I am afraid you have already been too much fatigued to day, my dear Mrs. Lakin, but now that I have introduced my little girls to you, I hope if ever you would like one of them to sit with you awhile, to read to you, or to sing to you, or talk to you, you will send your little maid to the Grove, and either Emily or Lucy would be happy to pay you a visit and do what they can for you."

"Pray do not go," said Mrs. Lakin, "till I have said one word more about that poor young gentleman; his case lies heavy at my heart. He is in the full pride and vigour of youth and strength; when the memory of his beloved cousin is somewhat passed from his mind I fear he will forget all her pious injunctions—all her tender pleadings with him: he will go into the world, he will mix in it, and I dread lest he has to pass through many troubled waters before he finds an haven of rest."

"Where is your faith, my old friend?" asked Mrs. Fairchild, "would not your own Ellen have reproved you if she could have heard you speak thus?—but come, what can we do better than pray for this still wandering sheep of the fold, and pray, too, for greater faith ourselves,

that we need not mourn nor tremble for him?" Mrs. Fairchild then knelt down beside the bed, her children round her, and this was the prayer she uttered :—

*A Prayer for Faith, that we may trust without trembling those we love to God when we are afraid that they have not as yet been taught to love him.*

O Lord and Father, thou who hast blessed us with the promise that thy love shall never fail, thou who hast bestowed redemption upon us through the sacrifice of thy Son, free, unconditional, and above all we could desire or even think ; thou hast promised that with thy Son thou wilt give us also all we can desire. Hear, then, our prayer, O God. We ask for faith not for ourselves only, but for this wandering one who is as yet not aware of thy unbounded love ; make him to know that in thee only is peace, and joy, and happiness, that cannot fail. Thou hast promised that the work thou commencest thou wilt perform, make us to trust without trembling on thy promises. O give us to see that thou who hast formed in thy wisdom the perfect seed wilt in thy own good time make it to grow and thrive and bear the fairest blossoms. Lord, teach us never to forget that though it is permitted by thy gracious mercy that man may sometimes dig the ground and watch over the plants of the garden, yet even there he cannot give the grateful sunshine or kindly shower. He cannot protect his flowers from the blight, the hail-storm, or the frost, and that therefore they must depend upon thee only, who considerest the lilies of the field whom thou hast arrayed even beyond all the glories of Solomon. Lord, if it be so with the garden flower, let us remember how much more is it with the flowers of the wilderness and the uncultivated valleys ; and by this lesson of types and emblems which we have learnt from thy Holy Word, let us have faith in thy omnipotent care, and leave our tender shoot in thy hands, knowing thou art our Father as well as our God. For us thy

Son died, for us has he taken the form of the Man of Sorrows, and through his grief is our joy made perfect ; for his sake then we ask the peace he has promised us his chosen ones, and peace and faith for the wandering sheep of his fold, which can only bless his now troubled heart, by the Divine Spirit becoming there an inmate.

## HYMN.

What mean these jealousies and fears ?  
 As if the Lord was loth to save,  
 Or lov'd to see us bathed in tears,  
 Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

Does he want slaves to grace his throne ?  
 Or rules he by an iron rod ?  
 Loves he the deep despairing groan ?  
 Is he a tyrant, or a God ?

Not all the sins which we have wrought,—  
 So much his tender heart will grieve,  
 As this unkind, injurious thought,  
 That he's unwilling to forgive.

Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,  
 And well may rebel worms surprise ;  
 But was not thy Incarnate Son  
 A most amazing sacrifice ?

“ I've found a ransom,” saith the Lord,  
 Fear not, my sheep, he shall not die.  
 Lord, make us to believe thy word,  
 And on thy mercies firm rely.

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 CHAPTER XII.

MRS. FAIRCHILD, with her children round her, walked in silence from the cottage of Mrs. Lakin into the church-yard, turning off from the pathway which led to the church itself and picking their road amongst

many graves, few of which had any head-stone, though most of them were tightly bound with briars, and some few had wild flowers round them. Mrs. Fairchild knew the spot well where her nieces lay, for it was close beside their father and she had been present at his funeral, so she led the way a little in advance, for Lucy had dropt her hand on passing amidst the mounds, for the little girl could not bear the thought of treading upon a grave, and there were only narrow spaces round them. As they stepped along the soft turf no one speaking, they were aware of a voice as in distress, mourning and grieving, though no words could reach their ears. The next moment a turn in their road, for they had to go half round the church, brought them at once to Ellen and Emily's grave, by which, to their astonishment, they found their cousin Tom. He was lying on the grass, his face leaning against the iron rails which protected the tomb from injury, and he seemed like one in a paroxysm of grief, for he neither saw nor heard their approach, but he rocked backwards and forwards, and groaned and murmured to himself, though he spoke not aloud. Mrs. Fairchild advanced gently and laid her hand on his arm. "My dear nephew," she said, "we are come here, like you, to mourn for our Ellen. Let us mourn together—let us at least do what we can to comfort each other."

Tom started on his feet, and in doing so perhaps rather roughly disengaged himself from his aunt's hold; his face was flushed, and his eyes were dimmed as if with tears, but he turned from her as he said, "We cannot mourn together, I have lost a sister, the only sister of my heart; what loss have you experienced? you did not know my Ellen—the companion of my childhood, the guide of my older years, my instructress, my directress, the one who would have led me to heaven and happiness."

"It is true," replied Mrs. Fairchild, "I did not know our lamented one as you knew her, but can one hear of what she was without loving, honouring, and

weeping for her? O, Tom, my dear, dear nephew, could I hear of all her sweet qualities, her Christian graces, her holy blameless life, and not regret so fair a flower of promise was taken from us her sorrowing relatives! I have shed more tears for our loss, my nephew, than I have shed for her, for I know that she is the gainer, it is only those she has left who require consolation. But let me entreat you, do not attempt to hide from us your sorrow; we wish to comfort, or at least, to weep with you. You have lost a sister, she was too dear for us to think that loss can ever be made up to you; but here are my little girls, they would be sisters to you; Henry wants a brother, he has never had one; be a brother to him, dear Tom, guide him as our Ellen guided you. Let her gentle pleadings now bear fruit in your mind, and grieve not over her whom it was the will of her Heavenly Father to crown with a crown that is not perishable and cannot fade, but do as she would have you to do could her sweet voice now be heard addressing you. My dear nephew, do not reject the sisters and brother now offered to you? they stand waiting but a kind look from you. Will you not accept their love?"

Mrs. Fairchild spoke quickly and earnestly, and had she not detained her nephew, he would no doubt have hurried away from her to give vent to his grief in solitude, but she held him with one hand as she spoke, whilst with the other she drew her children towards him. He seemed to wish to hide his sorrow from her; he struggled violently with his feelings, his chest heaved convulsively, but when urged by her he looked upon the children and saw their little hands held out to him in brotherly and sisterly affection he could restrain himself no longer, but suddenly threw his arms round Henry and burst into a passion of tears. The little boy was frightened by the emotion of one he considered to be quite a man, but he did not attempt to withdraw himself from his cousin's grasp, but from being frightened he wept too, and so did Emily and Lucy most heartily,

though I do not believe it was till afterwards they knew for what they were crying, unless it was because poor cousin Tom was so very, very unhappy. The young man, for so I suppose we must call him, had not as hitherto shed a tear for his cousin's memory, he had fought against his feelings all day, and though nourishing his grief by visiting Mrs. Lakin and then going to the grave he had resisted all tenderer emotions. This sudden outbreak at once relieved his overcharged heart, and soon recovering himself, he offered his hand in silence first to his aunt and then to his young cousins, and he even smiled, though somewhat sadly, upon them.

"Now that we shall know each other better," said Mrs. Fairchild, "do not let us fear to speak openly to each other whatever we desire. You have no mother, my dear nephew, let me act the part of mother to you, and never fear to tell me or ask of me anything that you may desire, assured that next to my own Henry you will hold the nearest place in my heart. You shall be as a dear son to me, and I *must* have your love as such. But we came here to talk of our Ellen," she continued; "I want my children to hear of her, I would not they should grow up in forgetfulness of our lost one; now that we are here, will you tell us why her memory is so connected in your mind with heaven and happiness, for that I think was what you said? Are you not older than she was?"

"Yes, I am older," replied Tom, "if our years must be counted by mere length not by our sense or wisdom; but Ellen as a girl, for girls I believe are all forwarder than boys, always appeared to me older than I was; perhaps it might be that she was matured early as one untimely blossoming to fade the sooner. I could not in childhood love my own sister," he continued, "because she did not seem to care or want my love. I had no mother, and I had an earnest longing for some one or something on whom I could pour out this affection. It was then I came to see my father's step-mother, and the dear old lady was very kind to me, and drew out



my feelings as they should be drawn out, but after all she was so very much my senior that I could not give her the love I wished to bestow on some little brother or gentle sister, and not having these I took a fancy to a little dog which was very young and inexperienced, and always getting into accidents from its very inexperience. One day I missed my little Fido, and though I called and whistled to it, I received no answering sound as if it heard me, and I was running over the park hither and thither in search of it, when I met my two cousins hand in hand. Perhaps I had been too rough with them, too rude and boyish in my manner, for they had in their gentle way always seemed to shun me, but now they came up close to me, and I saw the tears were in their eyes though they tried to restrain them; but I was thinking only of my dog, and I would have passed them with an inquiry if they had seen it, but they would not let me so go by. They stopped me, and each taking a hand of mine in theirs, they spoke so kindly and sweetly to me, but in such gentle words, I did not at first comprehend them. 'Poor Fido will be easy soon,' said Ellen, 'he will soon feel no pain, do not ask to see him.'

"'Grandmamma gave the order,' added Emily, 'grandmamma could not bear to let him suffer any longer. O do not, do not, go that way,' they cried, as I attempted to break from them, inquiring what was the matter.

"At that moment I heard a shot and the groan of some poor animal as if expiring. I disengaged myself from my little cousins, and flew across the park to where I had heard the firing and saw the smoke, and there I perceived my poor dog stretched senseless on the ground. He was dead before I reached him, and when I learnt the painful nature of the accident he had met with, I could not but say it was a merciful action to destroy him. My gentle cousins, though dreading to look at the poor animal, had followed me across the park; they were unwearied in their exertions to

amuse and comfort me—I could not resist them—and from that day I loved to be with them, and when it pleased God to separate them I trust I was the means of giving much comfort to my beloved little Ellen.”

Here Tom ceased speaking, and once more hiding his face with his hands, he seemed overpowered with grief, for his whole frame shook with emotion, and his sobs would not be restrained. His aunt hardly dared address him again, for she was comparatively a stranger to him, and she knew not how far she might venture, for he was at an age the most difficult of all to manage. She looked at her children, not liking exactly to desire them to speak to their cousin, but at the same time wishing they should do so, and the little girls who were accustomed to receive injunctions even from a glance from their mamma, understood what she desired, and ever obedient, were anxious to their utmost to console their poor sorrowing cousin. Lucy and Emily then drew closer to him than they had done before, and Emily, remembering how he had just said that those for whom he grieved when first soliciting his friendship had taken his hand in one of theirs, and believing that the action must be pleasing to him because it had been done by them, she ventured to draw one of his hands from off his face, whispering, “Do not cry, dear cousin—pray do not cry—it makes us all so sad—so very, very, sad—oh, do not cry.”

At these words the youth looked up, neither did he loosen the hand that held his, but rather tightening the hold she had taken, he said, “Yes you are like my Ellen, I see you are now, they were right when they said so—Ellen would have tried to comfort even a stranger.”

“But you are not a stranger, cousin Tom,” said Lucy, coming forwards and taking his other hand, “you are not a stranger, we have heard of you ever since we were little babies in mamma’s arms, and we have always wished to know you very much.”

“Yes, very much,” repeated Henry, who had just

taken in the idea that his sisters were trying to comfort cousin Tom, and that perhaps he might help them,—“yes, and when uncle Fairchild sent me that pretty boat that you cut out I thought how very clever you must be—quite as clever as papa.”

“It was such a very pretty boat,” added Lucy, “and it sails so nicely upon the water.”

“And did you think it pretty too, Emily,” asked her cousin, looking kindly at the tearful face of the little girl, whose hand he still held.

“Yes, very,” whispered Emily, but she could say no more, for she was by nature a very shy child, and one that was seldom drawn out to express her feelings; whilst Lucy, on the contrary, generally said all that came uppermost in her mind. Emily had been drawn out by her cousin’s sorrow; she had been most forward in her earnestness to console him, and now her natural temper of mind returning, she was half ashamed of what she had done, though she could not have said she regretted it, for it had given cousin Tom pleasure; but still she was ashamed, and when he addressed her, the little exertion of speaking was too much for her, and she gave full vent to the tears she had restrained to sooth her cousin. The youth seemed at once to understand her, for there is no doubt she really did resemble in many parts of her character, as well as in a personal way, the companion of his childhood. “We have been here too long,” he said; “let us walk home, dear aunt; and if you will let me I will show you a way back to the house which is exceedingly pretty and very wild, I am sure if you have not seen it before you will admire it. Come, shall we guide the way?” and still holding Emily’s hand, though without addressing her, he turned towards the opposite part of the church-yard from which they had entered, and then leading them into a beautiful shady lane filled with wild convolvulus and the red berries of the woody nightshade, he pointed out to their notice everything he thought would please them, gathering blackberries for the children and talking to them as

a kind elder brother would do to the gentle little ones he loved.

It was thus they all became more calm, though there was a shade of sadness, though one might term it a pleasing sadness, over all their countenances. Tom felt that he had made friends where he had not expected to make them—his aunt was much pleased with him; and the children, without exception, felt that he was as one of themselves, one who would enter into their innocent pleasures, and love them the better because they were innocent. Even Henry did not seem inclined to run about and play during that walk, for he, like the rest, thought much of the lamented Ellen; and as Tom seemed to delight in talking of her, they all kept as near to him as they could to hear what he had to say respecting her.

“Our Ellen had, I know, bright hopes in death,” said Mrs. Fairchild; “had she these bright hopes in life? Was she a truly happy child, for I cannot call any such without a proper trust and faith in God.”

“She had most bright and glorious hopes,” replied Tom, “and I well remember a conversation that once passed between us. She was speaking of the time that shall come when we shall all be as one family, united through Christ in God; and she was telling me how she loved to think of those times, when I stopped her by saying—‘Ah! Ellen, that may be delightful for you to think of—you, who are so good, but for me who dare not hope to be one of that glorious throng—I cannot think of it.’ She heard me out, and then said, ‘First, my dear cousin, I must say in the language of Scripture, that there is none good—there is not a just man on earth who doeth right and sinneth not. Now these are the words of Scripture, and I dare not—nor dare you disbelieve them if you would; so it is no merit of mine, even supposing and allowing I am better than my neighbours, that I can look forwards to future glory, with full assurance that it is mine, and none can deprive me of it.’ I was astonished at this,” continued Tom,

“and I remember well I asked her to tell me on what her hopes of heaven were so firmly fixed. She answered me from the Bible—‘God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?’ (Numb. xxiii. 19.) Our Saviour himself has said, she continued, ‘he that believeth in me, (the Son) *hath* everlasting life. (John, vi. 47, and John iii. 36.) St. Paul also says—to Him, (Jesus) give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins. (Acts x. 43.) And what is this belief? Simon Peter said that it was that Jesus was *the* Christ, the Son of the living God; and Jesus answered him, saying, Blessed art thou, Simon, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. (Matt. xvi. 17.) St. John also says, These things are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, that in believing you may have life in his name. (John xx. 31.) My belief is in *the Christ the Saviour of sinners,*’ added my beloved cousin, ‘His word cannot fail, and therefore I know that what he has said he will do’ and believing, I rejoice

To see my curse removed  
I sing the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And bless his bounteous love.”

The party were now within sight of the Grove, and on the lawn in front might be seen Miss Louisa waiting for them: she expressed much surprise at beholding Tom walking with a hand of each little sister in his own, and when he loosed them for the little girls to run in to have their things taken off, as it was tea time, Miss Louisa took his arm, and drawing him away from observations, she thus broke forth:—“Upon my word, Tom,” she said, you are the strangest mortal that ever existed; here you were this very blessed morning saying you could not bear the whole family, and now you

are this evening thick and threefold with them, just as if you were one of them."

"And simply because this morning I hated them all cordially," replied Tom, "and this evening I have altered my mind and like them exceedingly."

"You can't like such upstarts," returned Louisa,— "people who have taken our rights from us; for are we not the elder branch? and what is worse, they do not know how to enjoy what they have got."

"It can't be our right, Louisa," replied her brother; "our father was only half blood to poor Ellen's father, and our uncle was whole blood. It was natural, therefore, he should leave it to his own brother in preference to his half brother; and I fancy Miss Fairchild, for I acknowledge you have the right to be *the* Miss Fairchild of the family, you would think it a hard case if our father was to marry again and have a dozen brats, if I was to leave the little pittance I may some day possess, to those little brats, even to a boy, in preference to yourself—eh, Miss Louisa."

"Well, but Tom, you said this very morning you could not bear these people, if it was only because they would rejoice in cousin Ellen's death, as it would be the means of raising them in the world."

"And if I did say so," said Tom, "I should have been right in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, only this happens to be the one exception, for which I am very glad. I tell you I like them, Louisa, and you can't talk me out of it. I like them all, even the little fellow who perhaps stands most in my way—and Lucy, and that nice little shy Emily. I say, I like them, Louisa."

"And yet how you quizzed them this morning, pretending to take that dirty trollop, their vulgar maid, for aunt Fairchild!"

"And why did I do it," asked Tom,— "because you must know, I don't like to see ladies dusting and scouring, and I was ashamed of both little girls, and their dirty hands and faces. It was all very well when they were poor, and the children were forced to work; but

there is no necessity for it now ; and if the maid had but done her duty, she ought to have cleaned out all the places first before she had allowed the young ladies to disfigure themselves so. I don't mind if it is really necessary, ladies doing menial work ; but they ought to keep themselves out of sight when they do it, and not put their heads out of windows. But when I have been here a day or two, I shall let them know what I think about it, and I am sure, Aunt Fairchild, or my cousins either, have good sense enough to see I am right. Emily is a nice little girl, Louisa, a very nice little girl, and I am sure very gentle and obliging."

"Rather different from what you said this morning," repeated Miss Louisa.

"Well, but I have told you I have altered my mind," answered Tom ; "and though I can't say I think the child as pretty as my own Ellen, yet she has a look of Ellen about her that makes me like her—but here Henry is come to say tea is ready ; we are coming, little man, quick—most quick, the walk has improved my appetite."

*A Prayer that we may know on whom to trust on our dying beds.*

O thou blessed and glorious Redeemer, by whom the last enemy of fallen man shall hereafter be destroyed and swallowed up through the victory won by thee in human flesh, when thou gavest thyself to suffer its severest penalties, in order that through thy death man might live ; be thou with us not only in the last struggles of our dying nature, but in thy tender mercy bestow upon us such views of thy redeeming love, and such a sense of thy continual presence with us, as shall not only remove that fear of death which belongs to the natural man, but shall enable us to look forward to our release from the body, as the first and chiefest mercy which divine love can bestow upon us after having added

to us that nature which is deathless, because it is Divine.

Oh! who but thee, the conqueror of death, can take away the fear of death: and who but thee can render the spirit willing to yield up the poor body to worms and the grave? Who, but our Saviour, can open the view of everlasting glory beyond the charnel house, and convert the solemn funereal chant to a hymn of joy. Thou, O Lord, art the trust of all the ends of the earth, for thou only art the real comforter of those to whom thou hast made thy love, and the love of Him that sent thee manifest to their apprehensions. We in this Christian land have heard of thee by the hearing of our ears, from the days of our infancy, and many of us have partially believed the report; but still we all need more faith, and few, very very few of us, when scenes of death are brought before us are fully furnished with that knowledge of thee which alone can enable us to look on these things without alarm. Oh! then, if it be thy good pleasure reveal thyself more and more to our apprehension, and enable us to say of death—thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

## HYMN.

Oft as the bell with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself—Have I  
My trust in Christ? should I now die.

Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plunged into a world unknown.

Lord Jesus, to my succour flee,  
And place my hope alone in thee;  
Apply thy blood—thy Spirit give,  
Make me, through thee, in God to live.



Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
If one with Christ I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be—  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

Oh let my spirit then rejoice,  
And long, and wish to hear thy voice ;  
Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
For I am thine, and thou art mine.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

It was very evident both to her son and daughter that the elder Mrs. Fairchild was declining rapidly, and from the day of her leaving their old home she had been gradually sinking. Humanly speaking—that is, speaking of things as we expect them to happen, not referring them to the more particular direction of Providence, the old lady should never have been removed from the Grove even during the funeral. But whilst man arranges, and whilst he is even fancying what he has done is wise and good, our God by his omnipotence shows that our wisest actions are but as folly before him. Thus was it with the old lady: the shock she experienced in returning to the home once so dear to her, and now deprived of what to her was its fairest ornaments, was too much for her in her advanced stage of life, and when was added to it a painful consciousness of her own neglect of duty to those who now spared no trouble to console her, it is not to be wondered at if she gradually sank, becoming weaker and weaker from day to day, without any apparent cause. From her return to the Grove she never took a meal with the family, and indeed never left her dressing-room but once a day to take an airing in the coach around the park. On these occa-

sions, only her daughter or son, or Mrs. Johnson, attended her, for the children's very presence was too much for her, as they reminded her of the loved ones who were no more. Of the little girls, Lucy was her decided favourite as a companion, and that was probably owing to two causes: Emily's resemblance to her cousin was painful to her, and Emily was also too much afraid of her grandmamma to be easy in her presence, and therefore could not talk to her, whilst Lucy did not fear to say whatever came uppermost in her mind. The old lady was very fond of Tom, and he loved to sit with her whenever she felt equal to his company. With Mr. Fairchild's consent and concurrence all she possessed, with the exception of some little tokens of affection, and an annuity to Mrs. Johnson, was willed by her to the young man, though the affair was kept a secret from him during her life-time. One gift she bestowed upon him, which was highly prized by him, and that was Ellen's Bible; and so deeply did both feel when the Holy Book was presented by the one and accepted by the other, that not a word could they utter; and though Tom hastily left the room, Mrs. Johnson afterwards said, that her lady was not the same ever again after that painful scene.

Aware of her mother's increased and increasing weakness, the younger Mrs. Fairchild thought it her duty to give up her whole attention to her, and as she did not like to leave her children from hour to hour, exposed to hear the constant and dangerous tendency of Louisa's and Mrs. Tilney's conversation, she engaged with a young woman, the daughter of Mr. Fairchild's steward, a Miss Farmer, to come up every morning to the Grove, and to see that some kind of lessons went on from ten in the morning till two, and she was also engaged to walk with them from three to five, or as long as they were out. This Miss Farmer was a respectable steady young woman, though completely without any talent whatever—she was more fitted to make butter and cheese, and preside over a country establishment, where

she was wanted to help as well as to superintend; but as her home was almost within sight of the Grove, and she was at the time unoccupied, as she had two or three sisters who could do all that was needed, she was very thankful for the situation, and Mrs. Fairchild was also very thankful too to get so respectable a young woman at so short a notice, and one who knew that she was only employed for a time, as her education was of the lowest order, for the mother still hoped she should shortly be enabled to take charge of her own little ones again herself.

Thus passed the first week or two at the Grove, during which time Louisa became very dissatisfied with her situation, which, however, she could not change as her father, Captain Fairchild, who had not long returned from the East Indies, had no house at present wherein to receive her, and she had by her own request been removed from school immediately on his landing in England. She had hoped to have spent the time with relations more congenial to her feelings; but, as I said before, they had been called up to London on business, and they had not yet returned. The young lady, therefore, had nothing to do but wait as patiently as she could her father's arrangements, whilst she spent her time in confidential conversation with Tilney—careful avoidance of her aunt's, uncle's, and grandmother's company, petting and praising Emily, quarrelling with her brother, and teasing the two other children. One only amusement she had, which was in any degree commendable, and I hardly think we can use that term to it, unless it is in speaking of it comparatively with what else she did—this was riding on horseback. One of her young relatives, with whom she had been staying before she came to the Grove, lent her her own pony whilst she was in town; Louisa had rode over on it herself, and seldom was the day on which the young lady did not employ it. Her brother was occasionally her companion, but oftener one of the servants, whose attendance she would command at her own time and pleasure,

never once asking her uncle or aunt if it was convenient to take out a man and horse to wait upon her. Though I can't but acknowledge this rudeness was felt, yet Mrs. Fairchild was only too happy to have anything that took Louisa away from the children, for though Henry went out most days with John, or with his cousin, who kindly took much pains with the little boy, to improve his horsemanship, Louisa never once allowed him to be of her party.

Things were in this way when a letter came from Mrs. Goodriche, and it was one of great distress; in it, she said, "that the gentleman who had charge of Bessy's little property, had got into some trouble in his affairs, and that there was a chance of his failing altogether:—and so," added the good lady, "though I am scarcely equal to the matter, I think it right to go up at once to town to see the gentleman, and arrange what can be done for my poor niece—she will be wholly dependent unless something can now be saved for her benefit. Will you, then, allow me to leave her with you in my distress? I must pass through Reading, and so far I can take her on the road: will you send for her from thence, and keep her for a few days till I am ready to take her off your hands again, for I really do not know what to do with her when I am from home?"

Such a letter as this could not be received by old friends without insuring a warm and affectionate reply; and Mrs. Fairchild even said to her husband—"If we could but exchange the company of our poor worldly niece for the little thinking Bessy, I would joyfully make up my mind to welcome the goodnatured, thoughtless girl, even at the risk of her breaking the largest mirror in the house."

Mrs. Goodriche had only time to receive a reply from her letter the very morning she left home, and therefore, no arrangements could be made respecting Bessy's journey from Reading to the Grove, though Mrs. Goodriche knew her old friends well enough to

trust them to settle all for her. As the elder Mrs. Fairchild required the use of the carriage every day, and just at the hour when Bessy might be expected to be in Reading, and as Mr. Fairchild had an engagement that morning, a trusty elderly servant was sent with a phaeton and a pair of horses, to bring the young lady to the Grove. A note was also sent to Mrs. Goodriche, to beg her to visit them as soon as convenient, and to stay as long a time as she could.

Lucy was in high spirits at the thought of seeing again her old friend Bessy, for she felt bitterly the partiality shown by Louisa to Emily, and she knew how warm-hearted was Miss Goodriche, and that she should in her always find some one to whom to run when Louisa took Emily from her. Emily, on the contrary, felt that Louisa would despise Bessy, and her rude rough ways, and she did not wish her cousin to see the young lady, "for she will fancy we were only acquainted with such kind of people, in our old home," said Emily to her sister. "Now if it was Miss Darfield, or any of Sir Charles Noble's family, it would be quite a different thing."

Henry did not know whether to be pleased or not, but he had a remembrance that Bessy was always running after him, pouncing out on him from behind doors, tickling him, romping with him, and teasing him, as only a great rude girl can do by a little boy who thinks himself a man. "If she leaves me alone," thought Henry, "I shall like her very much, because it will remind me of home:" and as usual he told the story of their first meeting to his cousin Tom in such a confused way, that he made it appear Bessy was tickling John, who was obliged to run round himself (Henry) for protection.

The passage from the Grove to Reading occupied little time, and the servant, finding when he arrived at the Bear, the inn always frequented by the Fairchild family, that although Mrs. Goodriche was arrived, she was not to proceed to town for more than an hour to come, he put up his horses, and having nothing else to



do stood under the archway to look about him. There he was speedily accosted by a well-known voice—crying “Ho there! Barns, what has brought you to anchor in this port? Are you alone, or have you the carriage with you? if so, you will, may be, give me a hoist to the Grove—that is, if you are not already fully laden.”

The person who thus addressed the servant, was Captain Fairchild; and when the former had explained wherefore he was there, the Captain repeated Goodriche, Goodriche, several times—then added, “ah! well, I know—I have heard of the lady—a very old friend and neighbour of my brother’s; and she has a little craft with her, you say, that wants convoy?”

“No, Captain,” said Barns, touching his hat, “I did not say so—I said there was a young miss, Sir, with her, as I was to take in charge, and bring to the Grove.” Captain Fairchild smiled, and taking a card from his pocket, whereupon his name and that of his ship were printed: he directed the man to carry it to Mrs. Goodriche, and say that he would have the honour of waiting upon her in a few minutes.

The name of Fairchild was so strong a recommendation to Mrs. Goodriche, that she met the Captain at once as an old friend, and without a single comment on the weather, opened out to him very much with the same unreservedness as she would have done to his brother, whilst Bessy came from the window, where she was gathering up all the little shreds of amusement which the streets of Reading, somewhat sparingly, afford, and put her hand into that of the visitor with all the cordiality which his benevolent salutation demanded. “And so,” said he, looking at the little craft, as he had but now denominated her, from hull to sky-scraper,—“so you are bound for the Grove, while your aunt proceeds to town? we must see if the carriage will hold us both—but mind you, I do not undertake to take you in tow, unless you go steadily in my wake; something tells me that you don’t always keep very steady to the points of the compass, my little one!”

“There now, Bessy,” remarked Mrs. Goodriche, “you see that the Captain has found you out already—indeed, my dear sir,” she added, “if I did not know the real kindness of your brother and his lady, a kindness and charity which is inexhaustible as derived from a source which can never be dried up, I should be more than half afraid of committing this wild young thing to their care in their new situation, but I could not leave her at home and I could not take her where I am going—I have a call on very pressing business.”

“Indeed,” replied the friendly captain, “can I do anything?—is it anything in my way? You may command my services to the utmost, dear madam, as an old friend of my excellent brother.”

Where two persons meet known to each other by character and being in themselves kind and simple, it is marvellous how rapidly confidence grows between them. The Captain had not been half an hour with Mrs. Goodriche before Bessy was admonished to go again to the window which was open, for the day was particularly fine, and even to stretch her neck out as far as she chose without censure, whilst the old lady opened out all her difficulties respecting her niece’s small property to her new friend.

It happened that the affair was one particularly well understood by him, being a concern of merchandize and shipping, and if he understood it it is more to the point than that we should; so we shall only say that he cleared up many of the old lady’s perplexities, and gave her a most encouraging view of the case, adding to these encouragements a letter of introduction and recommendation to his own man of business in town, leaving her in the end without a doubt that this her meeting with Captain Fairchild in the Bear at Reading had been the work of that wise and kind Providence which never forgets the interest of the orphan, but causes everything to work for his good, not only in this life, but in that which is to come.

Two or three calls were needful before Bessy was ad-

monished that it was required of her to draw her head within the window-frame, and then she appeared with her hair and her dress so disordered by the air and her stooping attitude, that the Captain, who seemed not a little amused by her untamed, unsophisticated, good-humoured carriage, smilingly suggested that there would be no harm if she were to taughen her rigging a little before they got under weigh.

Mrs. Goodriche, somewhat less smilingly, endeavoured to convey the admonition to her in less figurative language ; and when the young girl was withdrawn, after confessing and lamenting her giddiness, she recommended her to the kind services and forbearance of the Captain by assuring him that she really believed that she showed the worst parts of her character. "Let her alone, good madam, let her alone," returned the Captain, "I see nothing amiss in her but what time will mend—may be, indeed, she is too childish for her years, but it is the best extreme of the two. There is my daughter—she has many good qualities too, Mrs. Goodriche, but she is as much too old for her years as that smiling niece of yours is too young ; and as when the wind has driven a vessel beyond the port's mouth, it is not so easy for it to return in the eye of the same wind, as it may be for a lagging vessel to make it whilst the gale still blows from the same quarter, so I say the education which forces on the human craft too fast is worse than that which keeps it too long to the leeward of the harbour's mouth."

Captain Fairchild would have waited to see Mrs. Goodriche off, but that careful aunt was anxious to see her niece with all her packages safe in the phaeton, not doubting that without such care, Bessy would contrive to leave something behind, or rather would do so without contrivance ; so the Captain yielded, and the niece having kissed her aunt, was put into the phaeton with her new friend and was driven away in a state of delight not even to be imagined by many of those steady-going persons who have left their natural youth



in the back-ground of many years, and have not, through the divine mercy, been made partakers of that spiritual youth, whose joys as much transcend those of the young of Adam's race as the brightness of the glowing day the glimmering of the funereal torch. But the joyousness of careless and bright youth is often very pleasing to benevolent persons of maturer years, its very want of worldly tact being most refreshing to those to whom perhaps it seldom happens to get beyond the din of worldly gossip and clatter.

Captain Fairchild was greatly amused by Bessy's exclamations of wonderment and delight at all she saw, from the old abbey gateway and ruins to the more common, yet not less beautiful exhibitions of meadows and mansions, groves and parks, which exhibited themselves along their farther progress, and perhaps scarcely less so with the anecdotes of her former life with which she filled up the intervals of her expressions of wonder—which narratives, by-the-bye, might have been just as well kept in the back-ground as protruded on the ear—even on an ear as indulgent as that of Captain Fairchild.

Our history drops Bessy in this place, and turns to other persons, leaving a very convenient interval for introducing a grave admonition without breaking the thread of the story—an admonition which is particularly recommended to the attention of lively young people. This admonition is no other than a caution to such not to suffer themselves to speak of themselves in their general discourse, for in fact there *is* no mood in which an individual can speak much of himself in general society, or with strangers in particular society, for if he speaks in a self-sufficient mood he is sure to disgust in one way, and if in a disconcerted or self-displeased state he is sure to offend or disgust in another.

Whilst the phaeton was in progress from Reading to the Grove, Lucy and Emily, for the latter had forgot for awhile her fears of what Louisa should think of her old friend, were standing under a wide-spreading plane

tree on the lawn, almost counting the moments which were likely to pass before the young girl might arrive ; for although they had seen but little of Bessy, she was so intimately connected with their former home and the days in which small pleasures were very great, that they accounted her as a very dear friend.

In the mean time there was another pair equally occupied in discussing the expected arrival. This pair consisted of Louisa and her confidential friend Mrs. Tilney ; they were in the room of the former, the young lady being idly stretched on a sofa, and the waiting-maid being busy with her needle at the open window.

“ Well, we shall see ! ” are the first words which are recorded as having been said by Mrs. Tilney at that time, “ but that she is a very ordinary sort of young person there can be no doubt, and not one for you to associate with, Miss Fairchild.”

“ Me ! ” returned Louisa, “ me associate with a girl called Bessy Goodriche ? ”

“ Hark ! Miss Fairchild,” resumed Mrs. Tilney, “ but if I mistake not, I hear the carriage, and sure enough I can just get a glimpse of it moving along where the light breaks in through the trees. Ay ! and the young ladies under the plane tree see it too—they are all on tip-toe, as one might say, and sure enough there is Mr. Tom come down, I declare, without his hat, and stroking his fingers through his hair to look Jemmy and Jessamy like, to the young lady when he hands her out of the carriage. There he is in the coach-way, all agog too—he must have seen the carriage coming down the hill from his window. Well to be sure ! ”

“ Well to be sure ! ” repeated Louisa, “ as if Tom would give himself all that trouble about such a girl as Bessy Goodriche—I wonder at you, Tilney ! ”

“ And here they come,” cried Mrs. Tilney, “ here they are opposite the portico ; and would you believe it, Miss Fairchild ? no, it is not—yes, it is, but there is your father perched alongside with that Miss Goodriche. No

question but Mr. Tom spied him, and that accounts for his running down ; but he is coming forward to help the young lady down.—Ah ! ah ! he might have spared his politeness : What a spring was that ! would you believe it, before he could come quite close up, she gave a bound and lighted on her feet so close to him, that she was in danger of knocking him down ; and there they are, Miss Lucy and Miss Emily, and this same newcomer rushing into each other's arms as if they was three twins, as had not met for years. Faugh ! how ungentle those sort of things are ! so coarse !”

“ Ungentle,” repeated Louisa, with an upturned lip ; “ but do just arrange my hair, Tilney. I suppose I must just go down before it is time to dress for dinner, to ask papa how he does. He may, perhaps, expect the attention.”

*A Prayer of a young person, that he may be led by the divine hand through all the dangers attendant on the high spirits and thoughtlessness of youth.*

O ! glorious and blessed Redeemer, who hast in thy holy word informed us, that we may call upon thee in every time of need, and that the smallest, as well as the highest concerns of thy creatures are noted by thee ; I will not fear to ask thee to be my guide and protector in all and every little circumstance of my life ; for I know that whatever I ask of thee, according to thy will, thou wilt do it, and that thou hast even put it into my heart now at this time, to ask of thee to save me from the effects of my own wild young spirits, and the foolish influences of my own thoughtless nature. O ! hold me in thy tender love, restrain me by imparting to me of thy gentleness. Suffer me not to yield to my own foolishness, and to mar my own young happiness, and make me to take thee and thee only as my guide, who, when, as God manifested in the flesh, didst grow in favour both with the Almighty and with man. Above all, if it be thy good pleasure, make me to feel that there is not a delight which health and youth can bestow, which is dis-

pleasing in thy sight, all merciful Saviour, unless it is enjoyed in opposition to the commands of wise and tender parents, and in violation of the divine will.

All glory, then, be to thee, the one God in three persons, the Inspirer of all the believers' prayers, now and for evermore. Amen, and amen.

## HYMN.

A lion, though by nature wild,  
The art of man can tame;  
He stands before his keeper, mild  
And gentle as a lamb.

He watches, with submissive eye,  
The hand that gives him food,  
As if he meant to testify  
A sense of gratitude.

But man himself, who thus subdues  
The fiercest beasts of prey,  
A nature more unfeeling shows,  
And far more fierce than they.

Though by the Lord preserved and fed,  
He proves rebellious still;  
And while he eats his Maker's bread,  
Resists his holy will.

Alike in vain, of grace that saves,  
Or threatening law, he hears;  
The savage scorns, blasphemes, and raves,  
But neither loves nor fears.

O Saviour, how thy wondrous power  
By angels is proclaim'd!  
When in thine own appointed hour  
They see this lion tamed.

The love thy bleeding cross displays,  
The hardest heart subdues!  
Here furious lions, while they gaze,  
Their rage and fierceness lose.

Yet we are but renew'd in part,  
The lion still remains;  
Lord, drive him wholly from my heart,  
Or keep him fast in chains.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE morning following the Captain's arrival was exceedingly bright and fair, when various calls in different directions summoned every person from the parlour, which opened with folding-doors on the shrubberies, a short time after breakfast, with the exception of the two who liked each other least, Louisa and Bessy.

Though very near in age, these two girls had disliked each other from the moment they had met, and if one had cherished her prejudice against the other in the society of Mrs. Tilney, who insisted upon it that Bessy was not fit to be *insociated* in a genteel family, the other had found as much food for the maintenance and increase of her prejudice in the discourse of old Betty, as she called the young woman; for Bessy had had more than one opportunity of conversing apart with the said Betty when that faithful and affectionate personage was, as the Captain would have said, putting her in trim, and repairing the dilapidations of her rigging. As to the component parts of these prejudices, though they both had their origin in the selfishness of human nature, that fertile source of all evil conditions, yet they were not exactly the same as to the quantum of each feeling mixed up in them.

There was much jealousy mingled up with Louisa's dislike of Bessy; whereas, Bessy entertained such sovereign contempt for the helpless, affected, insipid character of Louisa, that she never for one moment could imagine that she could supersede herself in the affections of Lucy and Emily, or their parents, and this was the very point on which Louisa was jealous, although she privately hated all the personages just named.

Well, as we were saying, these two young people were left together this fine morning in the breakfast parlour, neither of them having made up their minds what next they should do; and therefore, of course remaining, as the last person who had gone out had left them, until

some movement of their desultory wills should set them in action.

At length Louisa, who was lounging with a book in her hand, a little behind where Bessy was standing, looking out on the inviting lights and shadows which rested on the lawn, cried, "Really, Miss Goodriche, I wonder your waiting-maid should let you appear with as many as three hooks and eyes deficient in the fastening of your frock behind, and with those great yellow pins stuck in their places, as if your lady's maid had been so long accustomed to the use of skewers and spits, that in the comparison she mistook a corking-pin for a minikin.

Louisa could see by the hue which the back of Bessy's fair neck assumed before her still more glowing face was turned to her, that the arrow, or rather the skewer or spit with which she was endeavouring to puncture her enemy, had taken effect; and she accordingly lost not an instant in withdrawing herself behind that rampart of frigidity which is so useful to haughty young ladies on many occasions, before the batteries of the assailed should open upon her.

"What do you mean?" said Bessy, "my lady's maid! Who is my lady's maid?"

"Who but my aunt Fairchild's treasure," calmly replied Louisa.

"What, dear old Betty," returned Bessy; "and if I do borrow her help now and then, don't you borrow that Tilney's help, I should like to know?" And it must be acknowledged that the few following expressions which Bessy used, when adding her opinion of the said Mrs. Tilney, were such as but too plainly proved that her better education had commenced somewhat too late in the day; but the allusion to the spit, which she had taken in at once with her wonted quickness, had put to flight all the small discretion which she was ever able to command. She was fully prepared for a smart retort from Louisa, and had it come, would have been ready the next moment to have made up the little discord by a hearty laugh, and as hearty a shaking of hands,

in which way she had terminated many a skirmish at school; but she was not prepared for the high and haughty tone with which her blusterings were received and repelled by the fine young lady.

"Really, Miss Goodriche," replied Louisa, "I am not accustomed to this sort of thing—a low discord about the merits of our respective servants."

"As if you did not begin!" retorted Bessy, without succeeding in the least thereby in breaking the line of the enemy's defence.

"Unless," continued Miss Fairchild, "you can speak upon more agreeable and more refined subjects, I should certainly much prefer to be alone, Miss Goodriche. I am not accustomed to this sort of thing, and most truly sorry I am that I interfered with your dress. Of course it can be of no possible consequence to me what appearance Miss Goodriche chooses to make, however it may affect my aunt and her children, as supposed to be the young lady's friends."

Bessy unfastened the glass doors, and was out through them before the insolent girl had finished her oration; and whilst the latter closed them, she looked after her in the spirit of one who rejoices that he has put an enemy to flight without much expenditure of his own resources. The former was murmuring to herself, "I should certainly have boxed her if I had not run for it, the insolent little thing! But why do I mind her?—If Lucy or Emily, or dear Mrs. Fairchild, were to show pride to me, now they are so much raised above me, I might care, but I won't care for this insignificant miss. Care killed the cat—away with it;" and she plunged into the very narrowest path she could see among the trees, or rather no path trod by man at all, being a short cut from the stables to the house often used by the dogs near the family feeding time.

Bessy always loved such perplexed and tangled ways as promised discovery and adventure, and the more difficult they were, the more they captivated her fancy. As to the accidents which inevitably befal a lady's dra-

pery in such situations, she never thought of them when thought might be advantageous, though she generally repented her carelessness, when the day of reckoning came, to wit, that weekly repairing day, which invariably occurred with her at home under the auspices of her aunt.

Of the sundry derangements and mischances which befel Bessy in this narrow path which took its course through an under-growth of shrubs, and the boles of tall trees, was first the tumbling out of the hair-pins which fastened her rich clustering hair; for the young girl had a superb growth of this beautiful adornment of the female head. Added to this, were sundry small slips and rents in her skirts; whereupon she endeavoured to bring her drapery into a smaller compass by drawing her frock through the pocket-holes, by which, with her wonted ill judgment, though she cleared her heels, she made her figure wider on either side. However, by this time she saw the clair obscur beyond the trees, and was speedily out of the brake, having entered on a short pathway between the shrubbery and the cold north wall of the kitchen garden, which was much cut up by wheelbarrows, being only used by the gardeners.

It was well that the only man-servant she met when she issued from the shade of the trees happened to be John, who had for some time past quietly taken his place among the gardeners, and was at that critical moment wheeling a barrow of bog earth from a remote corner of the glen, which he was about to apply to certain slippings he had brought from home, and which he was coaxing to live by the best of his skill; for be it known, that it was one of John's maxims, that no man in the gardening line can ever feel at home in any place till he can stand there, under the shade of a tree of his own planting.

When Bessy first appeared before him, it is very certain that he did not know her, though what or whom he took her for is not so certain; he was, however, passing on when she ran up to him and presented herself being totally unconscious of the wild appearance



she made ; for he did not recognize her till she spoke, and then her merry laugh and friendly salutation would have betrayed her, had she even worn a mask.

The honest servant immediately set down his barrow, and looking at the young lady with amazement, " Why, Miss," he said, " what brings you here, and in such plight, all to pieces as one may say? What have you been about—fighting the dogs? I hope you have not come to any accident ; but I think not, else you would not be laughing in that guise. Why, Miss Goodriche, to be honest with you, when you stepped out of the shade there, I took you for neither more nor less than one of those random gipsy girls, of which there were lots in former times, they say, on Maidenhead thicket and Bull-marsh heath and the commons down there in Hampshire, close by—only to think you should be playing such rigs !"

" A gipsy, John—a gipsy !" cried Bessy ; " I'll make myself more like one. And dipping her hand into the bog earth, she smeared her whole mouth and chin with it, shaking her hair more wildly over her face, expecting to be rewarded by a hearty laugh. John had her interest and that of her family too deeply at heart, however, even to suffer him to smile ; the worthy man was truly vexed, and he had began to say, " Really, Miss Bessy, in this place, so different to our own dear home, where there was only me about, as one might say, and not a pack of ——" when the light-hearted girl broke in upon him,— " Well! that will do, John," she said, " and it is all right, I am sure—but please to understand. My good old aunt is far away—she is very good, to be sure, and all that, but then she never was young, and Mrs. Fairchild is engaged, and I am resolved for once to have a prance—and so you may as well spare your good advice, for I am quite resolved not to follow it ;" and the very next minute she was off running to the farther end of the long straight path.

John looked after her for a minute, and then murmuring, " I only wish we was all safe at home again, and

Betty in the old scullery," he took up the handles of his wheelbarrow, and then went on to whither he had been going.

In the mean time, Bessy having cleared the straight walk, had come out upon the opener parts of the pleasure ground on a gravel path bordered by shrubs. She was totally without other object than to explore this new world, under the enjoyment of a perfect sense of liberty and of the highest excitement of animal spirits; but it must not be expected in the natural course of things, and with Bessy's usual luck, that these wild spirits should bring her back under as propitious circumstances as they had carried her out.

The first thing she observed on entering the opener walk, was the figure of Henry running before her at some hundred paces distant. The boy, as usual, was seeking John, whom some one in the garden had told him was gone to fetch bog earth in the glen. Henry's informant had not known that John was returned with his load, and gone a little way out of his beat to give a portion of his earth to the head gardener; he was, therefore, not aware that he was sending his little master on a bootless errand.

Now there was no person whose company was more agreeable to Bessy when she had found an opportunity for a flourish of this description than that of the said little Master Henry; and she was just on tip-toe to overtake him, when her eye fell upon another object, or rather heap of objects, to which she instantly walked up. These consisted of a weeding-basket, a weeding-knife, an old grey cloak, and a bonnet of indefinite form and colour, most primitively fashioned, and most unfortunately soiled and weather-beaten. These treasures had been left by the way-side by an old weeder, who had been summoned to the house to receive some broken victuals; and truly it might have been thought that this said weeder had left them there thus temptingly by the way-side, to ensnare the poor young girl; nevertheless, she was innocent of all design.

“ O !” cried Bessy, as she looked upon the elegant costume—“ O if I had had that cloak and that bonnet on when I came out upon John, would he not have taken me for a gipsy indeed? I only wish I had seen these things before; but it is not too late to put them on now, and run after Henry, and see if he will know me. Well, that will do;” and stooping down, she first took up the grey cloak, and giving it that sort of whirl with which females in general assume such coverings, she contrived to extract one of the corking-pins from the back of her frock, to supply the place of the strings usually attached to the collars of cloaks; and then twisting her neck as far round as was convenient, she examined the effect of the ragged grey fringe over the lower regions of her skirts. It was then and there that she first discovered a compound fracture in her black silk petticoat—black it is said, for her aunt was far too strongly wedded to old usages to allow of such an innovation as a white petticoat in deep mourning.

“ Well,” she cried, “ when could that have come? Where could I have been to have got such a rent? How shall I get it sewed up? but any how it looks well with the cloak if it was to happen.”

Bessy’s inspection of the lower parts of her dress having been thus approvingly made, she proceeded to the arrangement of the upper part; and first, loosening her hair, and bringing it much more forward so as to hide a great part of her face, she drew the hood of the cloak over her head, and fixed the bonnet on the top of all; and then exclaiming, “ I am sure Henry won’t know me now,” she started off again, following in the direction in which she had seen the child, although the destined victim of her witcheries had gone quite out of sight whilst she had been assuming her elegant disguise. She had not run far, however, when she caught a second glimpse of the little boy; and though he was out of sight again in a moment, it was sufficient to confirm Bessy in her belief that she was going the right way to catch him, for these pleasure grounds had never before been seen by her.

So on she ran in the steps of the little boy, though the pursued and the pursuer were so far apart, that had the one or the other stopped and listened they could not have heard the other's steps crunching the gravel. They went with the winged action of light-hearted and healthful youth; the very change of place, and the gentle encounter of the air, as it rushed by them, being strength and joy to their frames.

When arrived at the entrance of the glen, Henry took the way to the right along the nearest side of the hill, moving still more quickly as the gentle descent towards the lower part of the dingle ended his progress. Bessy was at the same entrance scarcely a minute after him, and just in time to see his small figure again on beyond where the brook made a bend in compliance with the form of its banks, and the path by its side, again appearing, after having been hidden for some yards in its nearer course, by the clustering bushes which arched over it.

At the instant that Bessy caught this glimpse of Henry, he was entering on a portion of the path which had been scooped in a rocky elevation which enclosed the brook on either side, in that part of the pleasure grounds. This passage was some yards in length, and the ivy and briony which had been set about it, and hung in wild festoons from above, rendered it a fit place for owls and bats, even at the brightest hour of a summer's noon. "Ah!" cried Bessy, as she stood to look about her a moment, there is a dark passage—I see its mouth! there I must meet Henry;" and having picked up a pebble to put in her mouth, a trick she had learned at school, for disguising the voice, she set off again to be ready, under the festoons of the creepers, to assail the little boy on his return—not in the least apprehending that she was preparing an alarm, which might, in some cases, prove most injurious to so young a child.

Thus unkind does thoughtlessness often prove, in many circumstances of life, and little as some under-

stand it so to do, does it often produce more mischief than more decided acts of hostility.

Let the young take this sentiment to heart—the young and the affectionate; and those, who like our giddy Bessy, really wish to do right, and cherish no unkindly purposes.

Henry ran on after he had threaded the excavated passage, until he had not only ascertained by eye, but by many calls, that John was no where thereabouts; and Bessy, who by that time, was ensconced in a dark corner, heard the whole dell resound with the name of John! for want of another echo, the child performing the part of his own reverberator. The sound did not reach the ears of Bessy only, for it so happened that when he began to call, the Captain and his son were crossing the bridge,—so frequently mentioned aforetime, Tom, being on his way to spend the day with an acquaintance not far off, and his father having undertaken to convoy him a part of his progress.

It was on the midway of the bridge that they first heard the cry, and there the elder gentleman proposed that they should come *to*, till they could ascertain what this cry meant—for they recognized the voice of Henry.

When the child had made up his mind that his friend John was nowhere thereabouts—for when had John ever heard his voice and not answered?—he ceased to call, and came leisurely back again, Bessy being still in her dark corner, and the Captain and his son on the bridge.

Silence was thus so nearly restored to the glen, that the chatter of the jay, and others of the pyet kind—the rush of the waterfall above, and the warblings of the thrush and the blackbird, came distinctly to the ear.

“It is all quiet, now,” remarked Captain Fairchild; “may be those were not signals of distress, but that the child was trying his guns by way of sport: however, we will give ear for a few seconds more;”—and he had hardly uttered these words, when a shrill sharp cry from the little boy coming ringing up the valley, caused

both father and son to quit the bridge, and steer away, as the former said, in the direction of the signal.

Bessy had sprung out upon Henry as soon as he had entered the covered way, muttering, as she stood in the middle of the path, "A few halfpence, young master, for a poor starving wanderer that has not broken fast these twenty-four hours!—who has a father and mother and ten tall sons starving at home, and is now ready to lie down and die."

"Halfpence!" repeated poor Henry, in a tremulous choking voice: "I have got none here, poor woman! but if you will go to the house, I will get some for you, and something to eat and drink."

"I can't go to the house," replied Bessy, in the gruffest voice she could assume: "I am a thief and a vagrant, and a gipsy, and a witch! and I should be taken up! I can't go beyond these dark woods, and I must not tell where the cave is—where my father and my mother, and my ten tall sons are,—for if they were taken, they would be hanged!—all of them, in a row. I must have money, now! now! now!"—and she spread her arms beneath her cloak, and made herself look too broad to admit the little boy to pass on either side of her, which he was trying to do.

"Money! money!" repeated Bessy, "and if you will not give me money, I shall take you under my cloak to our cave; and we will sell your clothes, and dress you in old skins—and you shall wait on my father and my mother, and my ten tall sons!"

"I don't fear you," returned Henry, summoning all his courage—"you dare not hurt me: you are not strong enough to carry me away!" and very manfully did the little man play his part, though his young heart beat as it had not often beaten before. At length, Bessy perceiving that he was preparing to bolt the way he had come, back towards the bottom of the glen, sprang upon him, and seized him by the shoulders, whereupon he uttered the ringing cry which had reached his friends on the bridge; and on this cry being repeated, it was

answered by such a hollah from the Captain, as made the whole glen resound from utmost waterfall to farthest bog, and the thunder came rolling under the excavated way with a most appalling effect.

Bessy instantly loosed her hold of Henry, who, rushing by her, fled by his uncle and Tom without staying to observe whether they were friends or enemies—running with all his power towards the house, whilst Tom, taking his way at the edge of the bed of the brook, between the water and the curtain of trailing plants, intercepted Bessy as she was flying to hide herself in some friendly thicket, if so it might be, in the direction of the bog; and so quick was the youth that before his father had reached the other entrance of the covered way, he appeared, dragging the half-laughing, half-frightened girl by one arm—it must be confessed neither in the most tender nor most courteous style. “There,” he said, as he gave her a push towards his father, “there is the cause of the poor boy’s cries; if it can be effected by any interest I can use, the vagrant shall have a month at the tread-mill for this.”

As yet Tom, being in a line with Bessy, had not seen her face—he saw indeed a ragged cloak, and a fringed petticoat, an ill-omened bonnet, and a profusion of tangled hair; and probably at that moment he was thinking no more of Miss Goodriche than if she had been a thousand leagues distant from him: but not so the Captain, who was nearly opposite to her as she was dragged out of the gloomy passage—“in spite,” as he afterwards said, “of her strange flags and smeared hull, I knew the figure-head in the twinkling of an eye; I recognized the mischievous little craft, and knew her to be nothing much to fear, but I was resolved to make her lower her colours before I would sail in consort with her again.”

According with the above, though he knew his young favourite at once by a smile, which, notwithstanding some uneasiness at being thus detected in so wild a frolic, would force itself to appear on her lips—he took

up Tom's word of vagrant and his threatening of the tread-wheel, and shaking his walking staff, added—“Come, mistress, step on if you please towards the house, and there you shall be delivered to such keeping as will prevent you for one while from going about the country in such guise, frightening little children out of their very wits.”

But the Captain was not one who could carry false colours any length of time with much effect; nor was he one whom Bessy was disposed to fear—she very soon made him acknowledge her: and when he bade her wash her face in the brook, and throw her rags into the water, and get home as fast as she could, and put on decent attire, she read nothing in his countenance but sincere approbation of her cleverness, and the merry humour which suggested these masqueradings.

But not so was it with the Captain's son: no sooner did he understand who it was whom he had dragged into light, than severe disapprobation manifested itself on his countenance.

He had yet, indeed, seen very little of Bessy, and that little had not taken his fancy; but she was a protégé of his aunt's, and a friend of his cousins, and it was with little short of disgust that he looked upon her figure, and thought of her whole frolic. “For shame, Miss Goodriche,” he said; “do you so little understand what a young lady ought to be as not to know how thoroughly you degrade yourself by such low practical jests as these, and by showing how easily you can imitate the most despicable characters? I am astonished that my father can smile at you! I cannot comprehend how a girl of any education, and one associated with refined persons, can sink herself so low, even supposing her to have no higher motives to restrain her:” and he turned away with a look which, to a sensitive girl, would have cut deeper than his words.

Nor was “the grave rebuke severe,” delivered as it was from one so near her own age, wholly lost on the young girl; and although the indulgence of Captain



Fairchild rather counteracted its effect, yet was it sufficiently powerful to prevent her boasting of what she had done when she returned home.

In one point of view it might, perhaps, have been better if she had so done; that is, if even in a boastful way she had made a confession of her misconduct, it would have been better than to have given way to further a deception, which, in consequence of her first want of openness with her real friends, she was drawn in to do.

Captain Fairchild, when pursuing his walk with his son, admonished him that he had spoken severely, and there ensued something of a warm argument between the two, in which the Captain asserted that Bessy was a fine creature, and had an admirable talent for personifying character, whilst Tom asserted, that he considered a talent of such kind the very worst defect a female character could possess.

Whereupon the Captain, having directed his son which way to steer, turned about, saying—"As we can't sail together in a very agreeable way this morning, you being disposed, I find, to carry more sail than suits my notions, I will drop astern, and so good morning to you, my boy."

Before the Captain reached his brother's house, Bessy had got back to her own bed-room with perfect success. She had washed her face in the brook—deposited the old garments where she had found them, undetected by the owner, and by dodging and running had got, unseen, to her own especial apartment.

*A Prayer of a young person confessing his weakness and imploring a continual supply of grace.*

Blessed Lord and Father! make me, a poor, weak, and self-sufficient creature, through the enlightening influence of thy Divine Spirit, to be more and more convinced, from day to day, that all my wisdom, all my

discretion, all my good conduct in this present life consists in being conformed to thy will, not only in greater but in lesser matters.

O! make me to understand that when in my self-conceit I plan schemes for my own pleasure, or to make myself admired by other people, I invariably make myself unhappy or contemptible; and when I think of nothing but of selfishly amusing myself, I often fall into unkindness and even cruelty to others.

O! when shall I and all those now living in this world, enter into that happiness, that pure and perfect happiness of which the holy scriptures speak? Make me, O Lord, to understand the answer to this inquiry, and ever to bear it in mind, that I can never enjoy peace in this world, or glory in that which is to come, until my mind is wholly and entirely conformed to thy will—and until, through the inspiration of the new nature, I have received power to overcome the influences of that old nature, which is ever prompting me to self-pleasing, and to all those acts of folly which proceed from this corrupt source.

Whilst I am under the tutorage of my elders, give me the grace to submit to their control, wherever that control is exercised according to thy divine will, knowing that the parental authority in the creature is the representation of that which is divine, and that the child who submits to his parent under this belief, proves that he acknowledges that supreme being from whom all created authorities proceed.

I implore thee, then, O glorious Spirit! to supply me from hour to hour with that grace by which I may not only be conformed to thy will, but in thee, to that of all those to whom I am subjected in this present life; and this not only in the greater but also in the lesser affairs of life, for in thee only is my strength, and without thee I am tossed by every temptation, and am the slave of every folly.

Glory then be to thee, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now, and for evermore. Amen.

## HYMN.

To keep the lamp alive,  
 With oil we fill the bowl;  
 'Tis water makes the willows thrive,  
 And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand  
 Supplies the living stream—  
 It is not at our own command,  
 But still derived from him.

Man's wisdom is to seek  
 His strength from God alone;  
 And e'en an angel would be weak  
 Who trusted in his own.

O! safe beneath his wings,  
 We in his grace confide:  
 This more exalts the King of kings,  
 Than all thy works beside.

In Jesus is our love,  
 Grace issues from his throne!  
 Whoever says I want no more,  
 Confesses he has none.

## CHAPTER XV.

"PAPA," said Miss Louisa, one morning, when she found herself in the breakfast-room alone with her father, before any of the rest of the family had made their appearance—"papa, do you know what is to happen next Friday?"

"Next Friday, my dear," replied the Captain, "no, to be sure, unless it is that I must be off to London, as I have business there early on Saturday morning."

"Ah, I know that," said Louisa, "but I have thought of a plan, papa—such a very nice plan, for our going part of the way to London with you, spending a most pleasant day—and then whilst you pursued your road to town, we should quietly return to the Grove."

"What is it? what is it? my dear," inquired the Captain, "and who are the we?"

"Why, papa, you must know that next Friday there is an archery meeting at Reading, or rather somewhere on the other side of the town—I know where, and you know you like an archery meeting better than any public amusement, and I am so fond of it too; what should hinder, papa, for you, and I, and Tom, and Emily, going to see what is to be seen? Emily and myself would so enjoy it, papa! And then you might get into one of the coaches, and so be taken up to London, whilst Tom took charge of us to the Grove. Would it not be a nice arrangement, papa? I am quite bent upon it, and dear little Emily has never seen anything of the sort before—she would be so delighted!"

"And why not take Lucy and Henry, and that Miss Bessy, too?" inquired the good-natured Captain; "can't we take them all, Louisa?"

"Take that Bessy Goodriche, papa—that vulgar girl! why I would rather stay at the Grove than take her; she would disgrace us for ever. O dear no, we have enough of her company here without being bored with it elsewhere; and if Lucy goes we must take Bessy, so that they had better both stay at home together, and Henry is such a child, he would be so in our way—oh! I would not take charge of the little plague for a dozen archery meetings."

"Well, well, my dear," replied her father—"well, well, but would it not be as wise to leave Emily behind with her sister?"

"No, papa," returned Louisa, "for many reasons I wish to take Emily; the child is more presentable than her sister—something might be made of her: and then if I have Emily with me, I may go about and speak to

our friends, which I could not do if I had not the child with me, and I don't want to keep you by my side all day—you know I like liberty, and so do you too, papa; and as to Tom, I don't want to depend upon him except in the coming home."

"Well, you must have your own way, my dear," said the Captain; "manage me as you like—but what is it you want me to do—how are we to go?"

"I should like to go in the phaeton, papa," she answered, "with a servant in attendance, and Tom can ride. The phaeton is quite large enough for you and me and the child; and then you know by going that way we have no seats to offer to any one else—and you might make a favour, papa, of taking Emily?"

Captain Fairchild had no time to answer, for at that moment his brother entered the room, and the bell being rung for prayers, no more was said upon the subject excepting a whisper from Louisa to her father, not to mention the matter before Mr. Fairchild, and to wait till she thought the opportunity a fair one.

Captain Fairchild indulged his daughter to the very utmost extent of indulgence, being neither restrained by fear of consequences, or suspicious of the occasionally unamiable motives of her actions. In this instance of the archery meeting, she was guided by two causes of action: a wish to annoy Bessy, and through Bessy, Lucy. And, perhaps, the second cause was even a more selfish one; she desired a liberty of going whither she would, as chance might call at the scene of entertainment, and she felt that Emily would be no constraint—whilst at the same time she had the appearance of having a female companion, which would give an air of propriety in the situation in which she desired to place herself. "With papa, and Emily," she had said to Mrs. Tilney, "the world can say nothing at my appearing without some lady to take charge of me; and yet as far as these having any restraint upon me, I might as well have two sticks to control me."

Louisa had not long to wait for an opportunity to speak to her aunt respecting the archery fete. The children, with Bessy, had left the room to prepare for Miss Farmer; Mr. Fairchild was called out by his steward, and thus it happened Mrs. Fairchild was left in the breakfast-room alone with her niece and her brother-in-law; and the young lady, having given the hint agreed upon, Captain Fairchild at once broke the matter by saying, "Sister, I am going to ask you to grant me a favour. I must leave you on Friday, I am sorry to say, but as there is an archery meeting on that day, I have arranged with Louisa to go in one of the coaches to town. Now I should like my girl to go with me to be present at the gala; and as I suppose Edward can let me have the phaeton, we shall have one seat to spare; which, however, must be for a little one. Louisa and myself would much like Emily to go with us. If you could let one of the footmen accompany us he would be of great service, and he could lead back Tom's horse, for I should want Tom to drive home his sister."

"A very nice arrangement, brother," replied Mrs. Fairchild, "with only one exception. You must excuse me, when I say, I think Emily would be better left out of the scheme."

"O, you must not think of that for an instant," exclaimed the Captain, "the little maid would so enjoy herself, and really Louisa would want some lady companion during the day."

"But I do not like to part the sisters," replied Mrs. Fairchild, "and Emily is the younger too. It would not be fair to give her such a treat over her elder sister."

"I am sorry we can't take both," exclaimed the good-natured Captain, "but I fear—" and he looked at his daughter.

"I think, considering the danger of the arrows," said the artful Louisa, "I had better take charge only of one."

"You mistake me. I do not wish Lucy to go, my

dear," remarked Mrs. Fairchild; "in fact, I think Emily had better stay at home too—they have never seen anything of the sort, and the excitement, I fear, would be too much for her."

"Then, if she has not seen anything of the sort before, it is time she should see it now," urged the Captain; "not only for Louisa's sake, but for the child's sake, I must entreat you, sister, to let her go."

Mrs. Fairchild, however, would not give her consent, at least, she added, till she had consulted her husband upon the matter.

"Then let me speak to Edward, sister," said the Captain, "for I really do wish the child to go very much, and so does Louisa, and we should be very much disappointed if she does not go."

Mrs. Fairchild made no reply, but in her own mind she determined to consult with her husband upon the matter. She did not approve of Emily's going without her sister, and that was an objection she could urge to Captain Fairchild; but her strongest reason for opposing the scheme was, that she did not like the companions to which she must intrust her; for she knew her brother-in-law to be an easy indulgent man, with, alas! little or no true religion, whilst she considered Louisa even an enemy to what was right. The good lady liked not to confess openly this last objection, because the Captain and his daughter would not only have been offended by it, but they would not have understood her, for how can the children of this world comprehend that the children of light should ever pray to be kept out of temptation?

Whilst Mrs. Fairchild hesitated, Louisa said, "I know, aunt, that you have scarcely a minute to spare from dear grandmamma; so, if it is on account of Emily's dress, will you allow me to take the trouble off your hands?—a clean white frock with her velvet spencer, and perhaps a little fresh ribbon on her bonnet, and a new cap, will make her as nice as she need be, for she is still quite a child. If you permit her, then, to accom-

pany us, it would be a real pleasure to me to ride over to Reading to Simpson's, where grandmamma deals, and get her some trimmings and a new pair of gloves."

Mrs. Fairchild was so much in earnest in her desire to keep Emily at home, that she allowed this artful speech to pass, for every word was studied beforehand by Miss Louisa; she even with her usual politeness thanked her niece for the trouble she was imposing on herself, though she could not but add, "I do not on Lucy's account, my dear Louisa, wish Emily to go."

"O, if that is all," exclaimed the Captain, "we must find some other treat for Miss Lucy," and hastily leaving the room, he went into the school-room, where he knew he should find the little girls preparing for the arrival of Miss Farmer.

"Miss Lucy," he said, "I am come to ask a favour of you—will you grant it?"

"O that I will, uncle," she answered, with her usual warmth of manner, and running up to him.

"Then come with me to the breakfast-parlour, my dear," he replied, "and you too, my little Miss Emily, and then you shall hear what it is I am about to request."

Louisa had guessed for what purpose her father had left the room; she had therefore detained her aunt, who would have willingly gone in search of Mr. Fairchild, to arrange with him what should be done about this archery meeting, that Captain Fairchild should not be offended, and yet Emily be detained at home. The young lady was therefore speaking about some geraniums, and asking her aunt some trifling question about them, the answer of which she cared not to hear, when the Captain entered, holding each little girl by the hand. "Here, sister," he said, "I have brought the persons most concerned in the affair, and, Miss Lucy, it is for you to decide. My daughter and myself are going on Friday to the archery meeting, of which no doubt you have heard, and we have room for one little person on the seat between us. Will you then, little lady, be



generous enough to say that you will give up the treat to Miss Emily?"

It must be remembered, that Lucy was by nature a somewhat jealous child—witness the story of the strawberry and the doll given to Emily; but she was old enough to desire such bad feelings should be concealed from the world, though I am sorry to say, that in this instance, though fully aware of the vile passion that had taken hold of her mind, she did not attempt to pray for strength, where strength only is to be found.

A tear rose in her eye at this acknowledged preference to her sister, but she swallowed her feelings as one might say, and her naughty pride coming to her help, she said, though in a tone of voice that sounded harshly on her mamma's ear, "O! I should like Emily to go very much; I should be very sorry to keep her at home on my account." Mrs. Fairchild looked to see if there was any pleasure in the eyes of Lucy at thus giving up to her sister, but there was none, and the mother even fancied she read there a look of anger, but she could not be certain, for Emily ran up to Lucy kissing and thanking her, but expressing no astonishment at the affair, proving to the mother that Louisa had before informed the child of her intention in her favour.

On this speech of Lucy's, the Captain, who never saw deeply into anything, highly applauded the little girl for her generosity, asked her what he could do to make it up to her, and proposed giving Bessy and herself a ride in the phaeton that very day, and so gaining her a holiday, whilst, as he said, his daughter looked to the riggings of herself and Miss Emily, to see that they were all tight and right for the Friday.

"But Mr. Fairchild has not yet been consulted in the matter," said Mrs. Fairchild; "and though Lucy has done what is required of her, we must not consider the matter settled at present. I have other objections—you must excuse me, Captain Fairchild, if I cannot name them to you now."

"Well, well," exclaimed the Captain, "the ship is in

good sail now ; it will be strange if the breeze should rise, and blow us off in a contrary direction ; but I know where Edward is—I will go and speak to him, and you must excuse me, sister, if I say I should like to see him before you have had an opportunity of talking him over to your own side of the matter.” So saying, the good-natured, though ill-judged gentleman, left the room laughing, and, as might have been expected, he did not allow the affair to drop till he had gained a reluctant consent from the parents ; for how could they say that they did not like to trust their little girl for a few hours in the company of one whom, if she lost her own parents, was her natural guardian and protector.”

As he left the room, Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy to her, saying, “ My Lucy, I wish to speak to you a moment before Miss Farmer comes.” Whether it was that the little girl guessed what it was her mamma wished to say to her, or whatever else it might be that clouded her countenance, certainly it was without her usual alacrity she accompanied Mrs. Fairchild from the breakfast-parlour.

“ Now that your mamma is engaged with Lucy, and can't want you, Emily,” said Louisa, “ you had better let me see your frocks, that I may choose one for Tilney to get ready for you on Friday.”

“ But do you think papa will let me go ?” asked Emily ; “ I do so hope uncle Fairchild will be able to persuade papa to let me go.”

“ Oh, trust my papa for that,” said Louisa ; “ when he is set upon anything it is very difficult to turn him, as I know to my cost : but come, don't let us lose time. Are your white frocks in your bed-room ?”

“ Yes,” answered Emily ; “ but are you, cousin, going to see to my dress ? How kind of you, how very kind !”

“ O, I shall only give my orders to Tilney,” replied the young lady ; “ I sha'n't trouble myself with the needle-work, I promise you ; but Tilney is such a treasure, she loves handling and trimming up dresses, and

I know she has little or nothing to do now for your mamma ; so it will be quite a charity to employ her."

Louisa then told Emily how she had settled with Mrs. Fairchild about the little girl's dress ; "and so," added the artful young lady, "don't you be running backwards and forwards, Emily, troubling your mamma with what we are doing, for I know she has enough to do just now in attending to poor grandmamma, and I promised I would take all responsibility on myself ; and therefore remember, child, we must spare her all petty annoyances about half a yard of ribbon, and so forth."

"That is," cried Bessy, suddenly crossing their path, and addressing herself to Miss Louisa—"that is, I suppose, if you should find out this said ribbon to be like Dick's hatband, which would go three times round and would not tie, or would go twice round and then tie with such long bows and ends, that they would only suit for a Mother Shipton's streamers, and not for a decent ploughman, as our friend Dick was."

"How absurd you are, Miss Goodriche," exclaimed Louisa, "but you seemed in a hurry, and so am I. Let us each go to our own business, and not stand talking idly here."

"With all the pleasure in life," cried Bessy ; "and if we must have a race together, I should prefer starting back to back, though then I must say I should be sadly sorry to find the world a round one."

Louisa took no notice of this last remark, except by tossing her head in a most contemptuous manner, and probably the irritation roused by Bessy's speech vented itself somewhat in her unamiable comments on Emily's white frocks, as the little girl took one by one out of the drawer, and unfolded them before her cousin.

"They are all a mass of trumpery," exclaimed Miss Louisa, as poor Emily unfolded the last in the drawer, and looked anxiously in her cousin's face in hopes that this, which she considered her best, might give some satisfaction. "All trumpery together, fit only for a Sun-

day scholar's fête, short waists, long skirts, and a very mean supply of lace. I don't see what is to be done with them.—Go to my room, child, ring the bell twice for Tilney, and then ask her to come here to me. I must consult her about what is to be done."

Emily did as directed, but though she was in some degree thankful for what she considered Louisa's great condescension in looking over her dress for the Friday, yet she was much annoyed and really hurt at her contemptuous remarks upon her frocks; but Emily hardly to herself acknowledged this latter feeling, and certainly would not have done so to any one else. When Mrs. Tilney appeared, Louisa informed her that it was most likely that Emily would accompany them to the archery meeting, "and therefore, dear Tilney," she said, for she was at times very familiar with the lady's maid, "I shall depend upon you to make the child fit to be seen."

"It is always a pleasure to me," replied the servant, "to do anything for my dear Miss Emily, she is so pretty, and so good, and so civil spoken; but Miss Fairchild, I shall want something new, to do what I want to do."

"Some muslin, I suppose," said Louisa, "and a little love ribbon, or white crape, for the bonnet. Well, nothing can be more innocent;" and she smiled a most displeasing smile, as if she would have said, "but you and I, Tilney, know how to work up these things in a way that is not innocent."

"To be sure, to be sure," replied Mrs. Tilney, "but have you permission to get these things, Miss Louisa?"

"Yes, I have permission to get the necessary trimmings at Simpson's, in Reading," she replied; "so see to your quantities, and make no mistake, for it may not be convenient for me to go over twice; and I shall certainly ride there to-day, as I want to do some shopping for myself. But now I have something to say to Mrs. Tilney, Emily, that I can't very well say before you. I have my own dress to talk of, so you may go, my dear; but, mind, you must not trouble your mamma about

your dress, for, as I told you before, she has enough to do with the old lady."

As soon as Emily had left the room, Louisa turned to her confederate, and said, "Choose out the best dress, there's a good creature, and tuck it the right length, rather short than long, and then measure what you will want to flounce it to the waste. You must have a new body, or perhaps the spencer will hide that, for we have not too much time for work; then some black lace on the spencer itself, made as a deeper frill, will lengthen the waist; and as to the bonnet, I suppose we must not have flowers, but let there be plenty of bows inside, with a French blonde cap, for the mourning is only for a cousin; it need not be so very deep."

"I shall want some white lace for the spencer-cuffs, and round the throat," said Mrs. Tilney, "and then I think we shall do."

"Has not my aunt any that you could use?" inquired Louisa.

"O, my dear Miss," replied the lady's maid, "I scarcely think she has a bit of real lace amongst all her things. You never in your life saw so plain a wardrobe. I should be sorry to change, that's all I know: she has no lace nor work upon any petticoat, or even handkerchief, though, I must say, the mere stitching is beautiful—quite a sight."

"Well, we must have what's wanted," said Louisa, "and it must be put down in the bill; so make haste, and let me know, and I will go and see who can ride with or behind me to Reading."

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Fairchild had taken Lucy's hand, and led her, without speaking, to the little room within her own, where Henry slept, as being the most retired, and thus she had missed hearing anything that passed in her little girls' room, as Louisa had entered with Emily by an outward door which opened on the passage.

The first movement of Mrs. Fairchild after she had seated herself, was to draw her little daughter to her, and to kiss her cheek, which was hot and flushed, as if

some painful feeling had sent the blood up there from the heart ; and the passive manner in which Lucy received the caress—so unlike her wonted warmth—but too painfully convinced her mother that she had read but too clearly the feelings of her child when she gave up the proposed pleasure to her younger sister. She resolved, however, to deal plainly with her, though to temperate that plainness with all the kindness which her heart suggested ; for she felt that her little girl was under a trial, but too well suited to her especial tendencies ; for Lucy had betrayed a spirit of jealousy in several well-remembered former instances.

“ My Lucy,” said the affectionate mother, “ I did not like the expression of your countenance when you gave up to your Emily in the proposed scheme of amusement. It cannot be always as it was in the sweet home of your childhood, when the world and worldly persons stepped so seldom between you and your Emily ; but you must now expect that these things will be often occurring, and that subjects of discord of this kind will be daily arising, without the possibility of prevention from your most watchful friends ; and as you advance in years, probably more serious causes of rivalry and jealousy may arise ; and that, unless our glorious Father and Friend on high interferes in controlling your jealous feelings, my Lucy, the sweet peace and happiness of your early days, spent in the society of your Emily, will be no more than a dream which passes away, leaving no traces behind it.” In this place, Mrs. Fairchild could not prevent the tears from gushing from her eyes, but Lucy saw them not ; she was looking down, and as her mamma seemed to expect her to make some reply, she answered,

“ I am not jealous of Emily : why do you think I am so, mamma ?”

“ I thought that you were so, by your manner, my child,” replied Mrs. Fairchild ; “ and fearing that this tendency to jealousy was rather a besetment of yours, I judged it right to deal sincerely with you.”

"Why do you think that I am inclined to be jealous?" asked Lucy, sulkily.

"Because," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I remember that you were very jealous when Lady Noble gave your sister a doll, and that you have confessed such feelings since then several times to your own affectionate mother; and now that I see the world trying you again, and more severely perhaps, how could I refrain from warning you of your danger, and directing you to the Friend on high, who will assuredly strengthen and enable you to pass unhurt through every snare?"

"I am sure," returned Lucy, with a sob, "the world does not try me much, mamma. It takes very little notice of me. It is not me that Mrs. Tilney calls pretty, or me whom Louisa wants to show to the company at the regatta. I am sure Emily is in much more danger from the world than I am. Why don't you speak to her, mamma?"

"And this from Lucy—my own Lucy," thought the sorrowing mother. "Here, then, is a stronger proof than it ever yet pleased my God to give me, that unless the Divine Spirit blesses the endeavours, no teaching has power to prevail with the subject on which it is expended. In my regretted retirement, could I have learned this lesson so soon; and yet I needed it—how little, how very little, did I comprehend my utter inability to direct my children in the right way when first I became their teacher! How little did I comprehend the weakness of the law in leading my children up to their God! and though I have long been brought to renounce the law as a means of grace, yet I still required this lesson, and to be made to see, that when he withdraws his light from the child whom I thought the most confirmed in what was right, she sinks at once under the first temptation which assails her."

These reflections ran rapidly through the mother's breast, whilst her tearful eyes rested on her first-born, who stood before her, silent and sullen, in deep meditation on the injustice with which she supposed herself to have

been treated. And as Mrs. Fairchild felt that it could avail nothing to reason any longer with her at that time, she took her hand, and causing her to kneel by her at the side of Henry's little bed, she poured forth a short prayer, in which she petitioned Him who had already heard her before she called, to preserve her children from the temptations of the world, and continue the peace to them with which they had been blessed in retirement.

## PRAYER.

O thou high and mighty Three in One, hear the prayer of an anxious, though, through thy mercy, not fearing, doubting parent, who humbly entreats thee that the supplication which the Divine Mediator, when in the flesh, lifted up in behalf of his apostles, and of all those who should believe on him through their word,—may be rendered speedily effective in that of her children. We do not pray—for so are we directed by thee—that they may be taken out of the world, but that they may be kept from evil; that they may be sanctified through thy truth. Thy word is truth; and that as thou wast, whilst in the world, may they be kept blameless in it—that being one with thee, O glorious Redeemer, as thou art one with the Father, they may ever remember that they are not of the world, as thou wast not, even when dwelling within it. Humbly, then, awaiting the blessing from on high, I desire to commit all my cares to thee the Father and the Divine Spirit, now and for evermore. Amen.

## HYMN.

Happiness, thou lovely name,  
 Where's thy seat, oh, tell me where?  
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
 All cry out, "It is not here."  
 Not the wisdom of the wise  
 Can inform me where it lies;  
 Not the grandeur of the great  
 Can the bliss I seek create.



Object of my best desire,  
 Jesus, crucify'd for me;  
 All to happiness aspire,  
 Only to be found in thee :  
 Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
 Constitute our bliss below ;  
 Thee to see, and thee to love,  
 Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,  
 If thy presence thou deny ;  
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
 'Tis no longer death to die.  
 Source and giver of repose,  
 Singly from thy smile it flows ;  
 Peace and happiness are thine,  
 Mine they are if thou art mine.

Whilst I see thy love to me,  
 Ev'ry object teems with joy ;  
 Here, O may I walk with thee,  
 Then in thy bless'd presence die !  
 Let me but thyself possess,  
 Total sum of happiness !  
 Real bliss I then shall prove,  
 Heav'n below and heav'n above.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Louisa returned from Reading, after ordering the muslin and other etceteras to complete Emily's dress for the following Friday, she was in a high state of delight—so high, indeed, that she was more gracious than usual to Lucy ; and even Bessy was honoured with a shade of notice.

“ Would you believe it, Tom,” she said, “ that whilst I was in Reading, I saw Lady Catherine Tollemache's carriage standing at Dr. Rowley's door. I did not know what to do ; for I feared, if I was to make a call on Mrs. Rowley, her ladyship might be closetted with the doctor, and then I should miss her ; and yet I did not like riding up and down the street before the door, as if I had been a servant in waiting.”

"And what did you want to see that disagreeable woman for?" asked Tom.

"Disagreeable woman!" cried his sister; "why Lady Catherine is an Earl's daughter."

"And if she was a Duke's daughter, or a King's daughter, or a Queen in her own right," cried Tom, "she would be a disagreeable woman, let who would say to the contrary."

"How absurd of you, Tom!" said his sister; "why she is a most elegant, interesting person—decidedly the most elegant lady *we* know; and Mr. Sherridge Tollemache is, without exception, the most gentlemanly man of our acquaintance. I only wish, Tom, you had but the very slightest resemblance to him; his manner is above praise, even that most difficult of all things—I mean, the first address to strangers is in him unexceptionable; it has all the freedom of the foreigner, with the polish of the highest of our aristocracy. I can assure you, Tom, that Mr. Sherridge Tollemache is a most superior acquaintance, and a bow or smile from Lady Catherine is a great condescension. They are enormously rich too."

"But what good do their riches do me?" said her brother; "and as to Lady Catherine's smiles—I have heard of people grinning through horse-collars, and I should say your fine friend would not look more pleasing to my eyes than an unlucky wight in such a situation."

"O fie, Tom!—fie! I don't think you can ever have seen Lady Catherine."

"Have not I?" said Tom, "and have I not witnessed also the unexceptionable first address of Mr. Sherridge Tollemache, her lord and husband? But what were you going to say about them, Louisa? for you have left her ladyship closetted with Dr. Rowley, and yourself trotting backwards and forwards as a groom in waiting at the worthy doctor's door."

Louisa was too much accustomed to her brother's mode of speaking of persons he disliked, to attempt to

say any more to him in the lady's favour; but she added, crossly—"Well, I was going to tell you, only you interrupted me so rudely, that my fortunate stars brought out her ladyship just at the very moment when I was going to ride off in despair. She knew me after I had reminded her where we had met; and in the course of our little chat, mention being made of the archery meeting, she informed me it was to take place in her own grounds, and then she most kindly invited papa, Emily, you, and I, to the collation she gives in the marquee; and she said she intended to do herself the pleasure of calling upon my aunt some day this week."

"Then I shall certainly take myself off," cried Tom, "whenever the calling hour arrives. I hate morning visitors; and her ladyship in particular. Her husband might be well enough if he was not so purse-proud and pompous, or so stiff;—one would think he had swallowed not one, but a dozen pokers."

"O, I hope I shall see him!" said Bessy, "and Lady Catherine too. Do you know, I have never seen an Earl's daughter."

"And so, like the countryman in the old song, Miss Goodriche," replied Tom, "you are expecting to see your King having one arm a lion and the other a unicorn."

"No, but I expect some fun though, Mr. Tom," replied Bessy. "I only hope I sha'n't die of laughing. Of all things in the world, I love to see a very pompous man, particularly where he will be sure to be put out; and I don't think the good people here will feed his vanity. Did you ever hear, Mr. Tom, the easiest way to become rich?"

"No," said Tom.

"Why, you must buy up people at *your* price, and sell them at *their* own valuation," replied Bessy; "and this Mr. Sherridge Tollemache and his lady would be a good speculation for you to commence on, Mr. Tom,

though I should advise you not to employ Miss Louisa as your agent for buying either of the parties for you—or else you would come badly off, I fear.”

“I will trouble you, Miss Goodriche,” exclaimed Louisa, haughtily, “not to make your comments before me on my friends, particularly on those who are unknown to you.”

Bessy took no notice of this insolent remark, because, as she had once before said, if she carried out any conversation with Miss Louisa, she feared it might end in her giving that young lady “a slap on the cheek,” which she often acknowledged to Lucy would be a source of as great pleasure to her, as if she could carry about her a small engine to repair all the rents and damages done in her petticoats and dresses.

Probably, Tom, too, was afraid of some skirmish between his sister and Bessy, for he took himself off, though not so quickly, but he heard Louisa addressing herself more especially to Emily, dilating upon the very superior manners and carriage of Mr. Sherridge Tolle-mache, and the extreme elegance and gentility of Lady Catherine. “How I hate that word, elegant,” thought Tom,—“and it is used so stupidly by women! I don’t think one out of a dozen know what they mean to say by it. An elegant woman, with them, owes all her gentility to the cut of her gown, or the goodness of the trimmings of her frills and her handkerchiefs. Tilney is a better judge than Louisa, any day, of their ideas of an elegant woman; and I am not so certain but what they both think so, and that Louisa would not be sooner led by Tilney in these matters, than Tilney by Louisa.”

As Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were at that time almost constantly called upon to be with their mother, whose rapid decline, ever since her return to the Grove, was apparent to all about her, these tender parents felt themselves compelled, though not without much pain, to leave their children much more than they had ever done under any circumstances—to what an unbeliever might have called the guidance of chance; but Mr. and Mrs.

Fairchild admitted no such thing as chance in the direction of human affairs, and were enabled, through faith, to believe that it was for some wise and kind purpose that they were thus compelled by the more urgent duty, to seem to neglect one, if not inferior, at least less urgent for the moment. In consequence of these perplexities, Betty was empowered to use some authority over Bessy, in her own private apartment, and to keep a steady watch on the other young ladies and Henry in his own room—John being reminded, how valuable at that crisis, his attention to Henry out of doors was considered by his master and mistress. There were other upright servants in the establishment, but they had not yet been tested as to their dealings with children.

Of course, however, the parents' eye being often withdrawn, Lucy and Emily were subjected to hear and see much that was unprofitable in the rooms to which John and Betty had no access: unhappily there was not any check from Captain Fairchild, who took matters very coolly and easily; even the perpetual snarlings between Tom and Louisa, in which, by the bye, Tom invariably took the right side, though in a wrong way, was seldom remarked by him; whilst the flippancy of Bessy, who backed Tom against his sister—the little airs which Emily gave herself under the influences of her cousin Louisa's insinuated flatteries; and the half sullen expressions of Lucy's discontent, which were mixed up with bursts of high spirits, whenever the little girl found herself amused by the skirmishes, practical or otherwise, of Bessy and Tom, were wholly unnoticed by him.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were scarcely withdrawn on the morning after the visit of Louisa to Reading, and Miss Farmer was not yet arrived, when Louisa threw down the gauntlet, by exclaiming—"I do trust, Tom, that you do not intend to wear that odious jacket all day."

"What's the matter with my jacket, asked Tom?"

"Don't you know that the Tollemaches may call to-day?" returned Louisa.

"What then?" said Tom.

"What then!" repeated Louisa: "is not Lady Catherine the lady of the very first ton in the country?"

"Tone!" exclaimed Bessy, "then I hope we shall hear her sing."

Louisa's scorn and disgust at this very ignorant remark of Miss Goodriche, was such as to make her perfectly dumb, but the Captain laughed, and Lucy whispered—*ton* is French, Bessy, it means being in the fashion.

Louisa, as her papa would have said, had been taken aback by Bessy's blundering puff—but she presently came in again with her sails filled, and made another attack upon her brother.

"I do not suppose that you have sufficient refinement, Tom," she said, "to understand and appreciate the very superior elegance of Lady Catherine; but I really wish that you would pay some little attention to the style of Mr. Sherridge Tollemache, as I told you before. I can assure you that he is esteemed the very pink and pattern of all that is elegant and superior in manner, in so much so, that it is enough for Mr. Sherridge Tollemache to adopt any new article of dress for it to become the ton immediately. The Sherridge Tollemache opera tie was the rage in town all last season—and the Sherridge Tollemache cane was in the hand of every man of fashion at the west end, during three months last winter—these things were told me from indubitable authority."

"I should be sorry to have the cane in my hand," replied Tom, "lest I should apply it to the shoulders of the puppy himself, for I never saw a fellow whose first address disgusted me more than that of your elegant man, Miss Louisa."

The look which the young lady gave her brother, in reply, indicated nothing less than that she judged him unworthy of farther notice. Her next speech was made to the company in general, and in the style of one who

considers that there could be no appeal from her authority. "Mr. Sherridge Tollemache," she said, "is allowed by all persons, who can know any thing about such matters, to be the present most superior example of the high-bred and elegant man, which our aristocracy can boast, and it is universally allowed, the opinion of the accomplished and refined Mr. Tom Fairchild being the only dissenting one, that his first address is unexceptionable, that he enters a room in a style which belongs to himself only—a style of *je ne sais quoi*,—in short, of inimitable elegance; and I only wish that my brother would condescend to observe and imitate that first address, that *entré si tant vanté* in the higher circles, and then I should be spared all future cause to blush for him when he enters a superior presence, as I too often have cause to do."

On hearing all this, Tom began to whistle, but was reproved by his father, who remarked, "that the wind was high enough already and needed no such unwarrantable means to raise it into a tempest."

Much of the day was spent by Louisa in watching for the approach of the Tollemache equipage, from the window; and as the morning passed, she became more and more uneasy lest it should arrive at the hour of the family dinner. "What!" said she to Mrs. Tilney, "what can be done if it should so happen?—if Lady Catherine, when she arrives, discovers the horrid early hour at which we dine in this shocking place?"

"Just tell her," replied the handmaid, "that the family takes a hot luncheon about two o'clock and dinner at seven or eight—nothing, you know, can be more genteeler than that, though it may be, as I was told by a lady's-maid from Bath, who was here on a visit last summer, that the luncheon was the only hot meal her lady ever tasted, and that this was always brought in a tray from the *trator's* in the next street."

"Very good, Tilney," replied Louisa, "I shall be prepared, but I must not let even that child, Emily, hear me speak of this eight o'clock dinner—the little

simpleton, I am sure, would be putting me to rights if she heard me making such a faux pas."

"Well! Miss Fairchild, and how should you expect any thing else from the sweet little lady, brought up as she has been in such an out of the way manner?"

Dinner, however, passed, and the dessert was removed, and every body scattered, and still no Lady Tollemache; though Louisa, knowing how late the hours of fashionable ladies are, had not given her up when called to tea in the same breakfast-parlour in which the family had hitherto taken all their meals, with the exception of dinner, since they had come to the Grove.

Now, this said room had been a particularly favourite resort of the old lady, and in it she had preserved that style of furniture and decoration which she remembered in her younger years: the room was pannelled and floored with oak; the chairs and tables, as Louisa used to say, looked as if they had come out of Noah's ark—the figures of Dresden china ranged on the very lofty mantel-shelf, might well have been the prototypes of all the china shepherds and shepherdesses that ever went through the furnaces of that city; and the pieces of framed and glazed chenelle work which hung upon the walls, were memorials of the state of that art in the seminary of the Old Abbey House, at Reading, when their venerable fabricator was a blooming little miss. To finish the picture of this said apartment, its area was very large, but the ceiling was very low, for it belonged to the old portion of the house, and the uncarpeted parts of the floor left visible were as bright as a well-polished table. The family were all met at tea in this said parlour, we fear to say, above two hours before that fixed for Louisa's unsubstantial dinner, when steps were heard in the hall, and Mr. Fearing threw open the parlour door, announcing Lady Catherine Tollemache.

"O!" thought Louisa, "I shall certainly expire: that so elegant a woman should find us at tea, like a company of washerwomen, at such an hour, and no possibility of



pleading a late dinner in expectation." This appalling reflection was in fact so overpowering to the young lady, that she lost her presence of mind, and was not ready to come forward and do the honour of introduction as she had intended, as being the only person there present who was already known to the noble visitor, until that lady, by her easy manner, as easily met by Mrs. Fairchild, had rendered all this unnecessary. Lady Catherine Tollemache was really an elegant woman; she was of a certain age, had been very handsome, and was still able to set off what remained of personal beauty, to some advantage—distinguished and aristocratic are the words which a judicious person might have fairly used to describe her; one less so might have called her manners fascinating, but Mrs. Fairchild felt them to be too artificial to be fascinated by them. Having apologized for making her visit so late—having refused the refreshment even of a little coffee, and having eyed the whole assemblage of the young people, understood at once who was who, and which was which, and meted out her salutations to each in the most unexceptionable manner—passing Bessy almost entirely over, and bestowing a little lady-like caress upon Louisa, whom she termed her old friend, she proceeded to request that the little lady might be pointed out to her who was to honour her with her presence on the day of the archery meeting. "That is me," thought Emily, reddening up to the roots of her hair—whilst poor Lucy reddened too; and though the source of either flush was the same, both springing from that self-love which lies in the essence of our common nature, yet the glow of the younger was that of pleasure, whilst that of the elder was of mortification; and their mother felt that in all this affair of the gala, both her little daughters were subjected to trials which she most gladly would have spared them had she had her own will.

It was a matter of course for Lady Catherine to caress Emily, when she was led to her knee, to speak in admiration of her sweet complexion and lovely hair, and there is no question but that she would have found something

to praise in her appearance without being too barefaced a flatterer, even if the child's hair had been like ragged tow, and the tincture of her skin like that of a mulatto.

At length bethinking herself of her husband—"By the bye," she said, "I was to apologize for Tollemache, he was with me in the barouche, at the porter's lodge, and there he met a troublesome sort of person, who was so anxious to speak to him on some business, that I proposed to be driven on, and to send the carriage back for him."

"Then we shall see him," exclaimed Louisa, casting a glance aside to Tom—which said, "and you shall see, what you shall see—to wit, a man *whose first address is unexceptionable.*"

Now, as neither Bessy, Lucy, nor Emily, had ever yet seen the man, of whom it was decided by the greatest people in the land, that his first address was unexceptionable, it was natural for them whilst thus awaiting his appearance to indulge their imaginations as to the sort of exhibition which would be made, and it was but a matter of course that each severally and particularly should form their ideas on their respective notions of the fine or the genteel, to be or not to be proved by the reality.

Bessy thought that this man would come in bowing and smiling to the right and left—shaking hands with every one in his way, and having something pleasant to say to each individual. Lucy thought he would enter with a stately march, and profound reverences—the lowest to her mamma, the next to her papa, and on to the most insignificant person in the room—such the poor little girl *then* accounted her own small self, though, be it remarked, that her humility, just at that time, was rather of a spurious description, arising rather from wounded self-love, than a genuine christian source.

The ideas of Emily respecting this man, whose first address was unexceptionable, were less defined, owing to her confusing the term address, with that of dress, which last conveyed images far too prevalent just then with

her mind. She, therefore, failed not to clothe the expected object in extremely elegant array, if not in pink and silver, like a Prince Cherry in a fairy tale, or a shepherd on the mantelshelf, yet in a coat of very superfine and delicately tinted broad-cloth, with silk or satin waistcoat, hair most elegantly arranged, and a pretty red and white face dressed up with smiles—and this figure was to enter with a gliding motion, something like that of the figure-head of a ship passing along the bosom of a glassy sea.

Such was the state of mental preparation in which our three young inexperienced ladies awaited the crisis of Mr. Sherridge Tollemache's appearance, already perceived to be near by the sounds of approaching carriage wheels, and more near by the cessation of those sounds—and nearest by the sudden throwing open of the parlour door, and the proclamation of the gentleman's name from the throat of the butler.

The expectation of all in the parlour was of course then wound up to its highest point—to one which may be called intense, as applied to that particular occasion, because it was at a degree which it could not retain; for, had even the smallest delay ensued after the audible pronunciation of the name by Mr. Fearing, its ebullition being at an untenable point, must have subsided in some small degree.

But no such delay occurred; the words "Mr. Sherridge Tollemache" had scarcely been trumpeted forth from the butler's lips, when the said gentleman, slightly tripping, or stumbling under the door-sill, could only save himself from falling his full length into the room, by such an effort as sent him forward along the polished floor, in the style of a Dutch market woman on her skates. The unlucky gentleman was compelled to extend his arms to their utmost, on both sides, to preserve his balance, whilst in spite of all his efforts, his feet seemed to be using their utmost power to get away from under him, and thus to subvert the whole order of the system to which they belonged.

This transit of the unfortunate Mr. Sherridge, was, however, effected with such velocity, that whilst it continued not a creature in the room had time to stir, and had he gone out at some opposite door as he had come in, the whole progress would have been effected in less than a minute; but as he had presence of mind to see the hissing urn and the tea-table before him, threatening various descriptions of disasters if he could not stop himself before he reached it, he made an effort, and in so doing, would assuredly have found that hardness as well as smoothness was a qualification of the oaken floor at the Grove, if Bessy, who happened to be nearest to him, had not caught him by the arm, and by a judicious pull in a contrary direction to that to which he was bending, restored his balance. If at that crisis the unlucky gentleman had turned to her, and thanked her for her help in his need, and had a merry laugh against himself, he would have manifested much higher address than he could have done by any the most graceful *entré* which he could possibly have exhibited in an ordinary way; but Mr. Sherridge Tollemache was a vain, and to be plain, a very shallow man, and instead of taking the only way, which after such an adventure lay open to him, to avoid any bitterness of ridicule, he first, when the little craft had righted him, as the Captain said, looked round on all the company with the aspect of a snarling dog, and then fixing on his lady, asked her wherefore, when she saw him trip, she did not come forwards to assist him? "How could you suffer me, Lady Catharine, to—to—" "Never mind," she answered, "don't finish your sentence, Mr. Tollemache, lest you should stumble again in another way. Why don't you thank that blooming young lady, who certainly saved your head from a somewhat too intimate contact with the floor?"

The petulance of the husband, and the high-toned coldness of the wife, proved, with that which had gone before, almost too strong a trial for the politeness even

of Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, much as they hated the idea of carrying on any movement which might give pain.

The Captain afterwards confessed that his courtesies had been very nearly capsized. Tom bolted through the glass doors, and Bessy also made her escape the same way, though not till she had uttered a somewhat loud and somewhat protracted peal of laughter; whilst Lucy got behind her mamma's chair, which she caused to shake and tremble in a most uncomfortable way, as she leaned against it, by the efforts which she made to suppress the noisy tokens of her merriment. Louisa and Emily were the only two of the Grove family who were not disposed to laugh; the elder was thoroughly vexed, and was thinking how she should meet the various echoes which she felt sure she should hear of her own boastings of the peculiar elegance of Mr. Sheridge Tollemache's first address; and little Emily, who stood near to her, had really not yet overcome the shock produced by the sudden appearance of the sliding figure of the man whose *first address was to be so unexceptionable.*

Upon this misadventure, to make it appear that her self-confidence was not liable to much disturbance from anything which might befall her partner, Lady Catherine talked on for about a quarter of an hour, and then renewing her invitations to Louisa and Emily, she gave her hand to Mr. Fairchild to lead her to her carriage. Whilst the steps of the retreating party still sounded, no person spoke within the parlour, though Tom, who had not gone far, stepped in again; but when the coasts were quite clear, several began to speak at once, and not only to speak, but to laugh aloud, the laugh being led by the Captain and seconded by Lucy, who, coming from behind her mamma, declared that she had thought she should have been choked whilst trying not to break out with merriment.

"For once, Louisa," said her father, "I entirely agree with you. You know I do not so always in your ideas of fashion and distinction, and all those sort of

things. I cannot dispute that your friend certainly *does enter a room in a style which belongs to himself alone.*"

"No, no, uncle," cried Lucy, who was standing where she could see part of the hall, and any person just without—"no, no! uncle, it does not belong to himself alone, for other people can do it—other people can imitate the Sherridge Tollemache slide," added the little girl with unwonted pertness, and at the same time giving a signal to some one without, which said signal instantly produced the figure of Bessy, with arms extended, coming along the Sherridge slide with even more velocity than her fore-mover had done, though she did not conclude her career quite so prosperously, for with her usual luck she terminated it by the prostration of her full length on the boards.

She was on her feet again in a moment, and ready to join in any mirth or any wrangle which might ensue.

It was more than a minute before the laughter which Bessy's manœuvre had renewed, had so far subsided as to allow any individual voice to be distinguished. The voice which was then heard was that of Louisa's, who, speaking with much irritation, remarked, that she thought it very hard that a friend of hers should be exposed to so much ridicule from an accident which might happen to any one; and addressing Bessy, she added, "I certainly, Miss Goodriche, am very far from being obliged to you for carrying on this jest, and really think that if you knew how a young lady should behave, you would have spared us your late exhibition of your powers of mimicry."

Whilst she was speaking, the Captain left the room, fearing still higher words, and not wishing to take any part in the contest; but it is probable that Bessy, and perhaps Lucy on her account, might have both answered warmly if Mrs. Fairchild had not come forward. "My dear Louisa," she said, "you are making too serious a matter of a trifle. The untoward accident of your friend Mr. Tollemache is one into which any one might have fallen; but you must allow that it is such an one as

would naturally excite a temporary laugh ; and had your friend led that laugh himself, he would have shown more address than any you have said he possesses. But we are not always prepared to do the best thing on these trifling occasions ; you must overlook the occasion of offence which our thoughtless Bessy has given. I think I can answer for her, that she will come forward this moment and beg your pardon for the pain she has given you."

" Won't I ?" cried Bessy, putting forward her whole hand to Louisa, and receiving two cold fingers in return ; adding at the same time, " I am sorry if I have vexed you, but I did not intend it."

" I believe you, Bessy," said Mrs. Fairchild ; " I believe that you never mean to give pain ; but you much need that quickness of apprehension which would make you avoid occasions by which you *may* give pain, though not intentionally ; and though your heavenly Father knows your need of this christian feeling, yet you would do well, my dear child, to make this matter a subject of prayer, for I well know that you do pray, and that not with your lips only ; and now," she added, " let this subject be dropped."

*A Prayer for that lively charity and that tender quickness of feeling by which we may be preserved from any jest which may give pain to a fellow-creature.*

O my blessed Lord and Father, Saviour and Friend, thou that art touched with all our infirmities, and hast such compassion upon us as we, being creatures, can never have for each other ; endue me, I beseech thee, with such thoughtful tenderness as shall continually restrain me from any and every exercise of what is falsely called wit or pleasantry, which may give the slightest pain to a fellow-creature. Render me, I humbly beseech thee, more quick in discovering these causes of pain to another, than I am through my natural selfishness aware of such cause, unless affecting my own person. Make

me to see that the laugh which rings harshly in the ears of a companion is the laugh of cruelty and the voice of unkindness, and cause me to stifle such merriment before it reaches the apprehension even of those who love me least.

With what other voice but that of love didst thou call me, O divine Father, when yet I was far away from thee? O then enable me in all my dealings with my fellow-creatures only to re-echo that voice of love in their ears, and suffer not, I implore thee, one unkind or provoking word to escape, even when my young nature prompts me to be most merry among my companions.

In this, as in all other matters, my dependence is on thee, thou divine Three in One; and though I err as often as the moments strike, yet through thee I know that I shall be lifted up again, and brought nearer to thyself after every fall. Amen.

## HYMN.

Fierce passions discompose the mind  
As tempests vex the sea:  
But calm content and peace we find  
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

In vain by reason and by rule,  
We try to bend the will;  
For none but in the Saviour's school  
Can learn the heavenly skill.

We know we are perverse and blind,  
And do not what is right;  
But Thou art wise, and good and kind,  
And arm'd with matchless might!

Bless'd Spirit, lead me, and my feet  
Shall never—never stray,  
But safely I shall reach the seat  
Of happiness and day.

And joyful from thy glorious throne  
I shall look down and see,  
The path I went, and that alone  
Was the right path for me.



## CHAPTER XVII.

It was Thursday—the day before the gala—when Louisa said to Emily, just as she was leaving the parlour, where they had been dining at their usual early hour—“Go into your school-room, Emily, and wait there till Tilney or myself call you; for your dress is completed, I believe, and we want to see how it will look. I have a word to say to Tilney before you come; but mind, don't trouble your dear mamma about your dress, for I have so far kept my promise to her that I would see after the things myself, and I have an invincible dislike to break a promise; so, Emily, should you meet with your mamma, remember my injunction, for I know what my dear aunt is suffering in anxiety about poor grandmamma's health.”

Emily, as I said before, was very grateful to Louisa for taking an interest in her dress of the following day; but, at the same time, there was that in her cousin's manner which told the child, young as she was, that the young lady was doing it more that she might not be ashamed of her as a companion, than from any real affection to her, or a desire that she should look well. “I wish Louisa really loved me,” thought Emily, as she ran up the stairs to their own peculiar room, that Lucy and herself called the school-room. “I wish she really did love me; or, if she does love me, that she would have a kinder manner—such as my own dear mamma's or Lucy's once was. On the landing of the stairs, Emily met her sister with her bonnet on, going out.”

“Will you come with us, Emily?” said Lucy. “Bessy, you know, is gone with Miss Farmer on a message to one of the cottagers near the church, and Henry and myself are going after them. Will you come with us?—that is, if you can leave Louisa behind; but we won't have Louisa.”

Emily might have excused herself by pleading that she was wanted ; but she preferred taking the part of Louisa, saying, she wondered Lucy did not like their cousin, she was so very obliging, and took such pains to show them how they ought to behave in their new places ; “ for you know, Lucy,” she added, “ we must not do the things now which we did at home.”

“ I wish,” returned Lucy, “ that she would let us alone—you, I mean, for she does not meddle with me ; she does not think me worth the trouble, I suppose ; we were a great deal happier before we knew her, and before Mrs. Tilney began to talk all that nonsense to you ;” and the little girl made a movement as if she would have thrown herself into Emily’s arms ; and had she done so, there would, for that moment at least, have been an end of that coldness which was becoming strong as ice from hour to hour between these young sisters ; but pride and a sense of injury stepped in and stopped the affectionate motion. “ No,” thought she, “ it is Emily who has been unkind to me, and not me to Emily ; it is her business to seek to make it up—not mine ; if she would but only put out her hand—but no, she won’t do that, and I must not let her see me cry.”

The children then turned from each other ; Emily walked to the window, and Lucy, with sad and slow steps, went to Henry, who was waiting for her in the portico. She was seeking in her little brother that evidence of unchanged affection which she missed in her sister ; nor did she fail in finding it, for although Henry’s little head had been somewhat turned when he first arrived at the Grove, he had lately fallen much into his old simple way—the society of honest, plain-speaking John, and may be the recollection of a certain affair in which the son and heir had been exhibited in not the most dignified position which may be imagined, had been blessed to him ; and, in fact, he was, when Lucy sought to open her heart to him, much the same little Henry Fairchild as he had been when he pursued Maggy over the roof of the barn, in company with Emily.

But where was that dear Emily whilst Lucy and Henry were proceeding hand in hand towards the point near the church where they were to meet Bessy. She was standing at the school-room window ; she was trying to look forward to the pleasure which had been promised her the next day, and trying still to force herself to believe that it was through jealousy that Lucy was cold to her, and that she was herself wholly blameless in the affair. She was endeavouring, in short, to think herself injured, and to make herself believe, at the same time, that she was happy in the prospect of great enjoyment the next day—even whilst a secret misgiving, and a wretched feeling of alienation from the sweet companions of her infancy, caused the tears to flow from her eyes in large warm drops. At one moment these tears almost blinded her, and the next she had wiped them away, and was tracing the figures of her sister and brother as their every step rendered them more minute to the eye.

It was a particularly bright October evening : no frosty nights had as yet even changed the appearance of the leaves of those trees and herbs which were natives of the soil. The various hues of red and gold were shed over the foliage of the foreign shrubs. Long lines of shadow lay over the lawn where the trees intercepted the beams of the sinking sun ; and there was an assemblage in the west of bright saffron and purple clouds seen above the woods. Emily remembered many a sunset of equal glory, which she and Lucy had watched from their nursery window in the home of their childhood ; and many a discussion then held by them on the glories of the celestial kingdom, which, childlike, they had always assimilated with the magnificent appearances of the sky at the decline of day. But through all these glorious scenes spread before her, the figures of Lucy and Henry were the objects which only fixed her attention. They were walking hand in hand, sometimes crossing a line of shade, and then of light, till they wholly disappeared at the entrance of the glen—and the

poor solitary child was just rubbing away another gush of tears when her mamma entered the room.

As soon as the little girl turned towards her, the mother's eye instantly discovered the signs of tears; but when Emily answered her inquiries respecting their cause, she could only make out that it was because Lucy and Henry had gone out together.

"Why does that vex you?" said Mrs. Fairchild; "could you not have gone with them?"

"I am sure they did not want me," replied Emily; but being conscious of deception, she immediately added, "and cousin Louisa said I was to wait here for her."

"Louisa!" repeated Mrs. Fairchild, gravely—"oh, Emily! Emily!"

"What, mamma?" asked the child.

"I sought you here, my beloved one," returned her mamma, "expressly to admonish you of a danger into which you are already plunged—but not so irretrievably yet as not to admit of recovery. You are throwing away the affection of that sweet sister, whom God in his infinite tenderness provided to be your friend even before you entered into life. You are endeavouring to forget all those years of happiness which you spent in her company before the world stepped in between you—when you were in a lowly condition, and it was worth no one's while to flatter you; and in her place you are taking one into your confidence whom you well know, young as you are, uses her influence against everything which your parents have ever taught you."

"No, no, mamma," replied Emily; "if you mean Louisa—she is nothing to me, compared to Lucy. But, then, Lucy is so changed! she is so cross! she likes nothing that I like; and if anybody is kind to me, she always goes against them; and Bessy does the same. And I can't help it," added the child, bursting into sobs; "it is not my fault; I have done nothing—I am sure I have not."

At this instant, there was a hand placed on the lock of the door, and Louisa entered, pretending surprise to

find her aunt in the room, although she had traced her thither, and had come purposely to prevent any confidential conversation between her and her young cousin.

Mrs. Fairchild, finding that she could say no more what she wished to say to Emily, on account of the presence of Louisa, left the room to go to her own chamber, there to pray for both her little girls; for, alas! she saw that both of them were allowed for awhile, for some wise providence, to stray far from that happy, narrow path, whose only clue is our Saviour, and along which path can be no impurity nor sin. She prayed, then, that her children might soon be led to feel the vanities of this world, and that their time of trial might be short; for she knew that He who had called them was sure, and that they were His, and none could pluck them out of his hand; for their trust was in Him who saith, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life."

Whilst the mother prayed, the worldly Louisa took the little girl to her own room, where such articles of her dress for the morrow were tried on as were absolutely necessary, lest they should require alteration; but the artful girl kept back from Emily's sight all that she could, for she knew the comparative innocence of the child, and she feared openly to show her what they had been about, lest Emily should tell her mamma, and her mamma have time to make any alterations in her appearance. Alas, poor Emily! she was conscious something was held back; something was wrong, but she did not wish it righted; and she was only too willing to be guided by Louisa.

"And now, Emily," said her cousin, "Tilney must curl your hair to-night: when do you go to bed?"

"At eight o'clock, or a little after," said Emily; "and then Betty will come to our room; and she curls my hair first, and then Lucy's."

"You must come to this room, then, at half-past seven," exclaimed Louisa; "and, Tilney, you will have time just to oil the child's hair, and brush it and curl it,

before that young woman will be ready ; for I can't say I at all approve her way of doing it."

Perhaps some persons will think Emily had to go through a good deal of annoyance for a few hours' pleasure ; but Emily loved dress, and loved admiration ; she would, therefore, have gone through even a great deal more than she had gone through to gain this admiration and flattery.

Betty, as it may be supposed, was very much put out by finding Emily's hair brushed and curled ; and as to poor Lucy, who on these occasions was always the sufferer, she was subjected to such pushings and pullings from the irritated young woman, that her frame of mind was not much better than Betty's when she laid down in bed beside her sister. The little girls had parted quarrelling, and, alas ! they fell asleep without one sisterly embrace or kindly word.

The morning was fair, and promised a lovely day. Emily was at the window of her bed-room twenty times at least whilst Betty was assisting her to dress. Lucy, was sullen and silent—Emily all glee and vanity, but no real peaceful happiness ; not such as she used to feel when in their quiet home they looked forward to a day of pleasure in the woods or in the hay-fields. Betty had not quite recovered her temper, which was roused again by hearing Emily say that Mrs. Tilney wished to take out the papers in which her hair was curled ; "For you know, Betty," said the child, "I am going to the archery meeting to-day, and to lunch at Lady Catherine's villa."

"Nonsense !" cried Betty ; "what will they do with such a baby as you, Miss Emily ? You would be much better with your pinafore on, playing with your doll at home ; and as to Mrs. Tilney, can't she find enough to do with keeping to her own affairs, and not turning your head with her folly ?"

"It is my curls she is going to turn, Betty," said Emily, in high and flippant spirits ; "and now I am off to her ; she is in cousin Louisa's room."

Emily was not to be dressed till after breakfast, and it was time for starting; but yet Mrs. Tilney knew well that it would require some skill in taking out the innumerable bits of paper that had been so carefully twisted by her cunning hand amidst the child's luxuriant hair. She, therefore, had arranged to do this herself in Louisa's room, and poor Emily was once again exposed to her flattery, which was now poured forth unsparingly, as the little girl described how Betty had pulled and pushed her sister about the night before, and how very cross and irritable the really faithful old servant had been.

The phaeton was to be at the door by eleven o'clock, for they had to drive some miles on the other side of Reading to where Lady Catherine resided, and the archery was fixed to take place at one o'clock precisely.

Lucy, Bessy, and Henry, it had been agreed, were to have a holiday that day. What had become of them nobody knew, for they disappeared together after breakfast, but appeared again in the hall as the phaeton was driven to the door.

A servant was sent up stairs to say the carriage was waiting, and that Captain Fairchild was ready; that Mr. Tom would follow shortly, and that only the young ladies were wanted to make their appearance.

Louisa walked down the stairs first, and so widely puffed out were her skirts by the hands of Mrs. Tilney, that it was no wonder if Emily's little person was completely hid from the sight of those below; but this could not pass the minute they stepped down into the hall.

The little girl had been shown her own figure in the very identical large mirror in which Henry had once admired himself; and though she was childish enough to be pleased with the effect therein produced, she was wise enough to know it would be displeasing to both her parents. Picture to yourself the little Emily Fairchild, who had been brought up so simply, and who had been dressed so quietly and so humble, now decked out as a little puppet, fit only for a stage performance; and yet Louisa had not directly told a falsehood when speaking

of the component parts of her dress. The white frock the child wore was a mass of frills, diminishing gradually in size to her waist : her petticoats were short, fully displaying the ankles. The velvet spenser, from its length of waist, absolutely divided her little figure in two : her black sash was tied in front instead of behind, and her bonnet was profusely trimmed within as well as without. A delicate pair of lavender gloves, sewed with black, completed her costume, save that, in her little way, she was as much starched and bustled out as Louisa.

The parents of the little dressed-out girl were not present to see the party off, for the old lady's condition at that time was a constant and urgent call upon their attention ; and they were actually with her at the moment the carriage drove to the door. The young people had, however, as I said before, all ran into the hall, and when Bessy beheld Emily, she exclaimed, with uplifted hands, " Well ! if Mrs. Tilney has not dressed you up like a doll at a fair ! Whose scheme was that ? You do look furbelowed out with your five flounces !—does not she, Lucy ?" turning to the elder sister, though she got no answer, for poor Lucy was at the instant too completely under the influence of jealousy to allow her to speak one word ; for jealousy is a passion, as too many of us must have felt, which never willingly betrays itself.

Not so silent, however, was Louisa ; for as she was stepping across the hall from the stairs, she turned upon Bessy, and said she really wished that she would spare her remarks on things which were quite above her calibre.

" I don't know what you mean by my calibre, Miss Fairchild," replied Bessy ; " but I suppose you mean my understanding ; and I have enough of that to perceive that little Emily was never tossed off in that fashion before in all her life."

" And it would have been much better taste, Louisa," subjoined Tom, " if you had left her in her accustomed simplicity. No child ever looks well when dressed in such studied artificial style."



"Enough! enough!" cried the Captain, authoritatively; "don't you see you are vexing the poor little damsel?—there is a tear in either eye. I see no fault in her fit out: she is rigged like other little crafts when in sailing order, as far as I see; and I won't have her ruffled by your cross winds." And so saying, he handed his daughter into the phaeton; then lifting Emily into it, and getting in himself, he cried out, "Get under weigh," and the next instant they were all off—and we will follow them.

When gliding along the stream of life, with "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," it would be strange if the young mind did not experience some sense of enjoyment. And such *was* experienced by Emily as soon as she felt the balmy air of the very propitious autumnal day fanning her blooming cheek. "The tear was forgotten almost as soon as it was shed;" and though she never was one who gave way to boisterous or talkative expressions of delight, as her friend Bessy invariably did, she placed her small hand on her uncle's knee almost before they had passed the gates—a signal which the kind elder so thoroughly understood, that he gave it a hearty pressure with his own, saying, "I do hope you will enjoy yourself, my pretty one; and though I must go on to town this evening, I hope to be down again at the Grove in a few days, and then we will have another scheme of pleasure."

"For Lucy?" murmured the little girl.

"Lucy, and Bessy, and all of them," returned the Captain: and there the particular interchange of sentiments or sympathies between the uncle and niece ceased to progress, new objects demanding Emily's attention. The villa, which was at that time occupied by Mr. Sheridge Tollemache, was situated on an elevated bank on the right sight of the Thames between Reading and Windsor. The pleasure-grounds descended precipitately from the lawn before the house to the edge of the water, and there was not a corner of these pleasure-grounds

which did not exhibit some token of the very superior taste of Lady Catherine.

Louisa, young as she was, had already lost all the relish which novelty can add to any artificial scene or society; and if she had ever had any taste for such as were not artificial, it had been thoroughly crushed in the germ. We shall, therefore, prefer describing the fresh experiences of Emily when first introduced to these scenes, to dilating upon the stale and insipid sensations of Louisa.

In the first place, when the phaeton stopped at the portico of the Tollemache lodge, and she saw a great many other carriages wheeling off and coming up, she was frightened, and she did not know for a moment where she was, when she was lifted down; and she was afraid of losing her uncle, and got fast hold of his hand, and did not hear when Louisa called to her to ask her why she did not come on. The porch and the vestibule were crowded with people, and there was a stream passing through the centre of the large wide hall to a range of receiving-rooms beyond; and there was a band of music playing loudly in a gallery of the hall; and there were many statues in niches in the wall, and a skylight with rays like a vast star; and more elegantly-dressed persons of all ages, young and old, and middle aged, than Emily had ever seen before in all her whole life. It was such a comfort to her that her uncle's hand clasped hers—he must know, she thought, how frightened she was.

During the next few minutes, the little girl felt completely like a person in a dream, in which new forms of all sorts and colours, floating, and dazzling, and changing their places continually, were passing before her—she was pushed and squeezed, and went through several wide doorways, and saw fine hangings, and high broad windows which seemed to have no glass in them; and glittering chandeliers, looking like frost-work, over her head; and heard many people talking, and nobody was still, and nobody sate down; and there were a great

many ladies dressed alike, in what appeared to her green riding-habits without the over-length of skirt, and little caps with feathers.

What could she have done without her uncle? for Louisa seemed to have forgotten her. Then, when they had passed several rooms, they arrived at where Lady Catherine sate, with other ladies, in a kind of half-circle; and her uncle led her up to her, and then Lady Catherine took her hand, and she kissed her too, and she called her "sweet elegant little creature"—and Emily believed that she thought what she said.

Then Lady Catherine presented her to the ladies who were sitting in the half-circle, and introduced her as Miss Emily Fairchild, of the Grove; and many of those ladies said, elegant little creature too: and one said, "What charming ringlets!" and others said, "What lovely eyes!" and two more said, "How graceful!" and something was added about an accession to our phalanx of rising belles, which she did not understand.

Then two little ladies, about Emily's age, were called up, and Lady Catherine committed her to their courtesies, saying, "My dear Miss Princeps, and my very obliging Miss Lumsdain, do permit me to recommend this charming little stranger to your protecting care during this morning. I am sorry that I cannot give her that attention that she requires; but I beseech you take her in between you, and see that she is taken care of—*vous comprenez, mes enfans.*

"Assurement, *Miladi Catherine,*" was the immediate reply of the elder of the two little girls; and immediately, Emily being obliged to leave her uncle, was taken possession of by the two young ladies, both of whom seemed to be much older than herself, though probably they were all very nearly cotemporaries.

The first movement of her guides was to get her out of the presence-chamber, as they called the room where Lady Catherine sate with her most distinguished visitors; and the next was to draw her with them into the crowd which suddenly began to pour out of the grand suite

along the hall, and out of a side door. Emily's young companions, whom she had hardly yet had an opportunity of looking at, told her they were going into the marquee which had been arranged for the archery in case of rain.

The children—though, properly speaking, there was only one in the triad of the cotemporaries then at the Tollemache fête—went with the crowd, where having, by standing on a form, seen two or three arrows sent somewhat far from the mark, Miss Lumsdain stepped down, declared that she hated every thing which had to do with archery, excepting the nice things which were always provided to eat when there was an archery meeting, and proposed that they should go back to the house and enjoy themselves there. This proposition was instantly adopted, and back to the house they returned, Miss Lumsdain, who was a guest in the house for several days with her mamma, taking her companions to her own room, to show them a dress she was to wear at the ball that evening.

It was in this room that Emily first had the opportunity of looking to see what sort of little girls her companions were—one she found was shorter than herself, had large black eyes, which seemed to look her little self quite through and through, and the other, though with the person of a girl, had the expression of a grown woman. In comparison with their dresses, their trimmings, their ribbons, their tucked-up and full skirts, their braided hair, and delicate gloves—even the labours of Mrs. Tilney and the purchases of Louisa had sunk into insignificance—but Mrs. Tilney, as she herself said, had not allowed herself to give way to her *genii* when preparing Miss Emily's dress, and had in consequence made but an inferior concern of it.

When Emily had seen and admired the dress, she said, "But is there to be a ball this evening? I did not know that"

"To be sure," replied Miss Lumsdain, "or I should not have persuaded mamma to come here. I do so love

dancing! who is your dancing-master, Miss Fairchild? Miss Princeps and I learn of the first masters, at school."

"I never learned to dance," replied Emily. Both the young ladies uttered an exclamation in French, which may as well be omitted—then Miss Lumsdain added, "But your sister is a famous dancer, I know."

"My sister—Lucy a famous dancer!" repeated Emily, "O no, she can't dance at all."

Other exclamations then came, and one of the young ladies said to the other, "*Extraordinaire!*" to which the other added, "*Inconçevable!*" and then Miss Lumsdain said, "*Vous parlez François, mademoiselle.*"

After some hesitation, Emily answered, "No, but that she could read it a little—she had read many chapters in the French Bible."

Miss Princeps laughed outright, and Miss Lumsdain, faintly; and then the former, taking up the catechetical part, said, "Have you ever been at Brighton, Miss Fairchild, or what sea-bathing place does your family go to?"

"I never saw the sea," replied Emily. The two girls looked at each other, and laughed again; and then the younger asked if she had a governess.

Emily said, "Yes"—but the little girl was beginning to feel that her companions were not very civil.

"Do you hate her?" asked Miss Princeps.

"No," returned, Emily, more and more astonished.

"Then I hate mine, and Helen Lumsdain hates her too, for we are at the same school, and you can't have much nouse if you don't hate yours," subjoined Miss Princeps: "but this is dull stupid work; let us take a turn about the house—the servants are all out, or busy, and we may go where we like." And they did go where they liked till Emily was first called to take leave of her uncle, and then to the collation, or luncheon, which was more grand in its appointments than any which the little girl had ever imagined, though what with wonder, and what with the fear of doing any thing which her companions might laugh at, she contrived to make a very sorry

meal, and the time for returning was getting very near, whilst the time for enjoyment of the fête had not yet come—for Emily had as yet enjoyed nothing at Lady Catherine's but the few compliments which had been paid her on her introduction.

In the mean time Louisa's enjoyment had been destroyed by an unexpected cause of anxiety; she had not understood that the evening was to be concluded by a ball, and had brought no ball dress; in truth, this ball had been a hasty thought, though not so recent as to have prevented Lady Catherine mentioning it to Louisa when she called at the Grove. It had then, however, slipped out of her mind—slipping and sliding having been the order of that day. However, the lady made every needful apology when she understood her error, and promising Louisa a bed if she would send Emily home with her brother, the young lady not only gladly consented to stay, but even before the opening of the archery ground, sent a man and horse to the Grove with a note to Mrs. Tilney to send every thing which could be needful for her appearance at the ball. There was no need for her committing herself in black and white to the waiting-maid, as to keeping her mission secret—those sort of personages always understand these things by intuition.

The man returned before the luncheon, which was a two hours' work, was concluded; and the Fairchild phaeton, together with the carriages of all those sober persons of the company who did not stay the ball—were drawn up before the house in less than an hour after sun-set. By this time poor Emily was beginning to feel that lassitude which always follows long protracted exciting scenes, which have no other object than present selfish gratification, and was sitting between her two uncongenial associates, most earnestly wishing that one was Bessy and the other her own Lucy, when Louisa came up to her, informed her it was time to depart—bade her remember her shawl, and told her she must come with her to Tom, who was waiting for her,

for be it observed, that he had arrived early in the day.

Emily gladly obeyed the summons, and having done her best to make civil leave-takings, was led into the vestibule, where Louisa found her brother, and then for the first time told him she was going to remain behind.

"It shall never be," said Tom—"you, not I, undertook the charge of our little Emily, and you shall not forsake her, until you see her safe at home."

He then directed the footman to wrap up the little lady in a warm shawl, place her in a corner of the phaeton, which being done, the child fell almost instantly into so deep a sleep, for she was exhausted with the fatigues of the day, that she did not awake, so far at least as to know what was passing, till the carriage was bowling along the Reading road, and then she was roused by a violent altercation between Tom and his sister.

Tom had been steady, and had carried his point, and brought away Louisa, and the words which aroused Emily, awakening her in more senses than one—were uttered by her violently irritated female cousin, and they were these: "I only pressed the point to plague that odious Bessy, and if I could have foreseen this, I would no more have been plagued with that silly child, than I would have been with that dowdy Miss Farmer whom my aunt has hired to make her children more stupid than they already are."

Tom uttered not one word of answer, but sleep returned no more to the eyes of Emily till the carriage stopped at the Grove.

*The Prayer of a young person when feeling himself drawn away by the world, and selfish and vain feelings, from the influence of wise counsels, and the friends of his earlier years.*

Thou knowest, O holy Father, all that we need before

we ask thee, and it is by thee, O Divine Spirit, that we ask aright, when we pray for those things which are conformed to thy will : neither needeth it that I should tell unto thee the temptations under which I now lie, to forsake the things and the persons who formed my happiness in my earlier days, in order to go after those which now seem to promise me pleasure at this present time, although even now I feel these promises to be deceitful, and grieve for the days which are past, when I was a child in my father's house, and was contented in the company of other little ones like myself.

But I have no strength, O holy and merciful Father and Saviour. I am no more able to withstand temptation than were my first parents, when they, at the suggestion of the deceiver, broke the only command of prohibition which their Creator laid upon them. I feel that in my human nature I can do no good thing, and that evil is present with me, even when that Divine nature with which thou hast endowed me, makes me fully aware of the exceeding sinfulness of all those things with which the world and ungodly companions are trying to mislead me ; I cannot, therefore, say that when I do wrong I do it in ignorance.

The days of my ignorance are passed—the years of my childhood, as a human being, are gone, never to return. I ask not that they should be restored—but I ask, nay, I implore—nay, I entreat thee in the name of my Redeemer, as thou hast already bestowed on me a new nature, and given me a spiritual youth, which can never pass away into decrepid age, that thou wilt enable me to live more entirely in accordance with this new nature, that I may love only that which is agreeable to it, and seek only those things which are gratifying unto it ; that all my senses, so long as I retain those natural senses, may be exercised only in those things which do not offend it, and that I may be enabled to keep my ears closed to the deceptive voice of flattery, and my eyes to the glare of worldly pleasure. Make me to pass on in blamelessness through time to eternity, without vanity



or pride, or self-consequence, knowing that I have no righteousness but the righteousness of my Redeemer, and no hope excepting in an entire union of mind and body with that glorious One who took my mortal nature for a season upon himself, that in delivering himself from that nature he might also redeem all who at the last shall be found in him.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory, now, and for evermore. Amen.

#### HYMN.

The morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
 As careless of the noon-tide heat—  
 As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray;  
 The momentary glories waste,  
 The short liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,  
 When youth its pride and beauty shows;  
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Till worn by slowly rolling years,  
 Or broke by sickness in a day;  
 The fading glory disappears,  
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet we, new rising from the tomb,  
 With lustre brighter far shall shine;  
 Revive with ever-during bloom,  
 Safe from diseases and decline.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILST the party in the phaeton were imbibing the dregs which so often lie at the bottom of the cup of worldly pleasure, as described in our last chapter, Lucy had retired to her sleeping-room, accompanied by Bessy, who, though advised by the careful Betty, when that good woman was undressing the little lady, to retire, begged only for a few minutes, pleading that as Emily was out, her sister would be alone. Betty would probably, however, have carried her point had not Mrs. Johnson looked in, saying, "My poor lady has asked for a little gruel, and she never fancies any not made by you."

"No trouble at all, but a pleasure, Mrs. Johnson," replied Betty, with a smile, which indicated that she was not altogether above a little commendation, whatever she might generally appear, and telling Lucy that she should return in a short time, she left the young lady with Miss Goodriche.

"There," cried Bessy, "she is gone, and I am left; how cross she is sometimes—what a trimming did I get about that rent in my petticoat! and yet how kind she was too, for she mended it herself at night after I was in my bed, though she did not give it to me the next morning without a lecture—but I did not mind that."

"What rent," asked Lucy—"that in the seam of your frock which cousin Tom told you of yesterday?"

"No, my petticoat," returned Bessy; "there was a piece fairly out, as broad as my hand, and good Betty put a fresh piece in all along the breadth; well, I do love her, but did I never tell you when that rent came? I could laugh to think of it, but it was very kind of the Captain and Mr. Tom not to speak of it, and to keep Henry from doing it, as the Captain did the same day when he began about it at dinner, by whispering

‘that young gentleman should not tell tales about their own deficiencies in courage.’ I overheard him, and I thought it so kind.”

“Why?” asked Lucy.

“O! because he feared I should be got into a scrape.”

“Was it about old Nanny, the weeder?” asked Lucy?

“Yes! yes!” replied Bessy, in high glee—“not exactly about old Nanny herself, good old soul, but about her darling old cloak and bonnet.”

“Now, how odd that is,” answered Lucy—“I did not mention it before, because Henry begged I would not, he was so afraid of Uncle Fairchild laughing at him, and talking of his being run down, as you know he does—for he brings in ships and those things into all he says, and Henry likes to hear him: but yesterday, when we were going to meet you and Miss Farmer, he told me that one day, old Nanny ran after him, as quickly as a dog runs, and caught him in the grotto-walk, and frightened him so! he did not know who it was, he said, till he saw her again some days afterwards in her cloak and bonnet, going home—he asked me if it was not very odd.”

“Odd, indeed!” cried Bessy, springing up from the side of the bed where she had seated herself. Why, Master Henry Fairchild, you certainly are a very clever young gentleman, you will be sure to set the Thames on fire some of these days!” and the young girl laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, and till Lucy became quite impatient with her.

“I can’t help it, indeed I can’t,” at length said Bessy; “but I will tell you all about it, and then you will know why I laugh: what was I saying—what did I begin with?” she then added, as she took her former place on the bed-side—“Oh! the tear in my petticoat.”

“Your petticoat,” repeated Lucy, “and what has that to do with old Nanny and Henry? Did old Nanny tear your petticoat too when she ran after Henry?” and

the puzzled expression of Lucy's face, passing away as soon as she had uttered the question—she added, archly and merrily, "Now, now I begin to understand—I begin to guess that it was not poor old Nanny's own feet which carried the cloak and bonnet so quickly after Henry—O! O! Miss Bessy, have I found you out, you cunning girl?"

"Why, Lucy!" returned Bessy, "you are almost as wise as your brother; I should not be surprised, if by-and-bye, your eyes would be sharp enough to see the moon at the full without a spy-glass! but you shall hear"—and whilst Bessy was telling her story, which she did with all particulars, the two young girls were so quiet, that it might have been supposed by any one going along the gallery, that they were both asleep.

When this story was finished, they both, however, began to laugh, and Bessy being highly excited, began to tell numbers of the tricks which she had learned and played at school, relating many practical jests—such as standing in the dark with a piece of burning paper in the mouth to frighten people—powdering the face, and arraying the person in sheets for the same laudable purpose; with other little anecdotes of the same description, which are as much removed from all good taste and good principle, as entirely incompatible with Christian conduct, as the airs, hauteur, and affectation of such high-bred young ladies, as Emily had been associated with during the day. Even a child, if it is thoughtful, may perceive from this that it is neither with the high nor with the low—the cold nor the warm-hearted, that the dangers of society are confined; but that evil is found in all and every kind of intercourse with any of our fellow-creatures, who are not habitually desirous of being conformed to the divine will.

From the mention of practical jests, Bessy, in the excitement of her spirits, though as yet without any farther purpose, began to look about her for the means of assuming some such strange figure as she had been

describing, whilst Lucy looked on in a state of little less hilarity.

And first, Bessy fastened a couple of pillows to her waist, to alter her figure—she next looked about for a cork, and seeing one in a phial, she burned an end of it in the candle, and magnified and blackened her eyebrows, till she had formed one monstrous line across her brow: she next rummaged out some red tooth-powder, with which she dyed her cheeks as deeply as any Parisian lady had ever done when rouge was in the highest vogue—and then, having found a long white dressing gown of Mrs. Fairchild's, she put it on, folding it across before her, and suffering it to drag behind in train fashion. The next process of decoration was to take down her long hair, and shake it over her face, and all these arrangements being complete she began to jig about the room in such a style as excited the risible propensities of Lucy beyond all control.

Suddenly, however, between the intervals of their merriment, they thought they heard the carriage, and remained still a minute or more, to ascertain if it were so; and being satisfied that they had heard aright, Bessy said, "If Louisa comes up alone, and I dare say she will, for Emily will be sure to go to her mamma, who will be in the parlour, how I should like to jump out upon her—it would be such fun!"

The proposal did not quite suit Lucy's feelings, though her mind at that time was by no means in the most charitable state, as it regarded her cousin; but if she had made any objections, they, however, were not heard, for Bessy's ears were engaged in another direction—she was listening for Louisa's step; having convinced herself, without the smallest foundation, that Emily would not come up with her, but run to the parlour to look for her mamma—as if Mrs. Fairchild would be sitting quietly in the parlour, when it was her well-known habit, when not urgently called another way, to be present when her little girls were going to bed—if not all, yet a part of the time.

"She is coming—I hear her steps," murmured Bessy, with her ear as close to the door as that of Prince Furibonds in the fairy tale is said to have been to a certain door, fabricated in foregone ages—"and as sure as I don't love her, continued the wild girl, I will be out upon her."

Louisa by this time was nearly at the head of the stairs, followed by Mrs. Tilney and Emily.

The waiting-maid had been ready in the hall to receive the party, and was not a little astonished at seeing Louisa. "Gracious! Miss Fairchild," she began—but the young lady interrupted her rudely. "Hush! Tilney," she said, "I am fatigued to death, don't talk to me now." The lady's-maid seemed to understand the mood of mind of Louisa, for she at once turned from her to fulfil the errand which had brought her into the hall. She had lighted the candles on Louisa's dressing-table, as soon as she had heard the carriage, which was before it entered the lodge; and now pouncing on Emily the moment that the half-sleepy, half-sorrowful child was lifted down, and set on her feet in the portico, she said, "Come, my little lady, as I set all your pins and ties this morning, I must have the pleasure of unsetting them; so come with me, my dear, to Miss Fairchild's room"—and the grasp which she laid on the child's hand was a very determined one.

Her reasons for insisting upon undressing the child, that is, as far as taking off her adornments, were more substantial than those which were perhaps at the same moment leading Bessy to believe that Emily would not come up stairs with Louisa. She had heard it said in the housekeeper's room that she had made a very modish figure of the little lady, and had got a hint from some one, that as her mamma had not seen her when thus tossed off when she went out, it might perchance be quite as well if she did not set eyes upon her when she came in. The child, however, being dazzled with the strong light of the lamps in the hall and on the

stairs, dragged back, and the waiting-maid, in consequence, was several steps behind Louisa, when the latter had advanced a few paces along the gallery.

Bessy, by peeping, had ascertained the exact moment of Louisa's appearance, and waiting but a few seconds more, she sprang out in all her glory, with her one vast eyebrow, her floating elf locks, her fiery cheeks, her enormous amplitude of figure, and her flying drapery, and came running down head foremost on the enemy, uttering at the same time certain unaccountable sounds from her throat.

Louisa recognized her in an instant. "How excessively absurd and ridiculous you are!" she said, as she stepped aside, and by so doing displayed the whole appalling vision to the eyes of Emily, who, with Mrs. Tilney, was just come up into the gallery.

The excitement of the day, with the unhappy drive towards home, had already been almost too much for the nerves of the gentle child. The cup, which was already filled, was then made to run over by the folly of Bessy. The little girl uttered a wild cry when she saw the alarming figure; and when Bessy, seeing her terror, ran forward to tell her who she was, she only added to her fright. She uttered another cry, but seeing Lucy near the door of their room, she called on the beloved name, and in an instant afterwards the two little sisters rushing to each other, were locked in each other's arms, the younger being drawn into their own sleeping-room by the elder, whilst Bessy, in a state of hot displeasure with herself, was tearing off her disguises, even whilst she was following her dear young friends into their place of refuge.

Louisa and Mrs. Tilney had their separate causes of discontent, to which both gave utterance, whilst the waiting-maid was disrobing the young lady. They might then have been compared to two steam-engines, both smoking and hissing and sputtering at one and the same time; nor did anything like an exchange of sympathies

take place till both had expatiated somewhat largely on their respective troubles.

The lost ball, and the abominable conduct of Tom, and the annoyance of being tied down to take care of such a chit as Emily, were the themes of Louisa's angry and self-condoling declamations ; whilst those of Mrs. Tilney ran in rather a more desultory course, to wit, the absolute want of taste, elegance, fashion, and knowledge of life of her present lady, and the odious trick of Miss Goodriche, by which she had been prevented from undressing Miss Emily.

But as we are not fond of expatiating on the conversations of worldly persons, we will turn to fairer and sweeter scenes, which may perchance remind us of some which delighted us in the former histories of the children of these blessed parents ; first admonishing our pious young readers to observe how, when their father and mother were withdrawn from these little ones, a merciful and tender Providence came forward to make everything, even things apparently the most unpropitious, to work together for their good, and to administer such instruction as pious parents would not have dared to give by the same means.

Whilst Louisa and Mrs. Tilney were busy together, Lucy, Bessy, and the faithful Betty, were all employed in comforting Emily. Betty had heard her cries as she was returning from delivering the gruel to Mrs. Johnson, and had ran to her nurseling—for, to use a tender expression of scripture, Betty had taught Emily to go ; and notwithstanding the sundry small airs which the little girl had shown towards her since they had come to the Grove, was she not still a dear child to her heart, and was not the worthy young woman ready to fly at any one who would have crossed her, when she rushed into the apartment, caught her little one in her arms, and soothed her as mothers and nursing mothers only can do ?

“ You have been at your rigs, Miss Bessy,” she said, as she looked at the extraordinary figure which



the young girl still made, "and you have frightened her; and what with one and another of you, I shall have the child harried to death. O that we had never seen the day that we had come to this house!"

"Bessy did not mean to frighten me," whispered Emily.

"And she did not mean to make such a maukin of herself, with that raddle and soot," rejoined Betty; "for shame, Miss Goodriche, I shall see to-morrow what my mistress will say about it."

"No, no, no," cried Lucy and Emily at once. "You will not tell mamma, Betty, dear Betty."

"Not tell mamma," returned Betty. "When did you ever say such words as these before you came here? It was always aforetime with you, Miss Lucy especially, I have done this and that wrong thing; I must run and tell mamma."

"It was, dear Betty, it was," answered Lucy; "but that was what seems to me long—long ago. Since I came here, I seem to have lived more years than weeks, and almost not to be the same child."

"Because," replied Betty, "you have let go all the innocent little pastimes which used to keep you fresh, and taken up such things as would soon make you feel old before you are even full grown; and you, Miss Bessy, though perhaps you don't think it, have helped this forward."

"Me, Betty!" cried Miss Goodriche.

"Yes, you," returned Betty, "and that by taking her part, and strengthening Miss Lucy's dislike of her cousin; and I don't say that I am clear, as John tells me I have been as cross and contrary, and had my spites and jealousies and all those things; as much as any of you—more shame for me; so we may say that we have all been wrong, and may God, through the blessed Saviour, make us to do better."

The little scene which then followed would have gladdened the heart of Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, could they have seen it. Emily, who was seated on Betty's knee, threw her arms round her neck, and pressed her sweet

pale face against her bosom, Lucy laid her head on the good servant's shoulder, and Bessy fell on her knees before her; and they one and all wept—all acknowledged that they had wandered far from the way of rectitude, and confessing, that unless guided by the divine Spirit, they could never do better, the whole scene being concluded by each one kissing the other, and by Bessy, when she withdrew, saying, "I shall tell Mrs. Fairchild myself what I have done, dear Betty; that is, if my Saviour will make me do it, and if I do not, then you shall tell her;" the young girl adding more cheerfully, "and I hope that we shall never again say, Don't tell mamma."

Betty then undressed Emily, without making one remark on the style of her dress, and having laid her in the bed by Lucy and tucked her up, she went down to fetch her a little cordial—for the child still trembled; and whilst she was absent, the little sisters spoke together as they had not done for many days. One word from each, one tender kiss, were quite enough to restore all former confidence, and to cause their love for each other to flow in its wonted channel, and even in a freer current if possible than ever. Before Betty had returned they were deep in the memories of old times, and in all the circumstances of their childish years—which years, as has been remarked before, had ran back, or appeared to do so, in the roll of time, if not to a hazy distance, at least to such an one as rendered all their minuter difficulties invisible to the eye of memory.

Sweet and profound was the sleep which these fair little sisters enjoyed when Betty had solaced Emily with a little warm bread and milk, which by-the-bye the little one would not receive till her kind provider had consented that Lucy should partake with herself.

The prayer which Lucy and Emily used the next morning, kneeling side by side, the younger following as the elder led, was to the same purport as that which follows, though the words of course were more suited to the tender years of the little one who uttered them.

*The Prayer of a pious young Person who has been brought to see that he has wandered from the way of righteousness, and implores his divine Saviour to prevent his doing so again.*

My Father, I confess that I have wandered far from thee, or rather, that I have sought so to do, for thou art ever present with thy redeemed ones ; and thine eye is ever upon them, even when theirs are wilfully turned from thee.

I have looked away from thee, I have shut my ears against the words of instruction, and opened them to those of folly ; and I have desired to run from thee after vain pleasures, which faded and perished before I could reach them.

My heart also has been changed towards the friends of my childhood, because their presence reproached me for my evil doings, and I have sought those who flattered me, and uttered the words of deceit in my ears ; and for a season I lost even the memory of that peace which thou madest me to enjoy in the days in which a sense of thy paternal love brightened every hour of my young life.

I thank thee, O tender Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of lost mankind, that thou hast now, in thine infinite mercy, awakened me to a sense of my folly, and that thou hast made it fully manifest to my apprehension, at this present moment, that I can reap nothing but sorrow and mortification in the ways of worldly pleasure and vanity ; yet I know, that unless thou restrainest me perpetually by thy grace, I shall most assuredly fall again, even with my eyes open, into every temptation which may be spread in my way ; for in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, and even when the will is present with me, I do that which is evil, and that not under especial trial, but continually, as ever lying under the influence of a corrupt and selfish nature.

I implore thee then, O my Saviour, as thou lovest thy redeemed one, that thou wilt never leave me to my worst

enemy, myself; but that, taking me by the hand, as a wayward child, thou wilt lead me blamelessly through this present evil state to that glorious existence on high, where no temptation can reach from without, because there will be no corrupt hearts to receive it within, for then shall we all be one with thee, and as one with thee blessed for evermore. Amen.

## HYMN.

When my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,  
How quickly my sorrows depart!  
New beauties around me appear,  
New spirits enliven my heart.

But alas! what a change do I find,  
When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight!  
My fears all return to my mind,  
My day is soon changed into night.

By the changes I often pass through,  
I am taught my own weakness to know;  
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,  
And how much to his mercy I owe,

It is he that supports me through all,  
When I faint he revives me again;  
He attends to my prayer when I call,  
And bids me no longer complain.

For ere long he will bid me remove  
From this region of sorrow and pain,  
To dwell in his presence above,  
And then I no more shall complain.

## CHAPTER XIX.

It was the morning after the archery gala when the young people were altogether in the breakfast parlour so noted for the misadventure of Mr. Sherridge Tolle-mache, and which had now become the common sitting-

room of the family because of its convenient neighbourhood to a small staircase which led to the elder Mrs. Fairchild's rooms, which were, in fact, exactly over it. In this breakfast parlour was a piano, which I forgot before to mention, from which Miss Louisa often elicited many rapid and thundering tones, much to the admiration of the young ladies, but greatly to the discomfort of Tom.

The breakfast had been so lately concluded, that not one of the young and desultory party had settled what they should do next, the governess not being expected for an hour. Mr. Fairchild had gone up immediately after his breakfast to his mother's apartment, and Mrs. Fairchild had followed him, saying to her little girls that she expected to be back with them in a very short time. Such was the state of things in the parlour when the breakfast equipage was cleared away and the elders withdrawn.

For a minute or more, the young ones did not move from where they had been when the servants were going in and out; but on Tom's exclaiming, "What's to be done next?" they all moved. Bessy walked to the door, where she stood leaning her back against the wall, to be ready to catch Henry if he should bolt out, as she expected he would do, whilst Henry, who was aware of her, went at the same time to the other end of the room to throw her off her guard; Tom stretched himself on a sofa; Lucy popped down on a footstool, producing an old favourite little book from her pocket. Louisa went to the piano, and began to play the air of some new-fangled dance, with stunning clatter and marvellous rapidity; and Emily, drawing near to the fire, was thinking how charming it would be if she could make as much noise with as much skill.

Suddenly, those nearest the door heard a hand on the lock, and a moment afterwards Mrs. Johnson appeared, with an expression of countenance which none could mistake.

"For pity and mercy's sake, Miss Fairchild," she

exclaimed, "cease your music! My lady—my poor lady!—seems troubled by it."

"What for?" asked Louisa, rising.

Mrs. Johnson had turned from her to Lucy. "A terrible change—a most terrible change," she added, took place just after your papa came up: she knew him, and said, 'My son! my own dear son!' and not a minute afterwards she was taken with convulsions. O! could we have foreseen yesterday, when she was so easy—how soon, how very soon, this would be! but she is dying—surely dying;" and though Lucy was asking several questions, she went off without answering them.

A dead silence for a minute followed the departure of Mrs. Johnson, during which not one of the young people stirred. Miss Louisa turned pale; tears arose and began to flow in large drops from the eyes of Lucy and Emily; Bessy looked down; and Tom was struggling hard to hide his feelings.

This order of things, and this palsy of dismay, was first deranged by an unexpected burst of lamentation from Henry. The child had been trying, in the true mannish style, to conceal what he felt from every one present, and had already rubbed away one or two tears, and driven back several sobs into the cavity of his chest, when Nature asserted her rights, and the poor little fellow set up a loud cry, in which the words, "O poor grandmamma!—poor dear grandmamma!" came mixed with sobs and heavings of the chest.

On this, Tom Fairchild sprang on his feet, and laying his hand on the child's shoulders, half lifted and half led him out by the glass doors. Lucy and Emily ran to each other, and went weeping into the interior of the house, the arm of the elder being round the neck of the younger: and Bessy walked into the wilderness, taking a direction opposite to that chosen by Tom. Thus was Louisa left by herself, for communication with her was what no one would have thought of having recourse to in trouble or perplexity. Her little remaining influence with Emily, and all the effects of that influence, had

utterly perished at the moment in which Mrs. Johnson's report had brought a serious reality connected with human life before her imaginations and feelings.

The first movement of the young lady was to draw a long breath—the next to murmur, “What an annoyance!”—the third, to yawn, and raise and fall her shoulders. Whilst thus employed, a heavy rumbling noise somewhat startled her: it occurred overhead, and was occasioned by nothing more than the removal of some piece of furniture on castors, from before a door which was wanted to be opened.

Louisa did not like this lumbering noise, which put a very uncomfortable thought into her head connected with some funeral arrangement; and having looked a moment after Bessy, and not seeing her, she settled it in her mind that she could not bear to be alone many minutes longer, knowing what was going on, on the floor above; and recollecting that Mrs. Tilney had promised to come to her apartment about an hour after breakfast to give her opinion concerning some improvement of her dress which she was contemplating, she hastened up thither, and was not disappointed, for the waiting-maid was there, and had begun to unrip some trimming which had been already condemned in their former councils, and which she thought she might as well secure for her own private use, before the dress was sent to those who were to refurbish it.

“O Tilney!” cried Louisa, “I am so glad to find you here;” and then she proceeded to repeat Mrs. Johnson's report.

Mrs. Tilney drew up her lip, took off her thimble, dipped the end of the finger which had worn it in her mouth, put the silver cap on again, and then said, “Just one of Johnson's fads: to hear her, one must suppose the old lady had been in the agonies of death at least a dozen times. No question but this alarm will blow off like all the rest; but, Miss Fairchild, you must have a roll of crape, and a double plait of this form, and rosettes of double crape in that way, to make the dress

genteel and handsome. The way you proposed yesterday would appear shocking mean and skimpy ;” and whilst the waiting-maid was thus laying down the law, and showing how even the very deepest appliances of external mourning may be rendered subservient to the exhibition of vanity, Louisa was standing over her, giving her full attention to the subject so near to her heart, having been set at ease as to the belief that there was likely to be so immediate a death in the house as Mrs. Johnson threatened, and resolving that she would be off if this alarm passed away, before another should occur. Mrs. Tilney had spread her crapes upon the white coverlid, and the parties were standing one on each side of the bed, when Louisa’s sensitive ears were again assailed with a rumbling of what proved to be a carriage, which sounded nearer the house than the high road.

“What is that, Tilney ?” she exclaimed.

“What but a carriage coming up the avenue ?” replied Mrs. Tilney.

“If it should be anybody I know, I must see them, and get them to invite me, and send for me,” said Louisa. “Papa can fetch me as easily as from here ; but I fear they will not be received—do peep out, Tilney.”

“I can’t see from the window on the left side,” said the waiting-maid, “because of the portico ; and you always have the shutters closed on the other.”

“Open them, open them,” cried Louisa ; “the carriage is coming up—whose is it ? I must run down—or perhaps you would run for me—and beg, whoever it is, to stop till I can speak to them.”

“O la, Miss Fairchild !” cried the waiting-maid, when she had opened enough of the shutter to expose the corner of the hatchment above, and to enable herself to peep at the liveries below—“O la, Miss Fairchild ! if it is not Dr. Rowley’s carriage, all the way from Reading, and the horses is in such a foam, and the surgeon is with him. Well, surely there must be some-



thing in it—and the old lady must be very ill, and no untruth—and I wonder I have not been called for—and me sitting here all so innocent and inoffensive when death's in the house. There they are—they are alighted, and I dare say by now going up the stairs. I am sure I shall be wanted, and no one knowing where I am to be found; but I hear a step—who is coming? Miss Goodriche, I declare. Oh! Miss Bessy, what is it?—do speak—I am in such a state of palpitation and stagnation, that I scarce know where I am.”

“The doctors are come,” replied Bessy, “and you are wanted, Mrs. Tilney; and I, hearing you called, thought you might be in this room.”

“I thought I should be summoned,” answered the waiting-maid, “when I saw the doctors drive up. I felt pretty sure that there would be a call for me. Dr. Rowley knows how handy I am in a sick room. His first call is always for Tilney. He is well aware that there is not another person in the house who can read a libel on a phial when there is any hurry, nor know one *drugget* from another, so as to be sure, but me; and he is no doctor if he does not know what mischief has been done by the misapplication of a *drugget* to a patient.” So saying, she threw her thimble on the bed, following it by a shower of pins and needles which had been stuck in her stomach, and hastened out of the room, to the utter dismay of Louisa, who had suffered a fresh spasm of terror at the announcement of the physician and his satellite the surgeon.

Mrs. Tilney was instantly out of hearing, but not so Bessy, who was walking very leisurely after her, when Louisa, being reduced to her last resource, cried, “Dear Miss Goodriche, don't go, I beg you; you are not wanted, are you?”

“Wanted?—what for?” returned Bessy; “who should want me—what use could I be of?”

“Then do come back and stay with me,” resumed Louisa; “do, there is a dear creature.”

Bessy returned as desired, but not smilingly and gaily

as she might have done at another time, when struck, as she was, with the sudden caprice which led the same young lady to desire her company, and call her dear and good, who hitherto had treated her as if she had been unworthy to loop her shoes ; neither was it in the most courteous tone that she inquired why she was to do so.

“ Do tell me,” asked Louisa, “ how my dear grand-mamma really is.”

“ She will never be better in this world,” replied Bessy, mournfully.

“ Then she is really dying, Miss Goodriche ?” said the other.

Bessy made no answer, for she was following the eyes of Louisa, which had been suddenly turned to the upper part of the window, where the corner of the hatchment had been exposed to view by the opening of the shutter.

“ What is that ?” she asked, not immediately recollecting what the triangular figure could be.

“ I thought it moved,” replied Louisa, with trembling lips ; “ did not it move ?”

“ What, that ?” returned Bessy ; “ it is a corner of that odious lozenge-shaped thing over the door. What delight great people have in making death more dismal than it naturally is, with their hatchments, and their vaults, and their funeral urns, and their palls and scarfs, and those things. It must be such a pleasant thought for a great lord or lady to be able to picture to his fancy the exact place, or nearly so, in which his remains are to be laid in some dark, damp vault, situated, perhaps, directly under his family pew, with only a few bricks and a bit of pavement between the place for the living and the place for the dead.”

“ Really, Miss Goodriche,” responded Louisa ; and she was proceeding to tell her that such sentiments as she was uttering showed her low origin and state of mind in unmistakeable colours, when, recollecting how terrible it would be if she should leave her, and no other person be found at leisure to bear her company, she answered civilly, saying something, however, very little

to the purpose, and then returning to the hatchment, asked Bessy if she thought it was quite securely fastened up.

"Suppose," she inquired, "if some of the fastenings were to give way, and it were to fall aside over that window?"

Bessy opened her eyes and her lips, gazing at Louisa for a moment with unfeigned astonishment, and herself looking half idiotic through the bewilderment of her mind. At another time, this state of amazement would have gone off with a hearty laugh; but Bessy had too much feeling to laugh at that hour, and thus time for consideration was allowed her, and she was enabled to hit upon the real origin of the whole behaviour and silly inquiries of Louisa.

"You are frightened, Miss Fairchild," she said, as soon as she saw the real state of the case; "you do not like to be in a house with death. You would rather be at an archery meeting, or a ball, or the play, or in any other gay place; and you are just in the humour to fancy all sorts of horrible things; and you would rather have even poor me with you than be left to your own thoughts."

"If I don't like to be in a house where everything reminds me of death, is there anything so extraordinary in it?" returned Louisa; "is not everybody afraid of death?"

"Death is painful—at least it looks so," replied Bessy; "and we all run away from pain. Nor can I be easy when I know of any person lying under the suffering of it; but I don't see what that has to do with your frightening yourself, as nurses frighten poor babes, with all manner of dismal fancies, as if a piece of painted wood should get down from a wall to frighten you out of your wits, because your poor grandmamma is dying."

"Well, I own that this is silly," replied Louisa; "but then I am so nervous, and it really is annoying to have such fearful things forced upon one; and though you carry it off so well, and some of our elders talk so

fine about a happy change, and all that sort of thing, yet I don't believe that any human creature could ever seriously look forward to death, and the grave, and the coffin, and worms, and such horrible things, without feeling much as I do in the bottom of his heart."

"I don't quite understand you," returned Bessy; "is it the coffin and the grave, that you say everybody is afraid of? Do you believe that the poor dead corpse feels what is done with it?"

"No," replied Louisa, with a little of her wonted insolence; "I am not quite so absurd as that comes to, Miss Goodriche."

"I did not say you were," replied Bessy, speaking even kindly in answer; "but what is it, then, that frightens you?"

Louisa was silent.

"I suppose then that it is what may happen after death, Miss Fairchild," continued Bessy, "which has so terrified you. I thought you did not *trouble* yourself with such things."

"Of course," replied Louisa, taking no notice of Bessy's last remark, "that is the thing which must make everybody uneasy when they think of death."

"Not everybody," remarked Bessy; "for even I know of several persons who have died without the least fear. Did not your cousin Ellen depart rejoicing, though she left so many fine things and dear friends behind her?"

"Ellen was a very good girl," resumed Louisa; "she was good quite from a little child, always working and contriving for the poor, and trying to please everybody about her; and the thought of the good she had done, no doubt took away much of her fear of death."

"If *you* think so," returned Bessy, with her usual abruptness, "and if you are so much troubled by the fear of death, why don't you begin to do some of the same sort of good works as your cousin did?"

"Well, well," returned Louisa, who, though stung to the quick by Bessy's impertinence, (for it is always im-

pertinent to bring an argument to bear personally on any one,) would have suffered much more rather than be left alone—"well, well, Miss Goodriche, perhaps your advice might be quite as suitable for others as it is for me."

"If you mean for me," answered Bessy, "I am not expecting to do well after death on account of any good work I can do. I know that I never have, and never shall, deserve heaven by any of my good doings. But surely, if I thought that the only way of escaping the fear of death is by doing such good works, I should be even more silly than I now am, if I did not resolve to try to do some of them, when frightened as you now are, though I know that I should forget my good resolutions the very first time I got into merry company; but, unhappily, as my aunt often says, they that talk most of being saved by good works, are those who commonly do the fewest."

This polemic discussion between these two very heterogeneous personages, was just come to the point in which Bessy had pronounced her decided disbelief in the efficacy of good works, and had not presented anything in their places, not having uttered one word as yet respecting the Lord the Saviour, though he had been before her mind's eye as the Conqueror of death through the whole discourse,—when Mrs. Tilney burst in with hands uplifted, begging Miss Goodriche to run to Miss Lucy and Miss Emily in their own apartment, whilst she herself sank on a chair, crying, "O, Miss Fairchild—dear Miss Fairchild! a tumbler of water and your fan, or I shall faint dead away as I sit here."

*A Prayer for such views of death as may relieve us from alarm in the prospect of it.*

O holy and glorious Father, who sent thy Son to take our nature unto himself, and thus to bring thy creature man into such union with thyself, as constitutes his eternal life and everlasting happiness,—we humbly

entreat thee to inspire us with such a true sense of thine unchangeable love, as shall enable us to meet without alarm those innumerable examples of mortality which meet us in every condition of life. And O, we humbly beseech thee, cause us so to note the many warnings which are given to us, and by these to be so instructed, that we may gladly follow when thy Holy Spirit draws us to thee the Conqueror of death and the Destroyer of all the works of the Evil One.

In our fleshly nature we shrink from death, and everything that reminds us thereof; and so it must ever be, because death is the doom of that nature; but we thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that in our spiritual nature we are often enabled to look forward to it as the gate to a joyful state of existence in thy immediate presence, through which, as thy redeemed ones, we shall pass, not only without fear, but, if so it pleaseth thee, in a state of joy which mortal tongue could never express.

Glory be, then, to thee, Eternal Three in One, because, in the cases of thousands and tens of thousands of thy redeemed ones whilst still in the flesh, thou hast manifested thy power in divesting them of all fear of that solemn change which must come upon all mankind; and grant that we thine humble supplicants may be numbered with those happy ones; and being divested of fear, may even in this far-off land walk before thee, as happy children, under a beloved Father's eye. Glory, then, be to thee for evermore. Amen.

## HYMN.

When death appears before my sight  
 In all his dire array,  
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
 My courage dies away.

But see my glorious Leader nigh!  
 My Lord—my Saviour lives;  
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
 And my faint heart revives.

He left his dazzling throne above ;  
 He met the tyrant's dart ;  
 And (O amazing power divine !)  
 Received it in his heart.

No more, O grim destroyer ! boast  
 Thy universal sway ;  
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost ;  
 Thy night the gates of day.

When that illustrious morning comes  
 On which thy saints shall rise ;  
 Then clothed in full immortal bloom,  
 They'll join thee in the skies.

## CHAPTER XX.

WHEN we, who live in these latter ages of the earth's duration, in which the eye of man has found means to penetrate into space, far far beyond what the most skilful of our forefathers were enabled to do ; and when we find that our globe counts but as a grain of sand on the shore of the sea, amid the billions of mightier worlds scattered through space, in their various glorious tints, which in comparison would quench the colours of the diamond, the topaz, and the sapphire, how are we led to look with awe on that great Being, whose mind at once controls the mightiest movements of every revolving system and the minutest circumstance of the state of the smallest insect.

These reflections have suggested themselves in this part of our history, from the inconvenience which arises from the necessity there is of describing two or three scenes which occurred at the same time at the Grove on the morning of which the last chapter treats ; thus bringing in strong contrast the infinite mind, or the mind of God, with that of the creature—for whilst the

highest human mind, we know, cannot carry on two sets of thoughts, though it may turn so quickly from one to the other as to seem to do so—the divine mind is present with all things, penetrating even to the deepest thoughts of the heart, and taking cognizance of the interests of the smallest created thing.

Whilst Louisa was exhibiting the feeble state of her mind, first by flying from her own thoughts to the company of Mrs. Tilney, and secondly, by condescending to secure the company of Bessy, by bearing with all the abruptness which the latter chose to exhibit, a very different scene was going forward in the range of apartments occupied by the dying lady. The first of these was a dressing-room, recently used as a sitting room by the elder Mrs. Fairchild and her companion—for Mrs. Johnson had ascended, as many an attached inferior has done, from a mere servant to the grade of a friend. A door opened from this room into the bed-room, and it as well as all the other doors were open, to give as much air as possible to the sufferer, who laboured for breath. Lucy, leading Emily, had gone to this dressing-room, meaning to proceed into the sleeping-room, but had stopped when near the door-way—checked and awed by the sound of the deep-drawn breathings which reached her even there.

Emily heard these too, and drew herself up closer to her sister, both remaining still.

It is in solemn minutes, such as these, when any one is forcibly called upon to think, and be motionless and silent, that the value of religious training makes itself apparent, even granting that till then, it may not have been decidedly blessed by light from on high, as had been the case undoubtedly with Lucy and Emily. Such occasions are most favourable, humanly speaking, for its so doing; and even supposing that the time for that illumination from on high has not yet come, a well-trained young person cannot fail of having some sense of the suitableness of what his parents have taught him, of the real state of man, as a dying creature: where-



as an artificial worldly education, such as had been received by poor Louisa, with all its vain desires and pursuits—its frivolous distinctions and selfish habits, entirely withdraws all its fragile supports when its object is called upon in helplessness and dismay to face and meditate upon the serious truths attendant on man's condition in the progress and end of life.

Had those young sisters been as near in age to the appointed end of man's life—the threescore years and ten—as they were to its beginning, they could not have made more deep reflections than they did in those few minutes when they stood drawn up together at the door of the dressing-room; they thought how they had each been led away, through the effect of the change in their condition, far from the humble simplicity of their former life, how very incapable they were of bearing temptation, and how certainly, after this had passed, they should fall again into evil, if they were allowed to follow the dictates of their own nature; and how good, how very, very good, their heavenly Father had been in providing a Saviour who had rendered salvation secure, not only to them, but to all his children—their own dear grandmamma especially, for she was then the first in their thoughts, and remembering that their Lord had said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will do it;" they both prayed inwardly, that her sufferings might be now removed, that is, if it were the divine will. It was the divine Spirit which inspired these reflections and those secret prayers, since they came independently of all efforts of the human will of these young creatures.

After a few minutes, the very deeply distressing breathing of the old lady was no longer heard, and there was a slight movement in the room—they were raising her on her pillows, for she had already begun to sink and draw herself down in the bed, as all dying persons do.

At the same time, Mrs. Fairchild stepped to the end of the room, where her children were seen by her, and

motioned to them to enter quietly, which they did—taking their places at the foot of the bed. The dying lady having just been raised, was leaning back against her pillow, that pillow being supported by her son—their father. Mrs. Johnson was standing on one side of the bed, with all the marks on her face of having sorely wept, though then she had ceased to do so; some other servants who had been summoned for different services, stood in the background, looking anxiously towards the bed, every one feeling her total inability to render any assistance.

But it was the aspect of the dying which fixed the attention of the young children, who were then first introduced into the chamber of death; they saw not, however, that bitter agony, which in most cases precedes—sometimes by several hours, and even days—the soul's actual departure.

This agony had been very short with the old lady, and perhaps was more terrible to the lookers on than to herself, and through divine mercy it was over before the little girls received their mamma's signal.

To fall gently asleep under the shadow of redeeming love, and to awake in the enjoyment of its substance, was then all that was before this dying one; and the very expression of her countenance, though death had set its seal thereon, denoted the peace which was already bestowed—that peace, the same in kind, though greater in degree, which rests on the sweet features of infancy, when reposing on the mother's breast—his safety not then consisting in his love for her—for behold he sleeps—but in the force and power of her maternal nature, which must lose its existence before it can cease to love.

The painful gaspings of the venerable lady had ceased, and with them the convulsions which had distorted her features—her eyes were closed, and her arms lay perfectly motionless by her side. None in that room, with the exception of her grand-daughters, believed that she would move again, excepting when the last agony should

take place, or she should cease to breathe, as many a redeemed one has done even without an agony; but Lucy and Emily thought she was enjoying rest, and would awake in renewed strength. She was indeed enjoying rest, but it was not that which was natural, and she was ordained to awake in strength, but not in her own—in that which is divine!

O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? What but infinite love, and infinite wisdom could have converted the punishment of dust to dust, pronounced on the children of the first Adam, into the mighty deliverance of the sons and daughters of the second?

But when is the step of time so slow, or its march so solemn, as where human creatures are assembled, silently awaiting the last stroke of death—as in the case above described? At such times, every one, not hardened by perpetual repetition of such scenes, has such consciousness of the presence of God, as, if long continued, would probably utterly derange the natural mind, in those individuals who had no spiritual feelings to support them, for to such the Almighty is only seen as a king of terrors—as one, who in his anger inflicts destruction on the creatures he has made. With them, the condition of man on earth is a mystery—a labyrinth in which human wisdom may wander for ever ‘in endless mazes lost,’ from which there is no delivery until the divine Spirit fixes the hand of the helpless wanderer on the golden clue, compelling him to follow it on till every intricate path opens before him, and he comes out to light and glory.

So still was that chamber, that the ears of several in it caught the roll of Dr. Rowley’s carriage wheels long before they reached the lodge, though the sound was deadened when they rolled over the less beaten path under the avenue.

It was just when this sound was lost, when the bell of the great clock over the stable began to toll the hour of eleven, and the hum of the last stroke had scarcely ceased, when a slight convulsion crossed the features of

the dying lady, seeming to pass down her whole frame—at the same moment she opened her eyes, and Lucy and Emily then, for the first time, observed that awful appearance of the eye in the moment of near approaching death, which must be so painfully familiar to those who have often watched at the dying couch—at the same instant she raised her hands and brought them together, her lips moving as if in prayer.

Another minute, and a deep red glow arose in her cheeks—she looked upwards as it were to something right above her, and murmuring, “In thee, my God! my Saviour! I have all—all through thee! thy cross! and now, now”—her words becoming more and more indistinct as she proceeded, as if drawn more and more deeply from the abyss of her chest.

For an instant she ceased from all effort of speech, and then with a startling suddenness, her gaze was lifted upwards, and there intensely fixed so long as to allow every one in the room to look up also, as if inquiring what could thus attract the interest of one in her situation; but seeing nothing there but the usual canopy of the bed, they looked at her again, and there they saw, on that dying face, the expression of an amazement and solemn gladness, too sublime, too awful, too transcendent for fleshly life to bear, and be continued in existence. That glorious expression flickered as it were over the features of the departing one for a few minutes, waiting the gaze of those who would have fixed on it, as the images in a dream vanish when the dreamer strives to settle his eye or apprehension on them, and the next second her mortal form was nothing more than a heap of ashes.

The medical gentlemen had entered during the last scene, but no one had turned to look at them, nor was it till Emily and Lucy saw their father stoop to kiss the brow of his mother, and rush out of the room, that they were aware that all was over.

They went each and kissed the still warm remains as they had seen their father do, after which, their mamma

embracing them, whispered them to leave the chamber of death, and they went out weeping, going to their own room, where Betty was ready to receive and comfort them, and to send for Bessy, whom they inquired after.

*A Prayer to be used by a family or any individual on any solemn occasion.*

Being in affliction we bow our knees unto thee, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for to whom else should we fly, but to thee from whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, imploring thee that thou wouldest grant unto us according to the riches of thy glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith, that we being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and height, and to know the love of God which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God.

Now unto thee that art able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto thee be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

#### H Y M N.

In vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saints  
When yielding up their breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters break ;  
We scarce can say, " They are gone !"  
Before the fleeting spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace her in her flight ;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much, and this is all we know,  
They are completely blest ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

THERE is not a sweeter exercise of the believing mind than to trace in its own past history, and in the histories of others of the children of God, the various means by which himself and these, are and have been brought unscathed through the thorny, fiery trials with which the world at times encompasses those who are not of its own spirit ; and to observe how these are carried on through circumstances in which human wisdom is all too weak to ensure their safe conduct, and through perplexities from which even the highest and holiest principles seem almost unable to extricate them.

It is again, I say, most sweet to observe the various means of which the unseen hand of a tender Providence avails itself in such cases, to remove the stumbling stones which meet the steps of the children of God, to displace the thorns which perplex their movements, and to set their feet again in the ways of peace.

We have seen how every plan which Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had been led to pursue, for the benefit of their little ones, in their former place of residence, was overthrown, since their arrival at the Grove : but let us look forward and see how the God in whom they had been brought to confide, through faith in the Redeemer, fought on their sides, and ceased not until he had en-

abled them to establish the same christian simplicity within their larger domain as had made their happiness in their smaller and humbler abode for gentleness, moderation, humility, and courtesy, abides not in the outward man, and depends not on outward circumstances, but flows from the new nature, even the Divine, and is not liable to destruction where it has once been established, and is become a decided principle within the breast of any blessed individual—blessed though still in the flesh.

In a very short time after the demise of the venerable mother of the family, every blind was drawn, and every shutter closed in the front and two sides of the Grove-house—those only were left open which looked into the court of the offices; in consequence of which, deep shadows rested through many of the principal rooms, and along the galleries; and Lucy, Emily, and Bessy were glad to get into a small room on the ground floor, where the vicinity of certain tall evergreen trees at once rendered the closing of the shutters unimportant, and at the same time admitted only a sort of twilight; yet even this was better than sitting in darkness.

This gloom was to continue for eight days, before which the funeral was not to take place—a period which Louisa looked upon with horror, though she could not think of any excuse for getting away before the obsequies. She had no pleasure in the society of her cousins. Tom she never met without a wrangle or dispute; her uncle and aunt were much engaged, and had they not been so, she never coveted their company, though she was compelled to endure it at meal-times, and thus in consequence she had no resource but in the society of Mrs. Tilney; and as the waiting-maid was very busy with her needle, in renewing the family mourning, and could not see to sew in Louisa's darkened room, the young lady was obliged to go to the bed-room of her confidante, which was up two pairs of stairs, and though pleasant enough, looking over the office courts and stable-yards, was a very plain apartment, and to

add to Louisa's distaste for it, was ever at that time garnished with crape and bombazines, love ribbons and mourning muslins; in short, with all the paraphernalia of external mourning.

It was on the morning after that of the demise, in which Louisa first found her way to this attic, passing as she went up to it the door of the room where her cousins and Bessy were collected, and where they were planning how they should employ themselves. They had just come to the conclusion that they would make up some things for the poor dear people at home, which Bessy, when she returned, was to take to them; when they saw their cousin, and all together called to her to join them.

She passed on, however, with a cold refusal, and soon found Mrs. Tilney's room, from the directions which the latter had given her, when she told her that she should like to come to her.

"It's you, Miss Fairchild," said the waiting-maid, still going on to measure yards of crape from her nose to the end of an extended arm, and counting as she went on till she came to ten or twelve, and then adding, "Oh! Oh! Mr. Simpson, as usual, very scant measure, you shall hear of this I promise you—but I am so glad to see you, Miss Fairchild, and I have made a good fire for you; and though we see nothing but the sky as we sit here near the fire, it is better than nothing—and yet it is very hunket—very, very hunket sitting up here, and the servants so far off, and a corpse in the house too, and all the shutters closed; and up here there is always such a moaning in the chimnies, especially when the wind is this way—so indeed it's quite a charity for you to come and sit with me, Miss Fairchild."

"I only wish," answered Louisa, "that I had not come to this dismal place, this Grove-house, at all. I wish I could get any excuse for going away before the funeral. Why should it be put off so long, Tilney? Surely when people are dead, they are best buried as soon as possible."



This very gentle and amiable remark did not appear to meet with the sympathy of Mrs. Tilney, for she made no answer to it directly, but said there were many preparations to be made for such a funeral as her grand-mamma's was to be. There was the Captain to be sent for, and she had heard his gentleman say that he was going on beyond London; and Dr. Reynolds from Hampshire. He was not far off to be sure, but there were many other gentlemen to be summoned; and then the shell was to be made, and the outer coffin and the vault to be opened, and all the servants' dresses and the caps to be trimmed. It's a downright *clemency*, Miss Fairchild," she added, "that the borders is wove now-a-days with broad *savages* just ready for quilling; for only think if we had to broad hem it all, me and the maids, where should we be?"

"Broad *savages*," repeated Louisa, whose affrighted imagination was at that moment with her cousin Ellen's mortal remains in the family vault, although her ear had caught the words which her tongue repeated.

"Yes, Miss Fairchild," returned Mrs. Tilney, "for its only within a few years that this improvement was introduced, formerly every inch of quilling had to be broad-hemmed. I can assure you, when a death occurred in a family it was a very serious business! but it is not so now, I am thankful to say, and it is but light work that I have to do, for the mourning is only to be vamped up, as one may say, and a consideration gave instead, which the servants like better. But have you heard it hinted what is to become of Mrs. Johnson? Your grand-mamma, we all know, had not much to bequeath; she is not your proper forefather, Miss Fairchild, or I should not say as much. The money mostly came by your uncle the nabob, that is as I have often heard."

"And by my father's mother," returned Louisa haughtily. "She was of a good family and had a large fortune. As to the late Mrs. Fairchild, Miss Reynolds that was, she brought little or nothing into the family; and as my grandfather Fairchild had little of his own,

my uncle was glad, when his health prevented him from working in his profession, to live as he did in a cottage with two boors of servants. You know how, Tilney."

"Well, to be sure," replied Mrs. Tilney, "things were in a small way where they came from; but I can't say that they was not genteel."

"*Genteel*," repeated Louisa; "Oh, I dare say the very pink of elegance—all Arcadian—all sweet briars and roses and lovely simplicity!"

Mrs. Tilney had her reasons for getting off this dangerous ground as quickly as possible, for she had no assurance that Louisa, if the caprice took her, might not repeat anything which she said; and to use a term of her own, she wished to keep her dish even until she had ascertained whether there were any perquisites, any funeral gifts to be bestowed on the servants, and whether there was not some handsome present in prospect for her on account of the great service which she had done Henry; her master having told her more than once that he had not forgotten that service, though whilst his dear mother lay so ill, he could not attend to any other matters beyond those which were absolutely indispensable; nor had she doubted for one instant that he would perform that which he said.

The reliance which worldly persons rest upon the words of those known by them to be really pious, is a beautiful tribute exacted by God to his own truth, as manifested in his regenerate ones. With Mrs. Tilney a promise of Mr. Fairchild's told with her for the full value which it professed to bear; with one of Miss Fairchild's she calculated not its apparent value, but her own powers of exacting that value to the utmost, or with fewer or more drawbacks.

Certain speculations respecting Mrs. Johnson next occupied the attention of the gossiping pair. The points discussed were, what legacy she might receive; whether she would have enough to live independently; whether she would wish to remain in the family, and in what capacity she could do so;—and then came a fine touch of

Mrs. Tilney's art in the form of an inquiry, Whether, as a lady's maid, she would not be far more suitable for Mrs. Fairchild than her own poor self, whose talents were utterly thrown away with her present lady?

As she had expected, Louisa caught at the bait at once, and said, "O, Tilney, if you could but come and live with me?"

The waiting damsel having shot her arrow, and seen it strike into the very eye of her object, drew up, looked prudent, talked of previous arrangements, great unwillingness to disoblige, and present high emoluments; and having said something about her natural affection for the little ladies, waived the subject by entreating Miss Fairchild not to hold such a prospect before her as might involve her in an inveiglement of her duty.

Though Louisa and Mrs. Tilney so often come across us in our relations of what was passing at the Grove during this period of our history, we are not disposed to remain with them long, though some portions of their conversations must be related in order to throw light upon some transactions not referred to by other parties.

It was past noon before Mrs. Fairchild had so far arranged certain indispensable businesses connected with the late decease, as to be at leisure to seek her little girls.

When she found them in the small obscure chamber, where a fire had been lighted for them by Betty, she was surprised to see them encompassed with letters of various descriptions, contributions from every hold or hoard at their command, with needles and threads and scissors, and all such matters.

To the rather surprised look of the mamma, Lucy immediately answered, "We had nothing to do, mamma," she said, "and we could not play with anything, you know, while poor grandmamma—" and there she broke off and turned to the window to weep, and Emily took up the explanation; "so we thought that the best thing

would be to make some little presents for the poor people at home," she added.

"For me to take," subjoined Bessy, "but I hope I am not going yet;"—and she looked beseechingly at Mrs. Fairchild. She had made her intended confession that morning, and needed the affectionate smile of Mrs. Fairchild to confirm her in the assurance that she was forgiven in the full sense of the word.

So much did their mamma approve of her children's plan of employing their time during the solemn interval until the funeral, that they began, as soon as she was seated, to explain in some detail their little purposes, exhibiting many little odds and ends which were to be converted into needle-books and pincushions. These shreds of various colours and patterns forcibly reminded Mrs. Fairchild of the time when a new frock was as great an event to these little girls as the opening of the summer blossoms after the cold dark winter;—and of when these pieces and remnants were gathered and put by as inestimable treasures; and so affecting were these thoughts to her, that a sadness came over her countenance, of which her children were immediately aware, and Lucy said, "What is it, mamma? has anything vexed you?"

"No, my beloved one," replied Mrs. Fairchild; "but when I look at these things, and remember the times of which they are the relics, I cannot resist a sadness which will come over me."

"Ah, mamma!" returned Lucy, "you are thinking of how much better children we were when we had no persons about us but you and papa, and dear old John and Betty, who never flatter us, and never set me and Emily up against each other."

Mrs. Fairchild made no immediate reply, for she had not quite made up her mind what to say; and thus she gave an opportunity of which she was afterwards glad, for the young people then present to open out to her the full and free confessions of all their failings and misdoings since they had come to the Grove. She scarcely needed these confessions to enlighten her own mind on

the subject of the actual faults which her children had committed, but they were most satisfactory to her, in showing how the divine Spirit had already inspired their young breasts with a sense of their having done wrong, more in fostering unchristianlike, uncharitable, and worldly feelings, than in open acts of misconduct. When they ceased to speak she kissed them all, including Bessy; and then, as she perceived that Emily and Lucy particularly seemed depressed, and could not restrain their tears, she spoke encouragingly to them, saying, that it had appeared, though it really was for good, somewhat unfortunate that the attention of their parents should have been so much withdrawn from them, for the first time in their lives, when they seemed most to require it; adding, that she hoped that after all cares relating to their departed grandmamma were over, they should be together as they formerly were, and enjoy each other's company as in the days which were past.

"When we were better than we have been since we came here," said Lucy.

"When we did not know what *we were* rather, dear Lucy," replied her mamma; "for the natural heart deceives itself when it supposes that it is really better at one time than another; its evil tendencies may indeed be less worked upon in one period of its existence than in others. But understand, my child, that temptation does not alter the nature on which it is brought to bear—it only brings out its hidden feelings; therefore temptation had no power over the Son of God in the flesh, because there was no hidden mischief in his pure human nature."

"I think I understand you, mamma," returned Lucy; "you mean to say, that our own hearts were always the same, always bad, and that if they seemed to be better at our old dear home, it was because there were not so many things to tempt them there, as there are at this new place."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Fairchild, "there are temptations in this place which we had not formerly, and

much of the strength of these temptations lie in the manner of life here being new to us. Observe, my child, not in things being on a grander scale than they were with us at home, but in this grander scale being new to us ; for had we been born and brought up in our present style of life, we should not be liable to be tempted, to be more proud of it than poor Mary Bush is of the roses in her cottage garden, for habit makes all these things unimportant to the regenerate creature, whilst it renders them wholly insipid to the unregenerate."

" You think then, mamma," asked Lucy, " that when we are more used to this grand house, it will become almost the same to us as if we had moved from our first small house to another like it."

" It is only the human mind or old nature which is affected by these things, Lucy," replied Mrs. Fairchild ; " for what interest can that nature, which is inspired by God, have in the things of clay, or the palaces and attire of the highest among men ; the home of our new nature is above, and the glories which it desires are eternal, never crumbling or fading away like the splendours of earth. We must, however, receive it as a mercy, when we look upon the things about us as regenerate creatures ; that it is so ordered, that all mere worldly pleasures should lose much of their influence with their novelty ; that is, after they are no longer new they have less power to please, and end invariably, if followed too far, in producing not only weariness but absolute disgust."

There was a good deal of inquiry on the part of all the three young girls, before these sentiments of Mrs. Fairchild were comprehended, as she meant them to be ; but we will omit their questions and her answers until we come to an inquiry of Bessy's, which showed how the divine power can excite serious reflection in the hitherto most thoughtless breasts.

" May I ask, ma'am," she said, " why God, who does all things well, created persons with such evil hearts as ours ?"

“God, my dear child,” replied Mrs. Fairchild, “did not create persons with evil hearts, for no work of God can come impure from his hands; the work of sin is a creature’s work.”

“I hope it is not wicked to ask, why God did not make men so, that they could not fall from their first innocence?” resumed Bessy.

“Because he did not think fit,” replied Mrs. Fairchild, “to endow him when he first made him with his own nature, for he kept that gift to be bestowed through his only begotten Son in after-times, when miserable man might better know its value. Your dear aunt, I know, has taught you, Bessy, from Scripture, that there is none good but God, therefore no creature can be good unless he is made the partaker of that only good nature. Hence those who pretend that a creature may be good to whom that nature has not been imparted is in grievous error. I candidly confess, that I did not see this truth some years ago, and therefore pressed too much the necessity of doing well in their own strength upon my children when they were some years younger than they now are.”

Mrs. Fairchild was soon obliged to leave her young people, and they had again begun to discuss the business before them, their hearts being much lightened by the late conversation, when a knock was heard at their door, and Emily running to open it, displayed the figure of Betty, so loaded with rolls of coarse linen and flannel, that she had not a hand to spare to turn the lock.

A huge pair of scissors hung by a string to her side, and her second finger was covered with a thimble, and there was a smile on her face denoting that she liked the errand on which she was come.

When three young voices welcomed her, and expressed the hope that she was coming to help their labours, she stepped forwards, and dropping the heavy rolls on the floor—“There young ladies,” she said, “see what your mamma has sent you, from what were your poor grand-mamma’s and Miss Ellen’s stores, and she hopes that

when you have prepared presents for the dear old neighbours at our old home, you will remember those in need near our new home—and so I am come to cut out and help. But the first thing your mamma says, must be to make a list of the names of the people you wish to send presents to, then to add to these the sorts of presents you wish each to have ; and she also told me to say, that she will get some of the heavy jobs done by the poor old women hereabouts and pay them for them ; so, as John says, she will be killing two birds with one stone.”

Although the cold remains of the venerable mother of the family were still in the house, yet here was a source of enjoyment for these young people, which even the consciousness of the neighbourhood of the ghastly remains of mortality did not disturb, although it undoubtedly led their youthful minds to speak often as the party sate together, of that conquest of death and annihilation of its horrors which were achieved by the Lord, the Redeemer, on Calvary nearly two thousand years before.

*A Prayer for assistance from on high, to be enabled to use those still and solemn pauses which sometimes occur in life to profitable purposes.*

We thy children, Almighty Father, implore thee to give us thy grace, whereby we may improve by all those opportunities of stillness and retirement which occur in the most busy periods of man's life, as well as in those which are less so ; for in thy loving-kindness thou hast ordained that every period of bright daylight shall be succeeded by its interval of darkness ; and through the feebleness of man, that every stirring scene should be followed by those of inaction, in which the dullest ear finds it often impossible to defend itself from the whisperings of a reproaching conscience.

We are taught as thy children, that every providence by which thou compellest us to refrain awhile, withdrawn from the ordinary turmoil of life, and to keep



still, is for our good; and that whether it is thy pleasure thus to restrain us by the infliction of bodily sickness, by deadening our senses, or by the sufferings and deaths of those we love, all is for our benefit, and all is arranged so as to loosen from the world, and to bring us nearer to thyself, through thy blessing on these means which thou appointest.

Grant then, O glorious Father, such grace to thine adopted ones, that we may profit to the utmost by the hours of retirement and stillness, and even affliction, which thy redeeming love has ordained for us, that whilst our hearts are lifted up to thee through the power of the Lord the Spirit, our feeble members may be rendered subservient in as far as is possible to the divine inspiration, and that we may be enabled with thousands and tens of thousands of thy redeemed ones now in glory, to account those periods of our lives on earth, in which thy providence withdrew the glare and fervour of worldly pleasures and businesses most from our view, the sweetest of our temporal existence, because in such we were made to feel ourselves most near to thee, the Father, Saviour, and divine Spirit, to whom be glory for evermore. Amen.

## HYMN.

Often the clouds of deepest woe  
So sweet a message bear,  
Dark though they seem, we cannot find  
A frown of anger there.

It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth,  
It needs that we be driv'n,  
By loss of ev'ry earthly stay,  
To seek our rest in heav'n.

Most loving is the hand that strikes,  
However keen the smart,  
If sorrow's discipline can chase  
One evil from the heart.

He was a man of sorrows—He  
Who lov'd and sav'd us thus;—  
And shall the world that frown'd on Him,  
Wear only smiles for us?

No; we must follow in the path  
In which our Lord has run,  
We must not find a resting-place  
Where He himself had none.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

HAVING in our last chapter shown how the young ladies were disposed of during many hours of each day, whilst the remains of the old lady were in the house,—Henry being much with John out of doors, and Tom with his uncle, who was becoming more and more pleased with him, as his mind became more open to serious things,—we must proceed to mention some small circumstances necessary to the narrative.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had several private discussions respecting their children's education, these tender parents having arrived at the conviction, that in their present situation it would be impossible to give them that almost unbroken attention which they had formerly done. It was therefore at length determined that a regular governess should be procured for the little girls, and even for Henry, until a plan fitter for a boy could be fixed upon; but it was easier to determine upon having a governess than to find one to whom the pious mother might confide her children in confidence, though both Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild did not doubt that Providence would direct their choice.

By the same post which summoned Captain Fairchild to the funeral, Louisa also wrote to him, begging him to take her back with him to town after the obsequies; and as he had not yet settled himself in a house, not having been long determined to retire from his profession—to take lodgings or any temporary residence where she could be received; at the same time she mentioned her wish to have Tilney to wait upon her; not scrupling roundly to assert, that as Johnson would want a service, her aunt

Fairchild would certainly take her as her own attendant, and poor Tilney would be set aside.

The Captain was at some distance from town when the letters reached him, but his answers arrived some days before himself; in that to Louisa he promised his acquiescence in all that she had asked.

Another event which took place in the interval before the funeral, was the arrival of Mrs. Goodriche from town: she came to console her old friend Mr. Fairchild on hearing of the death of his mother, and to be of any other service she might. She apprehended that she should be obliged to return again to town to complete her business, so, to Bessy's joy, there was no thought of taking her away at present.

It was thought right, as soon as Captain Fairchild arrived, to open the old lady's will, it not being certain that it might not contain some items necessary to be known before the ceremony.

All the relations in the house were summoned to be present, when it was opened and read aloud,—not that there was much anxiety on the subject, or the smallest intention to dispute any of the venerable mother's arrangements, her son having even proposed and arranged for her that Tom should be made residuary legatee; that is, he was to come in for everything that was left after the legacies, &c. were paid.

These legacies were—five hundred pounds for Mrs. Johnson, and smaller sums to several of the servants, amongst which was a handsome present for Mrs. Tilney, whose name had been added in a codicil after the service she had done to Henry.

These legacies to the servants were immediately mentioned to them; and when Mr. Fairchild, in the presence of his wife and brother, informed Mrs. Tilney of her old lady's bequest, he also told her that he should add twenty pounds to the said sum, on the same account.

Mrs. Tilney was all smiles and courtesies, and was withdrawing, when Captain Fairchild, who had not been

warned that he was not to speak of Louisa's wishes and plans respecting her, opened out the subject, asking her how it had been settled, whether she was to stay where she was, or to take the service of his daughter.

Of course, Mrs. Fairchild, to whom all these arrangements were perfectly new ideas, was astonished that Mrs. Tilney should think of leaving her. It was a benefit she had hoped for, though for the same reasons that caused her to rejoice in the prospect of her leaving her, the evil influence which she exercised over her own young people, she dared not to promote her going into the service of her niece. She was not, however, required to act, for the waiting-maid, making it a favour to evacuate her place in behalf of Mrs. Johnson, who, to be sure, she said, would be desirous to have the honour of waiting on the younger Mrs. Fairchild, having been so trusted by the elder, confessed that she was willing to attend the young lady; and added, on being questioned, that she could be ready to go with her when she left the Grove.

Thus amicably on all sides was the transfer made; the wages due to the end of the half year were calculated and added to the other sums, and a cheque being given to the waiting-maid, she hastened forthwith to expend some portion of her delight in the housekeeper's room. It was well that she had not then sought her young mistress, for had she so done, she would have found her weeping for vexation in her own darkened apartment—vexation, not because she had no legacy, for in truth she had expected none, but because her brother had. Thus bitter are the springs which flow from the fathomless well of natural selfishness, and deep should be the compassion of the regenerate child of God for those who are still left under the power of that selfish nature which all have received from their earthly father. The sullen airs which the unhappy girl exhibited whenever, from that time till she left the Grove, she met her brother, were less understood by him and her father than by any other person who knew of the legacy. As to the Captain, he

thought she was moped by being in the house with death, and wondered that he did not observe the same gloom in the countenances of the other young people.

Dr. Reynolds arrived on the eve of the funeral, and there needed but a very, very few hours to establish this true Christian gentleman, this long-tried faithful minister of the truth in the hearts of all those who had never seen him before. The arrangement of the party after tea, as they sate conversing round the fire, was quite enough to show how already it was bound together in the sweet influences of divine love. There was Henry on a little stool, sitting at the old gentleman's knee, whilst the hand of the latter sometimes rested on his shoulder, and sometimes on his head. There were Lucy and Emily on each side, and Bessy beaming on him across the area. Tom, who knew him well, and had spent some happy days in his house, seemed to be taking credit to himself for everything he said; whilst Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Goodriche, inwardly blessed God for adding such a man to their acquaintance; the Captain too heartily admired and sympathized with the charitable and kindly expressions which fell from him, though, alas! he did not comprehend the source from whence they proceeded.

Dr. Reynolds perceived a touching resemblance in Lucy and Emily to their departed cousins, and having mentioned this resemblance, he showed forth most beautifully how they had been enabled in their very tenderest youth, and with large means of vanity in their power, to walk in all humility, self-denial, and charity, in its enlarged form—giving the glory to Him to whom alone it is due; and he added—“I do not ask you, my precious little ones, to follow, as these glorified ones have led, but I ask of my heavenly Father, through his Son, that you may be led as they were, along those paths of holiness and peace, until at the end of a shorter or a longer course, you may be admitted into the full beatitude of the divine presence.”

Lucy and Emily, remembering the narrative of the

golden harp, asked him what had become of Marian and Dolly ?

He informed them that they had lost both their parents some years before, and were left in great penury, Dolly then being still a little one, and Marian just returned from a school in which he had himself placed her, though he did not say so: his object had been to fit her for going out as a teacher ; but when her little sister was thrown upon her care, instead of leaving her she had taken rooms with a decent family in a cottage, where she still dwelt, earning a narrow maintenance by instructing a few little children.

“She could not have left Dolly,” exclaimed Lucy, “I am sure she could not!” and Emily and Henry added—“No, that would not have done—Dolly could not be left.”

The evening was concluded by the reading of the beautiful chapter used in the burial service, on which Dr. Reynolds made a few comments, the servants being all present.

The morning of the funeral, though perfectly clear and free from fog, was bitterly cold—a wind which whistled mournfully passed through the trees, and scattered their seared and yellow leaves over the lawn.

The deep tolling of the muffled bell, which came swinging over the glen at the intervals of a minute, by reminding the relations of what was to be done that day, as soon as they awoke, could not fail of opening the sluices of that natural grief, of which even the children of God would not desire to be divested.

Immediately after breakfast, Mrs. Goodriche withdrew with all the children, and Bessy, to the room where they had been working during the few last days ; and there, no doubt, she caused them to spend the few next solemn hours, both profitably and sweetly, according with her own bright ideas of divine love, and of its triumph over the last enemy—Death.

Until the funeral procession left the Grove, Mrs. Fairchild was much engaged with her husband, who, of

course, felt the occasion more than any one else in the family, though poor Tom had a hard struggle to command his feelings, so vivid were the memories of the many little kindnesses shown to him during the course of his childhood and youth, which together made the sum total of his experience.

Mrs. Fairchild had planned to avail herself of the solemn hour, after the procession had left the Grove, to converse seriously and affectionately with Louisa, in consequence of which she sought her in several places where she thought she might probably find her, not knowing her late customary refuge in Mrs. Tilney's attic.

In the mean time the young lady was neither in hall nor parlour—on the ground-floor, first-floor, or attic, and yet she was not beyond the walls of the house.

Whilst the carriages were gathered in a long line before the front of the mansion, she had endeavoured in various ways to get a view of them from the windows, for, in common with many others, who are not enabled to look beyond the visible and temporal end of man—she had much curiosity as to the parade and ceremony of funeral forms, especially in the present case, in which she conceived that the honour of the family to which she belonged might be affected one way or another by the circumstantialia of the funeral procession.

Many private carriages of gentlemen in the neighbourhood had followed the remains of her cousin Ellen to church, and it was a matter of some interest to her to ascertain, by more than hearsay, if the same compliment were paid to those of the old lady. Having failed in getting a convenient position for observation below, she bethought herself of a small turret, with open sides at the top of the house, which had been erected there for a large bell, the rope of which went down to the butler's pantry, and was used as a dinner or alarm bell, as occasion required. She had been in this turret many times, when visiting the Grove, as a child, and she knew that the approach to it was by a narrow stair-case, which

opened from the gallery in the attics : she knew that there would be a fine view of the procession from this elevated position, from the moment that it passed the lodge, to which point the trees would hide it all along its course up the public road, till it turned in by the park gate beyond the dingle, and all along there as it moved under the fir-crowned tumulus, and up again to the crown of the high parts of the park between that and the church.

Though Louisa would have liked as well to have had a companion in this place of observation, yet as she could not immediately meet with one, the carriages no sooner began to move than she flew up to the turret, and there she stood, not heeding the cold blasts which assailed her in that exposed position, for there were wide openings in the four walls of this bell-house, through which they whistled in all directions, waiting most patiently, not only till the cortege should come into sight beyond the interception of the lofty trees of the avenue, but until the last indication of it had disappeared beyond the highest visible ridge of the park.

The vain desire of ascertaining how the procession looked, and how many gentlemen's carriages followed the hearse and mourning coaches, was the motive which prompted Louisa to repair to the turret ; but some time before she had been able to ascertain the liveries of these carriages, much more serious thoughts had violently taken possession of her mind—thoughts belonging to mortality, and as such unprofitable in any thing beyond the present life.

And these thoughts were not only suggested by the eye but by the ear. It was indeed a solemn sight to behold that plumed hearse bearing the mortal remains of the aged mother to the long home of those of her children who had gone before, one indeed so recently, and to trace its solemn progress first up the steep bit of public road, and then along the line of private road between the fir crowned height and the woods of the glen, with the long train of mourning coaches, horsemen,



and equipages of the neighbouring gentry. She watched it also passing over the brow of the highest visible part of the park, with exception of the tumulus, and even was able to follow the progress of the black plumes floating above the ridge of the eminence in their near approach to the church, of which the tower and roof and higher points of the windows were visible from where she stood. But if all this was sad to the eye, the fitful gusts of the sighing wind, which bore at intervals the solemn sound of the muffled bell near to the apprehension, and again seemed to carry it off to almost inaudible distance, produced equally affecting influence on the ear, so that the young girl was almost ready to weep, when she heard her aunt calling her from the foot of the turret stairs.

A house-maid had seen Louisa go up, and had informed her mistress where she was ; and Mrs. Fairchild had come in haste to call her down, vexed at her imprudence in exposing herself to the cold November wind, and also at this her exhibition of idle curiosity—for such she accounted to be her desire to see the funeral procession.

Louisa looked not a little disconcerted when she came shuddering down from the turret ; her aunt, however, made no further observations, but begging her to accompany her, she led her to her dressing-room, where was a good fire, and requesting her to sit down, she added—“I shall not be satisfied till I see you thoroughly warm, Louisa ; surely we have had trouble enough in the family without wantonly exposing ourselves to incur others of the same description !”

Louisa looked down, and made no reply, and then her aunt informed her that she had been seeking her some minutes, and wherefore she had done so.

Whilst Mrs. Fairchild was opening the subjects on which she purposed to speak, there was no sympathizing look from Louisa to encourage her to go on but as she did not expect any such encouragement, she was not disheartened.

“Now for it,” thought Louisa, “poor I, am in for a lecture of an hour’s length at least!” and suppressing a sigh of impatience, she settled herself to hear the expected detail of all her peccadilloes, as she termed them, in as easy an attitude as she could fix her person into without rudeness. Mrs. Fairchild, however, made no reference to these said peccadilloes, as the young girl too often denominated her faults and mistakes in moral conduct, but said—“It is a serious reflection, my dear niece, to such of us as remain behind, to think how soon one beloved relation has followed another from this present state of being.”

“Indeed, it is,” returned Louisa, “I am sure ever since I came here this time, I have been quite miserable whenever I have been left alone: first thinking of poor Ellen, and then of grandmamma, and of the old lady lying dead in the house, whilst the family were all still in deep mourning for her granddaughter—and the escutcheon still up! really, aunt Fairchild, I shall be glad to get away, and I think it would do you all good to go to town, or to Bath, or somewhere else for a month—this place is enough to give my cousins the vapours.”

“Where could we go?” asked Mrs. Fairchild,—“where we could be sure of not hearing, seeing, or perhaps feeling, what death is doing on the earth, my dear niece?”

“Oh! but there are places,” replied Louisa, “where one may hope to hear less about it than we do here; at any rate I must try to find such a place, or I think I shall have a serious nervous attack. I would not again go through what I have done for some days past, for all that the world could give me.”

“There are certain natural fears, my dear child,” replied Mrs. Fairchild, “which invariably pursue us, with increasing terrors in measure as we attempt to fly from them, and to shut them out. Such are all those fears connected with death! It is impossible to escape them by any measures which human ingenuity can suggest. Shut out, if possible, every other conceivable trace of

mortality from highly civilized and gay life, silence, if you can, every other tongue that refers to death, and a clock or watch will take up the tale of man's certain doom, and tell its possessor that every second brings him nearer to his grave."

Louisa shuddered, for she had within the few last days permitted her watch to go down, that she might not hear its measured tickings, when she lay awake in the silent hours of night—but without confessing this weakness, she exclaimed with much feeling, though as yet perhaps not of the right sort—"what then, if such is our miserable condition—if we must always live with the fear of death preying on our inmost hearts? What must we do—what can we do? Nothing seems to me to be left for us, for me at least, but to fill my mind with other things, and I must try to do so."

"Still," returned Mrs. Fairchild, "leaving the thorn of mortal apprehension festering in the core of your heart. But my beloved niece," she added, compassionately, "know you not that there is balm in Gilead? that there is a Physician there who can and will heal all our infirmities, even to the fear of death: you have heard how he enabled your young cousin, and feeble grandmother to meet death with joy, and rejoicing in the sure and certain hope of a glorious life beyond the grave. You have heard again and again of the divine Saviour, and of what he has wrought for the children of Adam; and though the heart may not have been given you yet, my child, to receive and comprehend your glorious Redeemer, yet you may be assured, that when the light of the Divine Spirit shall illuminate your heart, you will look upon your present fear of death as a man in the full strength of his intellect remembers the idle tales of a weak-minded nurse."

Louisa shook her head incredulously, but thinking that her aunt required some answer, and that the shortest way to close the lecture would be to seem to agree

with what she said, she tried to brighten up, saying in lisping tones, "Dear aunt, how can I be grateful enough for the pains you have taken to explain these things to me—I only wish, that since I came here I had paid more attention to the instructions which you and my kind uncle give in the family, and I do hope that I shall not forget what you have now said, but that I shall try in future to do better, that I may make myself worthy of being as happy as my grandmamma and Ellen were, when they died."

Mrs. Fairchild heard this answer with a sigh, which she could not suppress, and might probably have made another effort to have enlightened her niece, and to have overthrown her notion of making herself worthy of obtaining a happy death, had not they both been made aware of the return of the party from the funeral, by the still remote sound of carriage wheels, of which tokens Louisa immediately availed herself, waiting only to renew her thanks to her aunt for the sweet advice she pretended she had given her, and to bestow a caress upon her, which the elder lady could not feel to be as genuine, as many a one she had received from Bessy when she had felt called upon to give her a little private advice in a similar way, like to that she had just given to Louisa.

That same evening, Captain Fairchild and his daughter proceeded in the Captain's carriage to town, Mrs. Tilney seated by the footman in the dickey, and being scarcely less pleased than her young lady at the prospect of the gayer life which was before them both.

Dr. Reynolds staid at the Grove till the next day, and Tom as yet had made no show of being disposed to move.

*A Thanksgiving for the deliverance wrought by the Saviour, of his children from those fears of death which pursue the unregenerate through all their course of existence in this life.*

We praise thee, we glorify thee, we magnify thee, O thou who art our only God, for thou art one with the Father and the Divine Spirit, and our brother in the flesh, because thou hast removed from us all those terrors belonging to death with which not only the aged but very often the young offender is tormented even in his gayest and brightest earthly estate.

We thank thee for having shown us that this terrible death, with all its dismal circumstances, can only affect the body, of which it has taken full possession, when that body can no longer feel its condition, because thou hast overcome the great destroyer, and hast given to us in thy resurrection the earnest and assurance of the deliverance of all its captives now lying in the prisons of darkness and corruption, according to that which thou hast said, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death: O Death, I will be thy plagues! O Grave, I will be thy destruction!" Therefore, O Lord and Father—Saviour, brother, friend! we thy redeemed ones will praise thee—we will rejoice in thee, and thou wilt cause us to walk before thee, even in this present life, as happy children in a father's house, in that full glad assurance of thy love which thou hast so mercifully bestowed on us. Give us, we beseech thee, that sweet grace of brotherly charity which proceeds from thyself, and in no case from the natural heart, that we may pity and intercede for, and show tenderness to all those of our fellow creatures, who still walk in darkness, and under the bondage of this world; knowing that we are naturally the slaves of the same earthly influences, and that our deliverance came not from ourselves but was wrought by thy divine power. And as the living witness within our breasts causes us to rejoice in the assurance of our own everlasting happi-

ness,—may we also be gladdened with the hope that thou wilt in due time manifest thyself in all thy beauty to all people and nations on earth, so that they, with us and all creation, may unite in one harmonious song of praise to thee the omnipotent and glorious Father, to thee the dying and the risen one, the only begotten Son, and to thee the Divine Spirit, that imparteth life to all who are redeemed. Amen.

## HYMN.

The Lord, our shepherd, and our guide,  
Will all our wants supply ;  
In safety we shall still abide  
Beneath his watchful eye.

Amid the ever-fragrant meads  
He makes our sweet repose ;  
When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads  
Where living water flows.

If from his side we thoughtless stray,  
He calls the wand'ers home ;  
And shows our erring feet the way  
Where dangers cannot come.

And if we're carried to the tomb,  
And death's dark shades appear ;  
His presence then will cheer the gloom,  
And banish ev'ry fear.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

It was the morning after the funeral, and all the window shutters and blinds were removed, and the free light of heaven once more was allowed to shed its bounties on the family. O how thankful, how grateful should we be for light even to our bodily eyes ; but to know its advan-

tages, we must be subjected awhile to feel its loss ; and if this outward light is so transcendent, so glorious, what must be the full awakening to that mental, heavenly light, which is reserved for the adopted sons of God, and which is so wonderful, so overpowering, that mortals cannot see and live.

Bessy, who was a creature of impulse, could not but express how heavy a load seemed to be taken from her heart when she once again saw the glorious sun shining upon the trees and green turf of the park. "O it is splendid!" she cried; "I could be only too happy: here we are all, as I may say, of one family: I may think what I like, and say what I like, and no real harm can come of it."

"Think what you like, Bessy?" asked Mrs. Goodriche; "why what human power can hinder your doing that, my dear?"

"Why, aunt, you know," said Bessy, "I never think of anything but what out it comes the next minute; and so, you know, when I am to have my company manners on, and to behave well, it is my thoughts must be checked, not my words."

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Goodriche, "your principle is a correct one, and I only pray that we may all be enabled to carry it through every circumstance of this life; and instead of using the false term of company manners, let it be Christian manners, and then I think we shall be right."

"Well, I have no doubt we shall," exclaimed Bessy; "for it seems to me that company manners have not half the restraint over any one who is even a devoted slave to them, equal to what Christian manners have. Now, there is that poor Miss Louisa, who went yesterday. I am very sorry for her. Her company manners did not hinder her from walking off as fast as she could from a family in distress, whilst your Christian manners, dear aunt, brought you down here, when you might, without rudeness, have stayed away. But poor Miss Louisa, she was dreadfully frightened; and yet I fear

she is gone away as worldly as ever, though dear Mrs. Fairchild did do her very best to show her the real truth. I don't think she will remember one word that has been said to her."

"You forget the promise of 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it,' my dear Bessy," said Mrs. Goodriche.

"I am afraid it was not that I forgot it," cried Bessy; "but I don't think I knew it. It is astonishing how very ignorant I was of the Bible when I first came to aunt's," she added, looking at Lucy and Emily; "indeed I think anybody might have made me believe what they chose about it."

"Then we must lose no time now, my dear niece," said Mrs. Goodriche; "and as I wish to impress upon your mind that we should never despair of the word of God proving of powerful and of eternal avail, though it may lie unheeded for years, as probably in the case of this poor Miss Louisa, I propose that we should read aloud the little tract I brought with me from London, and which I was much pleased with. Go and fetch it, my dear Emily. It is on my toilette table; and bring your work, my children, and let us begin."

"O how delightful!" cried the sisters. "It will be so like old times."

"And I will read to you, as I did before, about the boy eating up the real moon out of the sky," whispered Bessy to Lucy.

Lucy laughed, and then said, "I shall run and see if dear mamma cannot come and sit with us; she will not like to miss a part of the story."

So off went Lucy, and in a few minutes more, the little party were seated round the table in the school-room, Mrs. Goodriche engaged with her knitting, Emily and Lucy with some work to send to their old home, in which Mrs. Fairchild and Bessy also offered their assistance. The tract was given to Lucy, who read as follows:—



## ANNIE KELLY,

OR, THE BLESSED EFFECTS OF SACRED MUSIC.

It was in one of the courts of a back street of a large county town in the centre of England that a family of the name of Kelly took up their residence. The man professed to be a shoemaker, but no one hardly ever saw him at work ; and it was well known his customers were few and far between. I said before that he lived in a court, the entry of which was from a back street of but little respectability. There were two houses in this court, which was called, from a neighbouring church, St. Helen's-court, in the one of which lived the owner of his small habitation, a decent, steady-going mechanic of the name of Lea. This man had a wife, two sons, and a daughter, the latter, at the time of which my story commences, being about seventeen or eighteen years old. It was a great trouble to worthy Mr. and Mrs. Lea to have for neighbours such a family as the Kellys ; and had they not been tenancing their own house, they would certainly have changed their neighbourhood. They were, however, very thankful that their sons were out apprenticed to respective trades, and therefore would see very little of young Jonas Kelly, the son of their neighbour ; and as to their daughter Mary, Annie Kelly was so much the younger, by at least eight years, that they had, they hoped, nothing to fear on her account. Annie was an infant in arms when her parents went to live in St. Helen's-court ; but from that time till her tenth year, the poor child was brought up in total ignorance of everything that was right. How her parents supported themselves, it was not known, though many dark stories went about respecting them ; and it was said that the police had an eye to them, and were watching for something to lay hold of, not only with the elders of the family, but also with Jonas.

It cannot be said the child really wanted any of the necessaries of life—at least she was not aware of that

want, for she had plenty to eat ; nor did she suffer from cold, though, at the same time, she was kept in a most dirty, ragged state, and the house looked a picture of wretchedness. The little girl played about in the court, or in the street, all days, Sunday bringing no change for her ; for though the good clergyman of the parish and other Christians had asked her parents to send her to school, they had steadily refused under one plea or another, their real motive being, as they acknowledged before the child, that if she went to school, she might become so good, that she would not be fit company for them any longer.

Picture, then, to yourself, if possible, the lamentable situation of this poor child—bred up in a house where dirt and wretchedness were even encouraged, to avoid suspicion of their real situation. She had never once entered any house better than her father's, and had only an idea of anything better by an occasional glimpse at the open door of a kitchen, or through the blinds of such of the lower rooms of more respectable houses as looked to the streets. The very shops to which she went on errands for her parents, were of the lowest description ; and the public-house her father frequented was scarcely better than their own home. Such was the state of her knowledge of actual life ; and as to that which is to come, if this unfortunate one had ever heard the names of God or Christ, it had been in oaths and curses.

Things were in this state when she entered her tenth year, and when, as it might be supposed, the lost one was entering deeper and deeper the road to perdition. It was about this time when Mary Lea, who was a very decent, respectable young woman, became a member of a choral society which her youngest brother had joined for some months.

“Choral society !” exclaimed Emily, interrupting her sister ; “what is that, mamma ?”

“It has been the custom for many years, I believe, in Germany especially, my dear Emily,” replied Mrs.

Fairchild, "for the young people of certain districts, males as well as females, to meet and practise singing, choruses and other things, together. This custom has for some time been followed in England; but whereas abroad the open fields are often selected for the places of union, in our colder climate some large building or another is generally chosen for this purpose. There is a very large society of this description in London, which meet at a place called Exeter Hall, and I should be afraid to say how many hundred singers assemble there at a time. In most cathedral towns, they have established choral societies, and in some other places also. I do not know whether there is one at Reading, but, if so, I will take you some day to hear them. The music is generally of a sacred nature, as most suited to these societies."

"Thank you, mamma," said Emily; "and now, Lucy, please to go on."

Mary Lea (continued Lucy) had a very sweet, though somewhat powerful voice; she, therefore, received much encouragement to continue practising singing; and it so found, no doubt, times without mind, that one most happened, as any one who has an ear for music has delicate and harmonious chorale, or species of chorus, took such hold of her fancy, that she was for ever singing it as she went about her daily occupations, or sat at her open window with her needle-work in her hand. I used the term, "it so happened," that this young girl was haunted by this one tune, when I should have said it was the will of Providence; for it will be shortly shown how blessed was the effect of the simple and beautiful words which were measured to the air.

Little Annie Kelly had a secret admiration for Mary Lea, which she never ventured to own to any one but her brother Jonas, who was tenderly attached to the child, and never said a harsh word to her; so it was no wonder that, when Mary's sweet voice was heard, I might almost say from morning to night, warbling this same air, if the little girl, who had no doubt a very de-

cided turn for music, caught it up, and could, in the course of a few days, have sung it as correctly, if not as well, as Mary Lea herself. Poor Annie, however, repeated the words as she sang the air, because she had heard them, not as giving her any ideas on the matter, for ideas at that time she had not : so very lamentable was the state of her mind, that she seemed almost to want natural sense.

Once a week Mary Lea went to these meetings, her brother always being her companion ; and Annie, who had nothing to do, generally followed them at a distance, and thus she knew well the public building where the society assembled.

Mary Lea had not been six times to the hall of assembly before the evening of public performance arrived, for this choral society was composed of persons too poor to provide themselves with music and instruments, and therefore, five or six times in the year, they had public performances, at which certain prices were affixed to the tickets of entrance, which money went to the general fund to pay necessary expenses of room and lights, &c., and the rest was put by for the purposes first named. For the occasion of this public performance, Mary Lea had provided for herself a new shawl, and her best gown had been washed and got ready for the purpose ; and it was evident, even to the little thinking Annie Kelly, that her neighbour was the whole of the day in no common state of excitement ; for, it must be understood, this was the first public performance of the season, and Mary looked forward to it with some little fear as well as pleasure.

It was getting dark, for it was the month of October, when Annie, who had been watching attentively, for very idleness, all the movements in the next house, saw the street door open, and Mary and her brother step out. By the light of a blazing fire from within, Annie could see that Mary's shawl was new, and that her bonnet ribbons were new also, and that her brother had

his Sunday clothes on, not his working suit. "What are they going to be about?" thought the child.

"We shall not expect you till eleven," was next heard in the voice of Mrs. Lea. "Father shall go to bed at his usual time, but I'll sit up for you, Mary. I shall want to see you before I go to sleep."

"You had better go to bed; I can let myself in, mother," said Mary; but Mrs. Lea immediately answered—"Go and enjoy yourself, my girl, and don't trouble yourself about me. I shall so long to hear all about it, that I could not sleep if I tried, I am sure."

So Mary Lea took her brother's arm, and wishing her father good-night, she walked on with her brother, followed by Annie, who wished to see if they went as usual to the public building before mentioned, and also if there was anything to be seen there. They did go, and the child followed them, and saw them turn in by a side door, which they opened of themselves, no one staying them. Annie looked earnestly as the door closed behind them, with some undefinable hope that some one would come and open it for her to go in, or at least to allow her to peep at what was passing within; but no one noticed her, either to tell her to stay or go; and gaining courage by this, she looked about her. She found herself on the steps leading into the public building; within just opposite to where she stood were inner doors of dark baize, before which was seated a man at a table, whose business she soon perceived was, by the light of a small candle, to receive the tickets or money of such persons who desired to pass through these doors. To his left was the smaller door by which the Leas had entered, and Annie remarked, that whoever went in at that door, paid nothing. The hour for the company to arrive was approaching, and the child was first made aware of it by a policeman bidding her get down from the steps as a carriage and pair of horses were stopping at the building. Annie just caught a glimpse of a very finely-dressed lady descending from this

carriage, but she could scarcely see her, for the crowd round pushed before her, and she was too short to gain a sight of what was passing.

Another and another carriage drove up, and many visitors walked in on foot, but Annie saw them not, by reason, as I said before, of her shortness of stature ; and the weary child was just about to return home, when she saw something white shining on the pavement by the bright light of the gas. She stooped and picked it up ; it was a roll of paper tied with a bit of ribbon, and the little girl remembered she had seen the like in the hands of Mary Lea. Annie was too ignorant to know that it was some copied music which one of the singers had dropped in her difficulty in pushing through the crowd. "Oh! it must be Mary Lea's," she thought, "and I am sure she will want it, for I know she always carries it with her whenever she comes out on these kind of evenings." But still the child did not know for what purpose it could be used, though she judged at once that she had obtained a prize which would be her excuse for entering that door through which they had passed.

Annie was too cunning to give up her treasure to the man in waiting, but she made an attempt to go through the door where no one sate to receive money, but she was stopped on her way ; and as she would not give up her roll of paper, lest it should be taken from her, and she sent home, she received a somewhat heavy push, and a severe rebuke from a man, for going where the like of her ought not to go. Perhaps this but increased her earnest desire to have one view of that public assembly : certain it is, the child waited most patiently after the crowd had dispersed, in hopes of having an opportunity to pass through that forbidden door unseen. In the meanwhile, the performance within began, but the little girl, from the distance in which she stood, could hear but little of it, except that it sounded, as she thought, very finely, for she had a natural taste for music, and a correct ear. What she heard only made her long the

more to see distinctly what was passing, and though the night was now set in, she made no attempt to go home.

It must have been between nine and ten when this poor little ragged, dirty child, shivering from cold and inactivity, suddenly perceived that all fears of any obstruction from without were removed, by the man who had been receiving the money ascending an inner flight of steps, with his candle in his hand, to a suite of rooms above. Annie waited but to hear him reach the topmost step, and then walk, as it were, away, when she once more sprang into the entrance hall, and going straight to the door she had seen the Leas enter in by, she softly turned it, and found herself within the desired apartment. So noiselessly had she entered, that had all been quiet within, her soft footfall could scarcely have been heard; but at that moment a very loud and most overpowering chorus was being performed from Mendelssohn's oratorio of St. Paul, and it was just being concluded. It was the chorus of the multitude speaking against the apostle, accusing him of destroying all those who called upon the name that now he preached; and it concludes with the words, "Force him away, force him away." These words were most distinctly uttered by the singers, and Annie, as she stood trembling at the door, knew not but what they were addressed to herself. She could see little but a blaze of light, for she had entered behind the orchestra, the platform of which was raised to about a level of her head. All the performers were turned from her, and were all so intent on their parts, that they neither saw nor heard her, and the child had time given her, not only to recover from her momentary fright, but emboldened by the inattention she met with, she ascended the five or six steps, and stood upon the platform. And there, what a scene met her eye!—the brightly-lighted room—the gaily-dressed company who were facing her—the orchestra of nearly a hundred performers—the organ close by her side—the numerous wind and stringed instruments add-

ing to the peal of human voices, imitating the infuriated multitude calling down destruction upon the apostle.

To imagine the effect of this upon the little girl's mind, we must recall to recollection her past life, her utter ignorance of anything better than her wretched home, her own dirty, neglected state, and her long watching in the cold and dark of the street.

There she stood, and scarcely had her foot reached the platform, when the powerful chorus at once ceased, the organ and the softer instruments only played, and the subdued voices of the many sang the chorale so familiar to her ears, and yet the strain was as different when thus accompanied as an heavenly song would sound to those who had but heard it before from mortal tongues. Softly sweet and beautifully harmonious was the strain that followed, every word of it being so familiar to the child, that not a note was lost; but now, for the first time, did she really hear the words—now, for the first time, did she put sense to their meaning:—

O Thou, the true and only light!  
Direct the souls that walk in night;  
And bring them 'neath thy shelt'ring care,  
To find their blest Redemption there.

Illumine those who blindly roam,  
And call the erring wanderers home;  
The hearts astray that union crave,  
And those in doubt confirm and save.

Ere this sweet strain had been finished, the child had been seen by those behind, but they were afraid of speaking to her, lest they should spoil the effect of the beautiful harmony; but as the last words died away, one of the men touched her arm, inquiring what she wanted. The poor little girl was so overpowered with her feelings, that instead of replying, she burst into tears, sobbing bitterly, and in that state was not unkindly led down the steps, and through the door.

The man had once before been witness to the effect of music upon a gentleman's child who had lived quite



in the country. His friends had an opportunity of visiting a cathedral, and they took their son with them, a little boy of about eight years old. At the first strains of the organ, he turned very pale, and, after a few minutes, actually fainted away, so overpowering were its effects upon him.

I have said, this was known to the man, and it must account for the soothing way in which he spoke to the dirty, ragged, sobbing child, who had thus, as it seemed, impertinently intruded herself upon them. It was not for some minutes, however, that he learnt from her what was her errand in that room; but the child having recovered herself somewhat, gave him the roll of music, though she could scarce speak for sobbing.

"Thank you, my girl," replied the man; "I will be sure to give it to the right owner. I see Jane Thurnham's name on the outside. Now, go home, there's a good girl, and go to bed, and all will be as it should be in the morning." He turned as he spoke, and went in at the door from whence they came, whilst little Annie seated herself at the lowest step of the outer door, and hiding her face in her hands for the very first time in her young life, gave full vent to thought.

"O what am I?" was her reflection—"what a low, miserable wretch am I!—to think how I could have lived so long, so very long, and not have known how degraded a being I am—an outcast from others! O! how beautiful and grand were those ladies and gentlemen!—what lovely sounds were those I heard!—and what kind of things could make such sounds? How very little was even Mary Lea in that large room, with that brilliant light, and such lovely, lovely music! And yet, what was it they sung—what could they have meant? They spoke of even greater light: yes, what are the words?—

O Thou the true and only light!  
Direct the souls that walk in night.

"What can that light be?" reflected the child—

“ what can it be ? and what are souls ? I can’t imagine ; but yet, somehow, I feel it must be me ; for do I not walk in night ? O, yes ! I have been walking as a man at night ; I have not known what was round me, and yet I thought my eyes were open. O dear ! O dear ! what shall I do ?—what can become of me ? O that some one would speak to me, to tell me what is meant by that true and only light ! O, I wish it would direct me—O that I do ? But I can have no hope ; and yet, I don’t know why, I somehow think I may. What pretty words they are ! I never heard anything yet so pretty. How glad I am I had learnt them before ! and yet how different do they now seem to me, to what they did when only Mary Lea sang them in our little court ! O, how I should like to hear them sung again in that large room, just as I did now, with all the same people about, and that kind-looking man at that large music, which would make me cry any time to hear ! But was not that room light enough ?—was not the people clever enough, and great enough ? Could they want more light ? Could they be walking as one in night ? for I understand what it is to walk in night. Surely, they can’t be ignorant ; and yet they must be. Can it be possible that there is something as much above them as they are above me ? O dear, O dear ! I cannot bear such thoughts, they frighten me so. O that there was a bright moon, or sun—this gas is so dull ! O, I have no light, but as gas, and these great people there have a light like the moon, but they are calling out for the sun. O that I might ask for the sun, too ! But who can I ask ? Who is there that has any power to give it me ? or who would listen to a poor wretch like me ? ”

As the little girl thought this, she rocked herself too and fro, in a perfect agony of mind, upon the stone step ; and so great were the inward workings of her heart, that though the night air was cold and frosty, the perspiration rose upon her forehead, and her breath seemed to come heavily, and as if a heavy hand was held on her

chest. This state could not last long ; her little frame could not support it ; her hour for sleeping had long arrived ; and exhausted with mental suffering, her eyes closed, her head drooped, and she slept.

She was roused by the sound of carriages, and starting up, shivering and terrified, she set off at a rapid pace towards home ; and on arriving there, received an angry rebuke, and a blow, from her mother, for being out so late, and she was sent to bed without any inquiry of where she had been and what she had been doing.

As might be expected, the poor child, from over mental anxiety, long watching, and sleeping in the cold, awoke next morning with all the symptoms of fever ; but the harsh mother heeded her not, and the neglected little one dragged her weary limbs down the stairs to ask for something to moisten her parched lips ; but the bad and cruel woman had no pity, for she told her it was the effects of being out so late the night before, and was a good warning to her ; and then giving her the remains of her own breakfast in a broken tea-pot, she told the child to take it by the fire.

Annie found at first that the fire and the tea did her good ; but her head ached, and her mind knew no rest, and unable to bear the bustling about of her mother, who clattered the furniture in a manner that showed she was in an irritable state that morning, the child filled her own cup with cold tea, and once more went to her bed.

And now, how should I find words to describe the state of that forlorn one's mind as she lay upon her bed of straw, wrapped up in a solitary blanket, or a kind of woollen rug ? Fever would not let her rest, and a kind of delirium was coming on, with, at the same time, a too vivid consciousness of reality. She felt herself an out-cast—as one walking in night, and pining after the true and only light. She thought of the scene of the night before as one finer than it had really been. The fearful words on her first entrance now sounded to her, as " Force her away, force her away ;" and then the sweet

chorale followed, bringing hope and peace to her heart ; for she felt that it was addressed to herself, or such as herself. Thus wore away the day, in which her mother but once came to see her, and brought her a jug of water, which she placed by her on the ground ; but when the child would have opened her heart to her parent, the unfeeling woman bade her go to sleep, and not tell her her foolish dreams.

“O that they were dreams !” said the child—“only dreams ! and yet—no, no, no : there is a light ; I feel there is a true and only light, and I shall be allowed to see it—I feel I shall. I do so long to see it ! O ! who will show it me ? O, mother, mother, do you think that kind-looking gentleman that played the large music would tell me about it ?—mother, mother, do you think he would ?” and she sate up in her eagerness and seized her mother’s arm.

“Nonsense, child,” said her mother ; “what do you mean ? Go to sleep again, I tell you, and don’t trouble me.”

“Is Jonas here ?” asked Annie ; “is Jonas come home ? I do so want to see him, mother.”

“He is not likely to come to-night, or to-morrow either,” answered Mrs. Kelly ; “he has got some business of his own to attend to.”

“O that Jonas was here !” murmured the sick one as she laid her head down again ; “Jonas might know something—he might tell me something.”

Mrs. Kelly was right when she said the young man would not return that evening ; nor did he return till the following day ; and thus the fever was allowed to gain time over the little frame of the mentally-awakening child.

When Jonas arrived, he went at once to see his little sick sister, and taking her in his arms—for when was he harsh to her ?—he listened to all she had to say ; but what comfort could he give her ? He told her, what she called the large music was an organ, and that the gentleman who played it was a kind, good gentleman,

called Mr. Shirley ; and when pressed by Annie—for he hardly knew how to answer her—he at first said the words that had been sung had no meaning in them ; but the child had a witness in her heart that they had ; and then acknowledged, that if they had, Mr. Shirley would be able to explain them.

“ And may I go to him ? ” asked the child. “ Would you carry me to him ?—dear, dear brother, do carry me to him ! He looked so kind, so very kind—there was a light in his face, brother, I think it must have been from the true, the only light, just as I have seen the sun shine upon people’s faces making them to look so bright.”

“ My little silly one,” said Jonas, “ do you know what you are saying ?—you are not speaking like yourself ; you are very ill, my little Annie, very ill. Come, try not to think any more—I won’t leave you, and you shall go to sleep in my arms.”

“ Yes,” she answered, “ yes ”—and then singing in a low voice to herself, the words which had been allowed to take such powerful hold of her young mind, she dropt asleep in the arms of her brother, and for the first time since her attack, slept easily.

As she lay in his bosom, the tender brother gazed on her earnestly and affectionately, for Oh, he did love her, love her dearly—he loved her both with a paternal and fraternal affection, and as he looked on her wasted form and flushed cheek, he determined that come what would if she awoke with the same wish of seeing Mr. Shirley she should not, as far as he could help it, be thwarted in her desire.

And here we must pause to point out the kind workings of Providence as regards this little lost one. Had Annie desired to have seen an avowed minister of the Gospel, Jonas himself would have opposed her wish, for the state of her family were such that they hardly dared, if they wished it, to ask a clergyman to visit them ; but a gentleman whose professional occupation was music, who conducted the choir at the cathedral,

was as another gentleman, not a minister, and Jonas was so ignorant of the christian character, that he looked upon a clergyman as a person of business, and would no more have gone to him in an emergency of this sort than he would have applied for help to a conscientious lawyer to help him to cheat government.

During Annie's sleep, the words she had so often uttered to him—I mean the two first lines of the chorale—rang again and again in his ears, and strange and wonderful to say, the witness within himself, as in the case of his sister, would stand up in defence of their truth. "What can I do?"—he thought, "to whom can I apply? My character, alas! is against me; Mr. Shirley will not attend to the pleadings of such a one as I. Ah, my little sister, I am afraid that with all the will I have not the power to help you."

He was still thinking over this, when he heard the voice of Mary Lea in the adjoining small garden, in front of the cottage: she was directly under the window, and he fancied she said, "I am afraid the poor child is ill, for I have not seen her for two days."

"Ah! Mary Lea, Mary Lea," he thought—"she will help me, she was ever a kind girl; and many is the time she has spoken kindly to the little one where another might have held themselves proudly, and scorned such a neglected one as my poor Annie."

Full of this hope, when his sister awoke, and once more expressed her earnest wish to see Mr. Shirley, Jonas told her he would do what he could for her, though he could not promise he should succeed; and then giving her some tea to drink, and telling her to keep still till he came back, he went down stairs, and out of the house, and into the adjoining one. He found none of the family at home but Mary and her mother, who were much astonished at his visit, for there was no communication kept up between the neighbours, and if any of the members spoke, it was only to little Annie, who sometimes got a word of advice from the females of the other family, and Mr. Lea himself.

Jonas walked straight into the house, for he found the door open, and seeing the mother and daughter together, he addressed himself first to one and then to the other, as he fancied he read compassion on their faces.

"My little sister is ill," he said, speaking hoarsely, as if he had some difficulty to control his feelings, "the child is dying, I am sure—she could not talk as she does if she was not dying."

"Dying!" repeated Mary and her mother, both together—"dying! and it was but the day before yesterday she was playing about as usual!"

"Yes," replied Jonas—and then he went on to tell how she had followed Mary to the meeting—how she had picked up the roll of paper, and had entered the room; and then he told what she had witnessed in that room, and the extraordinary hold it had taken of her mind. "And now, Mary Lea," he added, whilst man as he was—and some would have called him a very hardened one—the tears stood in his eyes, "will you take pity upon this dying child? and ask that Mr. Shirley to have the wonderful goodness to see her?—Oh! if you will do this, may Heaven bless you."

"I will ask Mr. Shirley," said Mary, after a moment's hesitation; "and what is more, I feel sure he will come: he is a kind gentleman—a very kind gentleman."

But my story has already run on to a great length, so I shall not say more than that Mary at once put on her bonnet and shawl, and went to Mr. Shirley's house; nor how that good and pious Christian listened to her pleadings, and promised to visit the poor child. In the meanwhile the motherly Mrs. Lea went straight with Jonas into the next house, and there her kind heart was grieved to see the wretched dirty state in which the child lay, and the absolute want of all comfort around her. The good woman could do nothing in that house for the sick girl, but having made her some refreshing drink, for Annie was very thirsty, Mrs. Lea set herself,

without loss of time, to prepare a little bed that had once been used by her children when little ones, and had been rolled under Mary's present bed, and then putting on a kettle of water, she fetched out some clean linen of Mary's to air before the fire. When this was done she waited for her daughter's return, and learning from her Mr. Shirley would be at the house in half an hour, Mrs. Lea told Mary of her intentions, and then set off to the shop where her husband worked to get his permission to take charge of the child, and remove her to their own house during her illness.

Perhaps this may be thought an uncommon act of kindness, but the poorer orders are very kind to their neighbours in distress, and they do not, from circumstances, look forward to consequences as the higher ranks of life too often do : then it must be remembered, that they had seen and known Annie from a baby, and though the child was neglected and dirty, and ignorant, yet she ever had a warm little heart and a word of kindness had never been forgotten by her, and love will beget love. They had ever pitied her sincerely, and there had not been a time that they would not, if they could, have joyfully taken her from her parents to have brought her up in a right way. When we add to this, Mrs. Lea and Mary were true Christians, I think we need say no more.

When Mr. Shirley saw the suffering child, he was as well aware, as Mrs. Lea and her brother were, that the hand of death was on her ; for the illness had been allowed to gain a frightful hold upon her, and the state of her mind but added to her danger.

Mr. Shirley thought it right that she should see a clergyman, but her mother would not hear of it for an instant. She said she could not have a clergyman cross her threshold. The good gentleman spoke of a doctor, but here again, the mother said they were too poor to pay, and had no friends among the great to procure the child's admittance into a hospital or infirmary.

As to little Annie, she seemed not to wish for either



doctor or clergyman, but in her pleasure at seeing Mr. Shirley, she gained the false strength that fever sometimes gives, and she would have him to talk of what she called that beautiful song, and the true, the only light.

I have said, Mr. Shirley was a Christian, and finding he could do nothing with the mother, he sate down in the sick child's room, and told her of Jesus—of him, who has said, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John viii. 12.) "Every one that doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved: but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." (John iii. 20, 21.) "But this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world; but men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil." (John iii. 19.)

As Mr. Shirley spoke, Annie burst into tears, exclaiming, "O! I do love the light! I am sure I love the light! and yet I am such a naughty wicked child that I do not know what is to become of me."

So ignorant was this poor little one, that Mr. Shirley at first despaired of making her to know how God the Father had made her—how God the Son had died for her, and how God the Holy Spirit was able and willing to lead her to behold that land where is no sun nor moon, but where the Lamb shall be the only light. But Mr. Shirley showed but his own want of faith—the child was a chosen vessel; and she was to be rapidly taught what was necessary for her to know, for her time on earth was comparatively short. All he said she seized hold of with avidity and eagerness, and her remarks on what she heard had such power on her poor brother's hitherto blinded mind, and they seemed to him to carry such fearful weight with them, that his stricken conscience was as one that was roused, not from mere sleep, but death; but, alas! he could not take in the blessed promise that Christ could give him light and life.

After a while, Annie's unnatural strength failed her,

but when Mr. Shirley wished to leave, the child was so distressed, he promised to call on her again, and that shortly.

As he left the house, he saw Mrs. Lea waiting for him, and Mary stepping forwards asked him to walk in to their kitchen and sit down. Mrs. Lea then spoke of the child, whom she pronounced in a dying state, to which Mr. Shirley could not but agree, which made poor Mary weep bitterly ; and then when the good gentleman said he had promised to call again, perhaps that evening, the worthy woman told him she had gained her husband's consent to take the poor child to their house, that the last days of her life might be spent in comparative comfort. "The mother will only be too glad to be spared the trouble of nursing," added Mrs. Lea, "and here the dying one may see our minister, which she could not do in her father's house."

"Where is her father?" asked Mr. Shirley.

"Her father is from home," replied Mrs. Lea ; and she then told the good gentleman what she knew of the family—how they absented themselves for a time, and persons thought on no good account, or for any reputable purpose, which but added to the pity he already felt for the dying child.

When Mr. Shirley returned that evening, he found the little girl had been removed to the house of the Leas. They had bathed her in a warm bath, which had refreshed her, and as she complained of the heat of her head, most of her hair except a little on her temples had been cut off, and she wore some clean linen of the kind Mary's.

The child had been asleep since her removal, and she expressed much delight and thankfulness for the kindness shown to her. Jonas was sitting by her bed, for he had come in whilst she slept, and had so implored to stay that Mrs. Lea had not found the heart in her to refuse him ; and again he listened to the pious discourse of Mr. Shirley, who spoke to the child the words of

Holy Writ, and when did those words ever prove powerless?

Mr. Shirley informed Annie that there was one who could tell her more of this true light than even he could; that this gentleman had been present at the meeting—that he wished to see her, and would come, if she liked, and sit and talk with her.

Mr. Shirley did not say he was a clergyman, for he saw the little girl, and her brother too, had a fear of the name, and he felt convinced that when they saw and heard the good and reverend gentleman speak, that fear would pass away for love and veneration.

And now that our little Annie is in such good hands for learning the truth, I must pass over in as few words as possible the short time that followed her attack, to the last hours of her young life.

Mr. Hart, the kind clergyman of the parish, visited her daily, and so also did Mr. Shirley and a medical man, who was much interested in her case, and did all he could to ease her bodily sufferings. These three gentlemen between them did not allow the good Leas to bear the burthen of the expense of the child, but who could have paid them for their watchings and tendings by the sick couch; their feminine care—their patience and never-varying kindness—but all was of no avail, the hand of death was on the child, and she was shortly to behold the Sun in His Glory in that land which to us is far, very far off.

During this time her brother scarcely ever left her, but when sent from her room by Mrs. Lea, who sometimes feared his presence would fatigue the child. As her mind opened out from day to day, and her mental eyes saw more and more of light, it was wonderful to hear her talk to her brother, trying to teach him, young as she was, and but a babe in grace herself, what had been revealed to her by the Holy Spirit. But Jonas was not so near death as herself, and from being older, he had sins of a deeper dye on his mind than hers could have been, from the very circumstance of their age—so,

as in the old tale of the Pilgrim's Progress, he remained in the Slough of Despond, whilst she had been lifted out, set upon her feet, and helped far, very far on in her journey.

It was in talking, or rather I should say when addressing her God for him, for she had been taught to pray, that the second verse of the beautiful chorale that had had such an effect in opening her eyes to the truth, was oftenest used by her, and she loved it best as a prayer of supplication.

Illumine those who blindly roam,  
And call the erring wanderers home;  
The hearts astray that union crave,  
And those in doubt confirm and save.

By the wise and merciful dispensation of Providence, the bad father of Annie, just at this time, while from home, met with an accident in which he sprained his leg very badly while engaged in some night-work which he would not acknowledge. He was in too great pain to be removed, and his wife was therefore obliged to go to him, and thus it was arranged that the work of grace should be allowed to have full liberty for operating upon the minds of the brother and sister unchecked from without.

When Lucy arrived at this part of her story, for she had undertaken to read the whole of it through, she was obliged to stop for a few minutes, as Mrs. Fairchild was wanted to speak to a poor woman who had come up to the hall on a message from Mrs. Lakin. Whilst Mrs. Fairchild was absent, the children talked much of the story, and Lucy said, "it was one that gave her altogether a new set of ideas, for it told her about things that she had never heard of before, and it brought also new thoughts to her mind about the lamentable state of ignorance in which even an English child might live for years."

"Ah! Lucy," replied Mrs. Goodriche, "I fear we are as little thankful for the blessings of having mental light, as we are for possessing that of bodily sight."

*A Thanksgiving under the contemplation of the various means which the Lord makes effectual for salvation.*

O thou blessed and glorious One, where shall we find words to thank thee for all thy mercies, too vast in sum and magnitude for the comprehension even of our spiritual nature, whilst, as it were, imprisoned in the flesh. But now at this time we feel ourselves especially called upon to magnify that omnipotent wisdom of loving-kindness by which thou utterest the word, and every sense, which as natural administrators only to the desires of the flesh, becomes effectual as the channel of divine truth to the inward man; so that under thy hand the eye, which by nature is only the minister of vanity, is made capable of discerning thee as thou manifests thyself to thy children in thy glorious works, and to read the tokens of thy redeeming power in the awakening morning, the rising sun, and the glorious bow of covenant in the clouds.

The thousand other refreshments and renovations in the natural world, and the ear, which originally was open only to the voices of a depraved instinct are then taught to hear thee in the rush of the wind, the thunders of the heavens, the fall of the gentle shower, the spoken words of the inspired volume, and in the melodies of the harp and organ, and of the still sweeter notes of the well-modulated human voice.

Glory, then, be to thee, O thou Friend of man, that instructeth the poor and ignorant, and oftentimes causeth only a few words, even thy name as Saviour of the lost human race, to give such strength as to enable the feeblest of our fellow-creatures to leap and rejoice in spirit, and to soar up on high as with the wings of the eagle. We praise thee, we glorify thee, we magnify thee, because thou makest thy redeemed to be numerous as the stars of the heavens; and we thank thee not only on account of those who are already in glory, but on our own account, because thou hast made us to comprehend that thou art love, and that we ourselves, with all thy redeem-

ed ones, are fixed for ever in that unchangeable love.  
Amen.

## HYMN.

How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet according minds ;  
How swift the heav'nly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

To each the soul of each how dear  
What zealous love, what holy fear ;  
How doth the cleansing fire within  
Refine from earth, and clear from sin !

Their sorrowing hearts together flow,  
For human guilt, and human woe ;  
Their earnest prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

How sweet the everlasting love  
That will not let them part ;  
Their bodies may far off remove,  
They still are one in heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to one Head,  
Where He appoints we go,  
Seeking in all His steps to tread,  
And show His praise below.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

MUCH to the satisfaction of the young party, Mrs. Fairchild was not detained long, and Lucy began to read again as soon as her mamma was seated.

As Mr. Hart was one morning leaving the house he turned to Jonas, who had followed him to the door with Mrs. Lea, to make some inquiries as to the place of little Annie's birth, saying, that he did not recollect having christened her. There was a hesitation in the young man's reply, which made Mr. Hart return into the kitchen and put more questions to him. Indeed, as his suspicions became more confirmed, as to something being very wrong, he pressed his inquiries more closely ; and

after a while ascertained that neither the youth nor his sister had ever been baptized. He was born, Jonas said, just before his parents had left a former place, where they had resided, and Annie in the place where they last were; and though his father had talked of having both of them christened some time or another, that they might be registered, he had put it off from year to year till he felt himself come to such an age as to be ashamed of being taken into the church, to be christened like a babe in its nurse's arms.

Mrs. Lea shook her head, and Mr. Hart sighed, though he did not quite agree with the good woman, when she said, "Why, Jonas, you and Annie had as well have been born among the heathen Greeks as in this christian country."

"Not so, not so," replied Mr. Hart, "for how could any sound like that of little Annie's sweet chorale have ever reached her ears, in those dark lands where no object is lifted up for the worship of man, but such as are an abomination in the sight of God, and where every temple resounds with the praises of such, and of such only? We cannot too highly prize the benefit of having been born in a christian land, even though we ourselves have all, perhaps, lived many years without appreciating this benefit." Mr. Hart then called Jonas to come out with him, and they two were observed by Mrs. Lea to be walking together up and down the court in close discussion for some time. She was sorry, however, to hear Jonas say, as they passed for the last time before her door, "Indeed, good sir, I should be glad to oblige you in any way, but I cannot do it, being come to these years. Indeed, sir, I cannot." Mr. Hart had been persuading him to consent to be baptized, showing him the import of the ceremony, and he had been pleading that he could not, for fear it should get wind, and he should be made a laughing-stock amongst the youths in the neighbourhood. Many a better instructed man than Jonas has pleaded weaker reasons for not doing a thing advised by a wise and sincere friend.

It was in the dusk of the evening of the same day that Mr. Hart appeared again at the house of the worthy Leas, and having ascertained that little Annie was as easy and as much herself as she was ever likely to be on this side of the gate of her deliverance from all the pains of sin, he asked to be left with her in the great upper chamber, and there he discoursed long with her, the little one more than once entreating him to stay when he would have withdrawn. In his former interviews with her, he had spoken generally upon the divine work of redemption by Christ, and then found to his astonishment and delight that nothing which he had said had been lost, though this was not the first time by many in which he had been made to know, that the christian teacher may and does persuade with a power irresistible when it pleases God to use his speech as a means of grace in his divine hands.

The little one, it seemed, ever since he had last spoken to her, had almost shot beyond himself in the apprehension of the completeness of the Saviour's work. She had passed beyond all fear and doubt ; the spirit of adoption which was already lighted up in her young breast, shone from her eyes in more than the loveliness of the smile with which the gentle infant at the breast looks up to the beaming eye of the tender mother ; and it was already so settled a matter with the dying child that she was beloved by her glorious Redeemer, that Mr. Hart felt, that every expression which he could use only fell short of the experience of the little one—an experience of perfect confidence such as none can feel in advanced life, till brought back by divine power to a state of simple childhood.

“ I have done,” thought the worthy clergyman ; “ the dove has already risen above the potsherds of the earth ; the glory from on high already sheds the tint of the yellow gold on her plumage ; yet a little while, and she will soar to the gates of heaven, and I shall commune with her sweet spirit no more until I am made one with her in Christ ; and yet I must call her attention to one form



enjoined to us in this world of shadows below. I must, if possible, make her to comprehend the ordinance of the baptism by water, although I cannot doubt that she has already received that of the Holy Ghost, and through her, perhaps, I shall be enabled to make Jonas submit also to the reception of this outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

Rather to the surprise of Mr. Hart, when he began to try to make Annie understand the nature of this form, he was admonished of what he had already forgotten during this his last interview with the little girl; that he was addressing not only a very young, but as to all matters here below a profoundly ignorant child, one who knew not even the word church but as designating a particular sort of building, and had never even heard the word sacrament.

There was neither time nor possibility to explain these matters to her, and he had therefore nothing left but to tell the little girl that our blessed Lord had ordered all people to be baptized; that most parents in a christian country caused it to be done for their little children; that in her case and Jonas's it had been neglected, and that it ought to be done immediately, to show that they desired to be called by the name of their dear Saviour.

The little girl answered immediately, "O then please to baptize us, kind sir."

Mr. Hart told her that Jonas objected, and she seemed for a moment distressed; then murmuring—"Poor Jonas!—dear Jonas, I do so love dear Jonas! If you knew how kind he always was to me, sir, when I had nobody else to care for me, you would love him; but I will speak to him: he always would hear whatever I had to say, and he never was unkind to me, never. O, I should so like that my dear brother would own himself for a child of God at the same time I do; for if it be sweet to be brother and sister here, how much sweeter will it be hereafter!"

When Mr. Hart retired by Annie's particular re-

quest, Jonas sate with her alone for nearly an hour. What passed between them was however not known, excepting from the result, and that was, that the young man, though as tender as ever in his manner to his sister, had kept to his first resolution of not being baptized.

There is no doubt the distress of mind occasioned by this unwillingness of Jonas to acknowledge himself a child of God had a serious effect upon the suffering little one, but this did not manifest itself by any weakness ; on the contrary, she appeared to possess unnatural strength, which she used all for one purpose in earnest entreaties with her brother.

Her increasing indisposition had determined Mr. Hart to perform the service for her on the following morning at an early hour. All that night was she attended by her brother, Mrs. Lea, and Mary ; and though she complained of little but thirst, yet was it evident to all that she was drawing rapidly to the close of her short earthly career ; and thus, in the case of this blessed child, death itself was restrained from the power of inflicting anguish even in the hours of its utmost triumph.

As the night passed on her unnatural strength left her, and she ceased to speak, excepting in such a broken and desultory manner that a stranger to herself, and still more a stranger to heavenly things, would have often failed to comprehend her.

But whilst Jonas felt to the inmost recesses of his heart all the broken and indistinct expressions of her love for him, as he supported her in his arms many hours of the live-long night, he was not so well able to trace the golden thread of her higher feelings of love, nor to comprehend her frequent addresses to him whom she sometimes called her Father, but oftener her dear Brother, in a home where there was light. All the ideas of natural affection, or rather of the sweet ties of kindred were combined in that poor child's mind in the brotherly relationship, and the love of poor Jonas to her, was the type which the divine Spirit used to aid her comprehension of the antitype.

Jonas, however, not comprehending this, more than once answered to her calls of "Come, dear brother, come quickly—come nearer and nearer, gentle brother, by saying, "I am here, my love—my Annie; I hold you in my arms, my sister—your head lies on my bosom." How sweetly in after-time was this his mistake opened out to him.

Towards the hour of midnight—that hour so heavy often to the dying—the little girl said, "Sing, dear Mary; please to sing—to sing those words." And when she in a soft low voice had once gone over the sweet chorale, the child said, "No, no, not so—not so—not for souls—not for me, but for him; not for my soul, for I do not walk in night. I have been brought into light, but I did not find my Saviour—he found me. Did not he, Mary? But sing again, and sing for him."

"For her brother," whispered Mrs. Lea. "Change the words, Mary."

Mary Lea sang again.

"O thou, the true and only light!  
Direct his soul that walks in night,  
And bring him 'neath thy sheltering care,  
To find his blest Redeemer there."

"Illumine those who blindly roam,  
And call the erring wanderer home,  
The heart astray that union crave,  
And those in doubt confirm and save."

"Go on," said Mrs. Lea, "she is sinking to sleep. Repeat the hymn once or twice, and let your voice gradually sink."

Mary understood how to effect this, and Annie appeared to be in a profound sleep when the last note of the sweet voice of the singer died away like the far off sound of the wind passing on over distant lands.

Then followed an hour or more, in which not a creature moved in the still chamber, whilst the words, and

even the air of the holy chorale floated across the mind of Jonas, and the ear of his imagination.

In after years, Jonas used to speak of that silent hour as the one in which the first glimmering of light shone upon his apprehension, showing itself as a beam of glory issuing from divine love.

When Mr. Hart arrived early in the morning, and found everything prepared for the baptism, it was apparent to all that no time was to be lost, for Annie was sinking fast; death had already set his signet on her features, and the child appeared to be almost unconscious of what was passing about her.

But they were mistaken. When she heard Mr. Hart's voice, she seemed to recollect at once wherefore he was come; and when he drew up to the bed and addressed her, she said, "No, no, poor Jonas first, he is willing now—the light will come to him."

Mr. Hart looked at Jonas to know from the young man himself what he would have done. He received no reply even by a glance, for a fearful struggle was at that hour being carried on in the heart of the hitherto darkly-minded youth, and his eyes were cast down, for he knew not whether the old or the new nature would prove the conqueror within him. The silence that ensued roused the dying child; she raised herself in bed, and throwing herself into her brother's arms, she cried in a voice, the tone of which can never be forgotten by those who stood in the chamber—"O God! send him light—blessed, glorious, never-failing light. O Father! let him be my brother—my brother indeed—thy child, O God!" Then making a movement for him to kiss her, she laid her head on his bosom, and turning to Mr. Hart, she added, "Dear, kind sir, please to begin—for Jonas, sir. It is for Jonas, he will hear you, sir. I know he will hear you." The young man, still pressing his sister to his heart, could not make any reply, but the look he gave the worthy clergyman was sufficient: it told that he was a subdued, humbled character, and though it might be feared *earthly* affection had quelled his once proud

spirit, the minister of the gospel received the token as an evidence of what should hereafter be bestowed upon the wandering one.

Annie implored so earnestly that the service should be commenced for Jonas, she appeared so eager, so fearful lest he should withdraw his consent, that though every minute seemed most valuable on her account, Mr. Hart at once began the service of baptism for those of adult years. Jonas stood by his sister's bed, and still held her in his arms; and as Mrs. Lea had been directed by Mr. Hart to make the responses as a guide to Jonas, little Annie knew what should be said, and she made them all herself with a beautiful earnestness and a constant watching that none should be passed over by her brother that was most touching to behold.

When, however, Mr. Hart inquired if Jonas desired to be baptized in the faith, Annie having answered to it, and seen that her brother had done so, seemed to think that all that was necessary was done, or else increased indisposition became too great for her to overcome. She paid no heed to the next question, nor did she seem to note the succeeding prayer, though she tried to follow with her lips the second one.

All present in the room were aware of the great change that then passed over her countenance. It was last remarked by Mr. Hart, who had just pronounced, "Jonas, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," when a heavy sigh drew his attention. He saw there was no time to be lost, and aware of the uselessness of sponsors for the dying one, his hand, still moist with the water with which he had baptized her brother, he signed the sign of the cross upon her pallid brow, and once again repeated the words with the alteration of name only. The dying child revived for one moment; she made an effort to raise herself, and her brother assisted her; she held her face to him to kiss her—it was the last kiss of his which she ever returned, but it was a token of a union which should endure through all eternity.

The little one lay quite still after this, her eyes closed, her features quite composed. Mr. Hart hastened to conclude the ceremony, and all stood motionless beside her couch. Suddenly she raised her eyelids, looked upwards, and then a smile so sweet, so radiant, played upon her countenance, as could not have been lighted up in a dying face by other cause than a breaking in upon the apprehension of the beginning of an endless glory. She then murmured a few words, of which some only were heard—"Home—light—redemption—blest redemption there." After which her eyelids dropped, one gentle sigh escaped, and, to use an expression of Mr. Hart, the redeemed dove had passed the portals of the gates of everlasting glory.

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Any general discussion on the story of little Annie Kelly was prevented by the entrance of Mr. Fairchild, who, signifying that he wished to have a little conversation with Mrs. Goodriche, every one left the room, excepting the old lady herself and Mrs. Fairchild.

The subject on which Mr. Fairchild wished to converse with his old friend, was the education of his children, and the plans to be adopted in the present circumstances of the family. Mrs. Goodriche had heard all that had happened to the children since they had come to the Grove; so that she knew as well all the little misadventures into which the young heads and hearts of Lucy, Emily, and Henry, had led them under their own surveillance, as they did themselves. Though aware that although all interruptions of their mother's attention to them, which had proceeded from their grandmother, were now at an end, yet Mrs. Goodriche foresaw that innumerable others must occur in her friend's present position, especially when the gentlemen's families in the neighbourhood should call, which hitherto they had refrained from doing, from consideration of the troubled state of the household at the Grove; and, indeed, Mr. Fairchild had contrived to

spread it abroad that they wished to remain in retirement till after Christmas.

It was Mrs. Goodriche's opinion of the plan they had thought of—of procuring a governess—which Mr. Fairchild sought. She entirely acquiesced in the necessity of procuring the said governess; but when Mrs. Fairchild stated that she was anxious to procure such an one as would work together with her, as an elder daughter would work with a mother, in the instruction of younger sisters, being willing, at the same time, to receive instruction herself in the spirit of such an elder daughter—Mrs. Fairchild meant, in a religious, moral, and prudential way—and to give up the rule and authority in her presence, in consideration of being treated with respect and tenderness, Mrs. Goodriche exclaimed, "But where is this daughter-governess to be met with, my dear friend? Where are we to find this rare bird—this black swan?"

"Black swan!" said the voice of Dr. Reynolds, entering the room, followed by Tom, duly wrapped up for a drive, for the doctor was going home.

Mrs. Fairchild, seeing no reason for making any mystery of the matter with the friends just entered, told at once what they had been talking of, and Tom asked his aunt aside if Miss Goodriche could not be induced to take the situation, insisting that although she was then somewhat too young, she would mend of that fault every day.

"Poor dear Bessy," said Mrs. Fairchild; "if she improves for a few years to come, as she has done for some months past, she will be a blessing to any family in which she resides."

Tom agreed in this opinion, for all the elders in the house thought Bessy improving, and she was, in fact, a general favourite, though she yet needed much amendment, especially in externals.

Mr. Fairchild followed his old friend to the carriage, and obtained a promise that he would soon visit the Grove again.

Tom, who dearly loved to have a pair of reins in one hand and a whip in the other, drove the good gentleman off in style in his uncle's phaeton ; and what may seem something of a mystery, yet this is certain, that Mrs. Goodriche's black swan was the subject which engaged their minds and voices until they parted at Reading.

Mr. Tom himself was the next important personage who left the Grove, though he did not take leave till it was ascertained that he was to return before Christmas. The Grove had been his holiday haunt from a child, and his uncle had made him fully to understand that he might still consider it as his home whenever it suited him.

Mrs. Goodriche's departure speedily followed that of the nephew's ; she went to town in the hope that, with Captain Fairchild's very friendly and judicious assistance, she should conclude her business and return to the Grove before Christmas ; and she left her niece in the fullest assurance that her old friends were most happy in having her under their care.

And when these were gone, what ensued for the next month, but such a period of calm enjoyment—such a renewal of perpetual sweet intercourse between parents and children—such a restoration of old simple modes and habits of life, that the peaceful, cheerful family, were brought to confess with one voice, that where pure christian principles prevail, the external circumstances of life, whether the scale be high or low, extended or contracted, have little or no influence on happiness.

The eye soon becomes accustomed to the size and adornments of apartments, the most splendid artificial ornaments being, in fact, minute and poor in comparison with the glories and beauties which Nature exhibits to that of the meanest cotter ; and all these together shrinking into nothingness before the glimpses which are supplied to believers in some of those sweet moments known only to such, of the glories and splendours of the spiritual world.

After the departure of Mrs. Tilney, and when the



venerable and discreet old housekeeper took her place in her own parlour, and ruled the inferior servants ; and when Mrs. Johnson had also assumed her new position, one, in fact, which well assimilated with her somewhat slow movements and careful habits ; and when Betty's high integrity had found its level in the respect of her fellow-servants, and she, by John's advice, had brought herself, with the Divine blessing, to take matters as they came, and to thank God for the ease she enjoyed ;—all things went on so decently and quietly in the offices, and amongst the servants, that Mrs. Fairchild, governing only through the superior domestics, and keeping things as much as possible in the old-established forms, found herself, as she said, almost as easy as when she had only Betty to direct. She was very thankful also that she had been prevented, by the old lady's illness, from making changes in the household. When she first arrived at the Grove, morning and evening prayers, with Scripture reading, were then more duly established, and the presence of all the servants more strictly required, than could have been whilst the old lady lay ill ; and it was seen with pleasure that the servants attended willingly, and with much decorum, for these forms were not new to them. Then Mrs. Fairchild had leisure to inquire into what had been done for the poor in Miss Ellen's time, in which inquiries the head servants gave her all possible assistance ; and there was another very pleasant bustle for the little girls, in seeing all the cuttings out and contrivances of warm clothing and Christmas presents for the poor ; and this came in just after they had finished their presents for their own old and young poor people at home, and sent the huge packet by coach to Mr. Somerville, not to be opened till Christmas eve.

Thus, what with pleasant duties and dutiful pleasures, and now and then the recreation of an exploring walk in a frosty morning, and a pleasant book read aloud, whilst some were working, and one, that was Henry, cutting sticks, twisting packthread, or sewing sails for the boat

which Tom had sent him,—that pleasant month passed away like one long peaceful day, and Christmas was at hand before it was remembered that December was begun.

*A Thanksgiving for the various providences by which the courses of the children of God are made plain and easy to them in the progress and end of this present life.*

O glorious Father, Friend, and Sanctifier of thy redeemed among men ; it is with deep humiliation that we confess our slowness and dulness in observing and tracing the various movements of thy wise and tender providence among the children of men.

We acknowledge, that although we have the witness in our breasts that we are thine adopted ones, and have no hope of eternal life but through the death and resurrection of our glorious Saviour, yet that we are often as unable to discern the works of thy Divine providence amid the perplexed affairs of this present world, as those who have never felt the cheering influence of thy love : hence we are made often the subjects of fear where no fear is, and are unable to trust to thee to make our ways clear when the shadows of earth are thrown across it. But we thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that this our darkness is not perpetual, but that we enjoy certain periods of light in which we are enabled to trace thy glorious providences as so many threads of gold, leading thy simple ones through the mazes of this perplexed state, to where these guiding threads are all woven into one mighty cord of love, whereupon all the redeemed may depend until time shall be no more, and sin and death be swallowed up in victory.

We thank thee, not only for the relief thou hast afforded to us from many small troubles in this life, and for the gentle leadings by which thou dost continually direct our erring steps, but also for our own preservation

and salvation, and for those innumerable exercises of thy Divine wisdom and power by which, superseding all human exertions and human influences, thou oftentimes takest the poor, the ignorant, and the helpless, by the hand, and bringest them to thyself in a way more direct than human skill has ever devised. We thank thee for thousands and thousands of thousands now in glory thus rescued by thee from the misery and corruption of this present life ; and we humbly implore that we may, from year to year of our present existence, be enabled to comprehend more and more clearly the tokens of thy love in this present state of being, and thus go on rejoicing until faith is lost in the full enjoyment of that love which is divine.

Glory be, then, to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore. Amen.

## HYMN.

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
 When Jesus no longer I see ;  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,  
 Have lost all their sweetness with me :  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
 But when I am happy in him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice ;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice :  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind :  
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear ;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song ;  
Say, why should I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive all dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Then take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

ON the day week before Christmas-day, Tom appeared again, having escorted Mrs. Goodriche from town. The old lady, through the aid of the friendly Captain, had settled all her affairs respecting Bessy's little property, and it was with warm gratitude to her heavenly Father, who had provided her such a friend in need, that she threw off that peculiarly galling weight of pecuniary embarrassment.

Tom had parted from Dr. Reynolds but a day before, and brought a message from him to this intent, that he meant to leave town, where he then was, on Christmas Eve ; but as he had engaged himself to preach for a friend, who resided in a village on the London road, on Christmas-day, he did not expect to be at the Grove till some hours after morning service. Tom also hinted that he expected his father would appear to spend his Christmas at the Grove ; but not so his sister. She had, he said, struck up a violent intimacy with Lady Catherine Tollemache and her set, and was hoping to be off with her party to Bath, for a fortnight during the holidays.

Tom had very decidedly won the affections of Henry, and though he was no rival to John, he had certainly contributed much to the enjoyment of the little boy when he was last at the Grove, by taking him long rides, and aiding him in mechanical operations—showing him, for instance, how to fit up the said little boat of

which mention is made in the beginning of this volume ; but he was not so decided a favourite with the young ladies. He had put Bessy out of her way several times by his remarks on the defalcations of her costume, and by thus drawing the attention of her elders on the various substitutes for buttons, and strings, and stitches, in her attire. Lucy did not take to him, nor he to her ; and Emily, on whom he bestowed most notice, was afraid of him, and instinctively withdrew from him. Not one of these young people understood a sort of dry manner which he had of saying things which might be doubly interpreted,—of course nothing which might bear any evil interpretation, in the common acceptation of the term, yet which might not be quite what was right in another, as now and then a small spirit of quizzing and teasing would insinuate themselves into his inuendos, the extreme simplicity of the children often drawing him on farther than he intended on setting out to play upon them.

It was after tea, on the day of the arrival of the party from town, and all, with the exception of Mr. Fairchild, were gathered round a table, and every one was engaged with his own little private occupation, as might be seen by the heterogeneous articles scattered on the board,—when Tom, suddenly ceasing from the work of polishing a mast for Henry's boat, which he had just insisted on christening the "Old Nanny," called on his aunt the whole length of the table, saying, "So it's all settled about the governess : I am glad of it, she is a very proper person."

The little people knew that a governess was engaged, and was to come soon, so that not a needle was stopped in its progress, either by the question or their mamma's answer ; but not so when Tom said, "I am glad of it, she is a very proper person." Then every hand became motionless, and Bessy said, "So you know her, Mr. Tom ? Do tell us about her ;" but a servant entering, to say Mrs. Fairchild's presence was required in the library, where some business was going forwards, stopped

Miss Bessy short, and by the time the door was shut again, Henry was up and at his cousin's elbow, impertuning him to tell him what sort of person this governess was.

"Suppose," replied Tom—"suppose Mrs. Tilney, highly educated and highly accomplished, and more familiar with French than English."

"Mrs. Tilney," repeated Henry, but not adding another word, the mention of her name having the instant effect of plunging his ideas into the unsavoury slough of the scene of his first most important adventure as the heir-apparent of all the honours of the Grove.

If Bessy cried, "La!" we must do her the justice to say, she very seldom now condescended upon this very elegant exclamation when not highly surprised nor excited.

Lucy, however, was able to get out a few words, and they were these—"Do you mean to say, cousin Tom, that the new governess is like a Mrs. Tilney, who can speak French?"

"Or a French Mrs. Tilney," returned Tom.

"O!" cried Lucy, half laughing, though much vexed; "what a creature—a French Mrs. Tilney!"

Bessy took up the laugh, repeating Lucy's words, and adding some of her own—"Well, to be sure," she said, "she must be a treasure—a French Mrs. Tilney; but you are joking, Mr. Tom."

"You are joking—you are joking," was echoed by all the young party, till Tom bore down the merriment by the gravest face that ever yet misled a party of simple children, and having taken up his Lilliputian mast, continued to polish it away till again urged to speak; the voice which then addressed him being that of his little favourite, Emily, though even her soft imploring inquiries did not overcome the spirit of fun which had just then taken possession of him.

"But tell us, cousin," she said, "is she really like Mrs. Tilney?"

"Persons see likenesses with different eyes," replied

Tom. "Perhaps, when she comes, you may not see the resemblance, little Miss Emily; but she knows a great deal. She will bring a specimen of her educational powers with her. When you see that specimen, you will be astonished."

"Specimen?" repeated Henry; "what is it?" and then he added—"Ah, I remember the man who taught the pig to tell his letters, showed a specimen of his educational powers, did not he?"

"What!" cried Bessy; "is that the sort of specimen which this new governess is to bring with her. You are very right in predicting that we shall be astonished, Mr. Tom."

"I wish, Miss Goodriche," returned Tom, "that you would not turn everything I say into ridicule."

"No, don't, Bessy," interposed Lucy, who, poor child, was getting into a state of very uncomfortable anxiety. "I do want to ask one or two questions. Do you think, Tom," she added, "that she will be very strict?"

"Not in everything," replied Tom; "but some accomplished governesses are strict about some things, and some are strict about other things, and some are strict about everything, and some are strict about nothing. By the bye, Henry, how are you at your Latin grammar? suppose this governess, having every word of it in her head, should like to make you repeat it to her when you walk out, or your conjugations, or your numerical tables, are you prepared to do yourself credit with her?"

"Papa won't let her," cried Henry, manfully.

"Of course, Lucy," continued Tom, still most provokingly scraping away, "you will think it right, when this governess comes, to give up your dolls; you will cease to devote your leisure hours, if you have any, to any such occupations as decorating those little puppets which lie on the table before you, I now observe. Of course, a highly-accomplished governess would think such employment of precious time exceedingly unprofitable;" and the youth was proceeding in the same strain, with his eye bent down, that he might not betray any dis-

position to laugh with it, when he was startled by the sound of a heavy sigh, and looking up and around him, he found that his three young cousins were all actually in tears, Henry's superior manliness being quite overcome by the sight of his sister's sorrow, whilst the bright eyes of Bessy were flashing with an indignation, the object of which, however, was not exactly defined.

Though playing with a cutting tool, yet, had it been far from the youth to give such pain as he then saw the evidence of. Hence, he was silent when Mrs. Goodriche said, "O, Mr. Tom, this should not be. Why work on the feelings of these defenceless ones—these simple children—who are now, and, I trust, long will be, total strangers to anything like the language of persiflage, I use a French, from not being able to find a synonymous English word. Tell them at once that they may trust their parents not to make them unhappy, and that whatever this governess may prove to be, she will never be permitted to exercise an unkind authority over them."

The youth waited only till the old lady had ceased to speak, and then extending his hand to each of his cousins by turns, he told them not to be afraid, confessed that he had been talking nonsense, and repeated the assurance that their parents would never suffer them to be made unhappy by having an unkind person set in authority over them. Thus, after having unwillingly wounded their feelings, he gave them a plaster, notwithstanding which a plastered scratch is never quite so easy as a whole skin.

The next morning a petition was made by Bessy and her young friends, Lucy and Emily, that the dinner usually given to the children of their departed cousin's school should be given at the Hall, and not as aforesaid at the school-house; and this favour being granted, like most other gratified petitioners, they proceeded to ask another, and this was that they might have presents to give the little people, urging the plea of their having been allowed so to do to the children at their former residence.



This request was also granted, and after some reflection Mrs. Fairchild told them that she would allow them to procure from Simpson's at Reading, the materials for a warm merino cape, duly lined, for each little girl, if they would be at the trouble of seeing after their being made, and also helping to make them. With this proposal they gladly acquiesced, only pleading for the aid of Betty to cut out and set the work.

As these matters were settled in Mrs. Fairchild's dressing-room before breakfast, they could not fail of being discussed at that meal, when it was also settled that they should all together repair to Reading that same morning to procure the materials for the said capes, as no time was to be lost if they were all to be finished by Christmas-day.

Whilst these affairs were under discussion Bessy observed and remarked that Henry was looking as if something vexed him; and when his mamma asked him what it was, he answered, "You let Lucy, and Emily, and Bessy have presents to give—why mayn't I have some too? I want to give something to the boys—there are twenty of them—I have often counted them—I don't see why the girls should have all the presents."

"I have provided for the boys," replied Mr. Fairchild, "they shall not be unfairly dealt by."

"But I should like to give them some presents myself," said Henry, "I ought to give them presents."

"Why ought you?" asked Mr. Fairchild, "If the poor children get what will be useful and pleasant to them, does it matter whether I give it or you?"

"I ought to give them something," repeated Henry, as well as Lucy, and Emily, and Bessy do. I know what boys like. I wish, papa, you would give me some money to buy things for them."

"You are very young," answered Mr. Fairchild, "and don't know how to spend money for the best. If I were to give you any, unless you were to consult some older person how to spend it for the poor children, you would only throw it away."

"I wish you would try me, papa," answered Henry, adding in a lower tone a few words to Bessy, who sat near him, "You need not look so, Miss Goodrich," he said, "for if papa would only give me some money, I am sure I should not throw it away."

Mr. Fairchild heard these muttered words of his little son, though it had not been intended he should do so, and the result of the reflections he made upon them, and the boasting spirit which had suggested these and those gone before them, was that he gave Henry five shillings on which to exercise the discretion so much vaunted.

In less than an hour after noon the whole party were on their road to Reading, this scheme being the very first which had been effected in the true style of the family since they had come to the Grove. That style had been that whenever any pleasure rather out of the common routine of life was to be enjoyed by one or more individuals of the household, every other was to share it either as actor or looker on, by which custom every enjoyment was made to go as far as it possibly could, and those of the children were preserved from running to excess by the presence of their beloved elders.

The order of march was the coach with the two elder and three younger ladies in it, and also Mr. Fairchild, for it was a very roomy carriage, and Tom and Henry followed with John as groom, all three on horseback, and thus they set out, though the riders arrived first at the town.

Mr. Fairchild told John that he was to keep with Henry when he was in Reading, but not to interfere nor give his opinion respecting the outlay of the five shillings which were burning in his pocket; and though John did not say much in reply, his master knew by his quiet smile that, as he would have himself said, "He knew pretty well how the wind blew."

When ladies, and especially young ladies, get into drapers' shops it is not very easy to say when they may get out of them; and though Mr. Simpson could not

induce any of the party out of the coach to purchase any articles beyond those they actually needed, yet he contrived to keep them so long, that Mr. Fairchild and his nephew had full leisure, before they were ready to return, to visit the ruins of the ancient royal abbey and to contemplate the remains of the building in which their venerable mother had been at school and joined in many a merry game of play over what has of late years been proved to be a burying place of former generations. The evening, in fact, was closing in when the party prepared to return, and the ladies were just arranging themselves in the coach when Henry's voice was heard begging the footman not to close the carriage door, and the next minute he had arrived panting to the side of the coach, and was exclaiming, "Mamma! Lucy! Emily! Bessy! please to take my parcels home for me; and please, do please, take great care of them;" and forthwith he began handing in one little packet after another into the coach, or rather into the laps of his mother and sisters, each little packet being enveloped in whitey-brown paper of exactly the same size, and one and all feeling as if it contained two hard round substances. "There," cried Henry as he produced one after another of these said little packets, one from each jacket pocket for example, others from different parts of his dress and person, not omitting his cap, from the crown of which he actually drew two, "there now, how many have you got, have you got all you should have?"

"Really, my boy," replied Mrs. Fairchild, "till we know how many we should have we cannot answer."

"I have two," said Lucy.

"And I two," cried Emily.

"And I have three," added Bessy.

"And two here," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"Two and two, and two and two—eight, and John has but eleven—there ought to be another—surely John has not twelve!"

"Eleven—John has eleven," repeated Bessy, breaking forth into such noisy merriment that her aunt was

obliged to call her to order, though she could hardly be restrained, because she had set both Lucy and Emily, off. However, Mrs. Fairchild did at last succeed in making herself heard by her little hurried, excited, anxious boy, and in making him comprehend that all was right, as Bessy held three of his packets.

"O! thank you, dear mamma," answered the little boy, as he made off to where Tom and the poney and John waited for him; and off the party set, those in the coach having more than enough to talk of as they were driven back to the Grove, their conjectures concerning the contents of Henry's twenty packets filling up every break in other matters.

Dinner had been some time waiting when they arrived at home, but no time was lost afterwards in opening the packages and setting everybody who was willing to help, to work with the capes; and so expeditiously was this managed that the little ladies and Mrs. Goodriche were all at work, with no litter about them, when Mr. Fairchild and Tom joined them.

The only appearances of parcels being at the farther end of the long serviceable table, for industrious people must have a large table if it be in a drawing-room, where Henry had marshalled his twenty little whity-brown lots, refusing to let even the enterprising Bessy look into any one of them before his papa came.

"Here, papa—here, cousin Tom," exclaimed the little boy in a voice which seemed to indicate, 'You shall see what you shall see, and you shall be forced to confess that I know how to spend money,' a truth which in its simple sense nobody was inclined to dispute.

Mr. Fairchild being thus called upon, stood still at the bottom of the table, and laying his hand on one of the packets, said, "Well, Henry, and what is in this?"

Henry caught it up, hastened to open it, and displayed a leather ball and a knot of packthread, exclaiming at the same time, "*There!*" with great exultation, "the ball twopence, and a pennyworth of string!"

"And what is in this?" asked Mr. Fairchild.

“Another ball and another pennyworth of string,” answered the triumphant boy.

“And another ball and more string—and another ball and more string,” cried Bessy, passing her hand from where she sat from one little packet to another, till coming near to the end of the table, she passed her hand at once over all that remained, adding, “and more balls and more string, and more balls still, and still more string! Who will say Master Henry Fairchild does not know how to spend money?”

“Don’t, Bessy, don’t,” murmured Lucy and Emily at one and the same moment, these gentle sisters having discovered that the high fit of excitement which had possessed their little brother during most part of that day was in danger of terminating as such fits often do, with children in particular, with rather a low fit of the same description. They had observed that his colour had varied whilst Bessy’s nimble fingers were moving over his parcels, and something very like a tear had risen in his eye. The poor child was in fact beginning to suspect that in the fulness of his self-sufficiency he had done what would not be thought very wise. Nor was Lucy satisfied with crying “Don’t, Bessy,” she sprang from her chair, and running in between her papa and Henry at the bottom of the table, placing one arm over her brother’s shoulders and looking up to her papa at the same time, she said, “Henry meant to do well, papa, with his five shillings; you know he is very young, and without being advised we could not expect him to do better—could we, papa?”

“Of course not, dear Lucy,” replied Mr. Fairchild.

“Then you are not angry with him, are you, dear papa?” resumed Lucy.

“Angry, my child,” replied Mr. Fairchild, “did I not myself give him five shillings, expecting that he would in a certain sense throw them away, that is, being left to himself as he wished to be, he would spend them to no useful purpose.”

“To be sure,” continued Lucy, “balls and string are

not very useful to poor boys, but perhaps they will like them."

"You forget, Lucy," replied her papa, "that some of these boys are thirteen or fourteen years of age, and have been well taught in their school for some years past; of course a child's ball and a knot of packthread is not exactly the present for such. How much more suitable would a book the value of threepence have been to them!—such books, for example, as John brought from the fair for you some years ago, which I doubt not that you have by you now; whereas had John then brought balls and string where would they be by this time?"

"As you say, aunt Goodriche," remarked Bessy, who was longing to put in her word, "a pretty book is a cake which one may eat and have it too."

No one answered this remark, but Lucy added, "You know, papa, that Henry could not think of all these things; he meant to do right, indeed he did—please not to be angry with him."

"You are pleading hard against my anger, my dear child," returned Mr. Fairchild; "I am not angry, though I wish Henry to understand that he has fallen into what is wrong to-day, not in having judged amiss in spending a sum of money which might have been made really useful to the poor boys on useless and inappropriate presents, but in giving way to that self-sufficiency which set him above the advice of those whom he knew to be wiser than himself."

Mr. Fairchild then turned and kissed his boy, and there the matter ended.

*A Prayer to be endowed with the Spirit of Charity in its highest sense.*

O thou who art the Creator of all intelligent beings, and yet art known to none of them, as their merciful and tender Father, but unto those to whom thou dost

especially reveal thyself in the Son through the Divine Spirit, we desire to thank thee for all thy mercies, thy creation, preservation, and above all, for the assurance thou hast given us that our Redeemer liveth, and that we live in and through him, and are the objects of his most watchful care and paternal love. Now, O Divine Father! we implore thee, that we, having been made sensible of thy love, and having oftentimes felt the glow of that love warming our hearts, may be enabled to exercise that love which we derive from thee towards all those with whom we are connected in this present life. O, we humbly beseech thee take from us that arrogance, that ill-placed self-sufficiency by which in the excitement of our young spirits we are too often induced to play upon the feelings and abuse the simplicity of others in jestings which are not convenient and are altogether inconsistent with one who accounts himself a child of the meek and holy Jesus: and furthermore, we implore thee to enable us whilst we remain on earth to mortify all those sinful and covetous desires by which we are in danger of appropriating all our means to pamper our own appetites to the utter neglect of the wants and feelings of our fellow-men. Grant us light whereby we may see and be convinced that selfishness brings its own immediate punishment in this present life, and that it destroys in its exercise all those sweet charities which gladden the homes and the hearts of those who have been brought to love thee here on earth. O make us kind, and tender, and self-denying, in all our intercourse with our fellow-creatures so long as we are with them in the flesh, and though we never can approach the example which thou didst set us in thy pure human nature, yet let us ever remember that in that nature thou didst fulfil the whole law of love.

To thee, then, be all glory, to thee the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now and for evermore. Amen.

## HYMN.

Winter has a joy for me,  
While the Saviour's charms I read ;  
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,  
In the snowdrop's pensive head.

Spring returns, and brings along  
Life-invigorating suns :  
Hark ! the turtle's plaintive song  
Seems to speak his dying groans.

Summer has a thousand charms,  
All expressive of his worth :  
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,  
His the air that cools the earth.

What has autumn left to say  
Nothing of a Saviour's grave ;  
Yes, the beams of milder day  
Tell me of his smiling face.

Light appears with early dawn,  
While the sun makes haste to rise ;  
See his bleeding beauties drawn  
On the blushes of the skies.

Evening with a silent pace,  
Slowly moving in the west,  
Shows an emblem of his grace,  
Points to an eternal rest.

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**CHAPTER XXVI.**

The ferment at the Grove, on Christmas Eve, scarcely fell short in its exuberance any which could have existed under the auspices of Lady Catherine Tollemache, the day before the archery meeting ; and the most extraordinary circumstance of this bustle was, that every individual, young and old, grave or gay, was equally



engaged and equally interested in it, and equally contented under its influence. And why was this sunshine of the heart so generally spread at that time over the family, but because the enjoyment which was proposed was not a selfish one, for even the little girls being admonished by that divine Spirit that dwelt within the regenerate, had petitioned their parents that the part of the entertainment which they called their own, as they were to have much of the management of the presents to the children which they had provided, should not be referred to themselves, but pass with the other little favours to the poor, which went in the names of their parents.

As the Divine Spirit oftentimes condescends to use examples, or warnings, to convey ideas to those under his instruction, it is probable that the example of the sweet and unostentatious Miss Darfield, was that which on this occasion was made serviceable to her little friends.

But to return to our bustle—nothing shall be said of the choppings and pickings, and compoundings and rollings, which were going on all the day before Christmas in the offices; nor even of the inoffensive scoldings which kept pace in these said offices with these culinary avocations—but we must be somewhat particular in our own department.

There was a lengthened discussion as to the apartment in which the children's table was to be laid, which said discussion was terminated by a petition to Mrs. Evans to obtain the room in which the steward, when at the Grove, sate to do business with the tenants.

As a matter of course, this was the oddest, most out of the way, and most gloomy apartment in the oldest part of the house, for the Grove-house had been built at two distinct times—the old part having risen into existence probably a century before the new, and, as was hinted before, the gloomiest room, as is generally the case, was assigned to the steward, when the rooms in the offices were distributed. It was, however, a large

room, though very low, wainscoated with old oaken boards, on the pannels of which hung a long line of hard cold portraits, the similitudes of many of those persons whose relics had mouldered long before in the vault under the family pew in the parish church ; and all the moveable furniture which the room could boast seemed as if it had been no stranger to these antique personages.

This room was, through the active agency of Tom, Henry, John, and some of the younger servants in the establishment, tastefully ornamented with holly and ivy, the red, green, and black berries mingling well and happily in great profusion. A temporary table supported on tressels, had been fitted up by the village carpenter, and some forms, and high seats, were sent from the school-room late on the Christmas-eve. The children's dinner was to consist of roast beef and plum pudding, and they were all to have one glass of some home-made wine before the cloth was removed. After dinner, they were to receive their presents, sing a hymn, and then go home, as the evenings were very dark.

The holly and ivy were put up on the Christmas-eve, and though the real work was done chiefly by Tom, for the young gentleman chose to find fault with any arrangement of the decorations that was not quite his own, yet any one might have supposed it was all to be done, or had been done by Henry himself—such a state of bustling happy importance was the little man in. When Emily asked him if his balls of strings should be laid out with the other presents on the table in one of the parlours not used in the winter months, Henry answered, “ I can't think about it now, Emily, cousin Tom is waiting for me to hand him the holly ; I can tell the very bough or piece that would suit him, and the *other men* are so stupid they never give him the kind of piece that he wants, or they are always handing him ivy when he has got ivy, and holly when he has

got holly. John says, too, I am the only one who gives him what *he* wants."

"Take care, little Master Wisdom," cried Bessy, "that in your bustle you do not stretch your arm out too far, lest you should tilt over. I have heard of heroes tilting in olden days," she added, "and it was always thought fit work for a hero, so Master Henry, as you are evidently a hero this morning, take care of tilting—remember Mrs. Tilney and the pig's-wash."

Henry ran off not to hear what more Bessy might choose to say upon the subject, for the affair of his first adventure at the Grove was a tender point to the little boy; but he was soon again so occupied with attending to his cousin he had no leisure for remembering past grievances.

Christmas morning shone forth as bright and lovely a day as is ever to be seen at that cold time of the year, and the children were awake by a very sweet and well-known carol which was sung by some boys directly below their windows. It was

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new born King!

Lucy and Emily were soon up and dressed, and before they had their frocks on, Bessy ran into their room to wish them a happy Christmas and a merry new year, and then she kissed them all round, not forgetting Betty—and danced out of the room as quick as she came in, for she had heard Henry's step in the passage.

Then they went down to breakfast; and think of the pleasure they all had when it was found that by everybody's plate, at the table there was a present laid for them; and what made them all very merry was, nobody knew at first from whom the presents came; but, at last, they were all traced to Mr. Fairchild, excepting his own present, which had been put there by Tom, who had guessed, from some little accident, his uncle's intentions.

There were three useful and pretty work-boxes for the little girls—a knitting basket for Mrs. Goodriche—"The Boy's Own Book," for Henry—a pocket telescope for Tom, and two valuable books for Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild—and everybody liked their own present best, and said it was just the thing they wanted.

It was almost church-time when breakfast was over, and the presents had passed from hand to hand, to be examined, and Tom said, if his uncle would allow him, he would ride one of the horses to the church, and put it up at a farmer's, close by; and then when service was over, he would go on to meet Dr. Reynolds, as he would be on the same road.

The church looked very pretty, with its ivy and holly, but Henry said that he could have decked it out better, he was sure; and after service, the children went to the school-house, where the scholars were all assembled, before they set off, in two and twos, to the Grove.

The direct way from the church was through the dingle; and assuredly it was a pretty sight to see the happy party crossing along the wood-walks, and passing over the bridge into the more open parts of the shrubbery; whilst the old schoolmaster, with his little cane in his hand, walked somewhat limpingly, on one side of the line of the boys—his old wife, the school dame, coming primly after him, on the side of the girls' line.

As brilliant a white frost as ever spangled the groves of our lovely island, had that day dried up even the most shaded footpath; and long bright icicles hung from the rocks on either side the water-course:—the ringers were warming themselves in the belfry, and showing how many various peals might be produced from four bells; in short, it was a period of immense delight to many belonging to the long young train, though the pleasureable sensations affected our own young people in different ways. Bessy was hardly hindered by Mr. Fairchild, near to whom she was walking, from inviting and inciting Henry to a scamper, or

skirmish, which there and then would have been shockingly out of place. Emily, who was with her mamma, was perfectly dumb from a sense of enjoyment; and Lucy whispered to Mrs. Goodriche, as she, in the rear, saw the van filing over the bridge—

“These are the joys he makes us know,  
In fields and villages below;  
Gives us a relish of his love,  
But keeps his noblest feast above.”

Lucy generally repeated this verse on occasions of any peculiar delight, in the open air.

Though there were sundry stoppages, proceeding from a loose shoe, or a stumble, or some other small mischance, amongst the little ones, yet a certain progress towards the hall was made every minute, and there was no need for hurrying on matters, for there remained yet an interval before the time appointed for the exhibition of the sirloins and puddings: and none of the family was aware that a new arrival awaited them in the portico, in the person of the Captain, who had arrived a very little time before, having waited in Reading to attend divine service.

The affectionate salutations of the relations and friends—with the cheerful, hearty compliments of the season, which passed on all sides, could not, however, be prolonged, for there was much business to be done. The boys were to be led into the servants' hall, to take off their caps, and to stroke down their hair, where a little man neither possessed or could borrow a pocket-comb; and the girls were to be uncloaked and unbanned, and smoothed down in some other room: and, whilst there were three young ladies, beside the dame, to attend to these latter arrangements, there was only Henry and the master to preside over the former. Nor did the little boy acquit himself amiss, though, to use a very ordinary phrase, he did not quite know what to make of himself, and those who knew him best might also have been equally posed, for the extreme deference

which was paid to him seemed to require a certain command of manner which he could not hit upon whilst his attention was continually drawn to himself, but which came of itself without effort, when the interest of the scene caused him to forget that such a person existed as Master Fairchild of the Grove-house.

It so fell out that both parties, that of the boys and that of the girls, being informed that the dinner was on the table, notwithstanding all previous arrangements, owing to some mistake originating in over care to avoid such dilemma, the master and mistress, with their respective trains, met in the wide passage into which the steward's room opened, and such confusion ensued that the dame pushed and shoved the boys instead of the girls, and the old master was thrown altogether into the rear. The little people were, however, got into the room after some delay, and would have been duly located in much less time than they were, each before his plate, and knife and fork, and spoon, if Bessy, in her briskness, had not pushed many of the least children into the lowest seats, and the tallest into those which were more elevated, adding sundry other blunders of the same description, the rectifying of which she would never have arrived at without the aid of John, who was head manager on this occasion.

At length, however, as the Captain remarked, for he had entered with his brother's family, and was standing with them at the upper end of the room, "all the crafts, small and large," being come to anchor, the school-master arose, and at the signal, those persons at the dinner table, whose feet were not suspended in mid air, which was the case with all those who had been lifted into lofty and commanding seats, a grace, or hymn was sung, the master leading off, and the rest in the room, who could follow his lead, joining in one cheerful simple chorus.

This ancient parlour was furnished with two doors, facing each other, the one opening towards the offices, and the other into the principal hall, in the new part

of the house. The servants had entered of course, at the former door, and there stood grouped together whilst they listened to the sweet hymn which formed a somewhat lengthened grace. The words which were sung were—

When Hagar found the bottle spent,  
And wept o'er Ishmael,  
A message from the Lord was sent  
To guide her to a well.

Should not Elijah's cake and cruise  
Convince us at this day,  
A gracious God will not refuse  
Provisions by the way.

His saints and servants shall be fed,  
The promise is secure ;  
" Bread shall be given them," as he said  
" Their water shall be sure."

Repasts far richer they shall prove  
Than all earth's dainties are ;  
To feel and know a Saviour's love,  
Makes sweet the meanest fare.

So much pleased was the Captain with the air, and his brother trusted with the sentiments to which it was attuned, that, forgetting the many hungry longing eyes set on the smoking viands with which the table groaned, he lifted up his fine deep voice and begged for the strain again. So well was this received, even by the children, that his proposal was followed up at once in such style as led to the hope that hearts rather than tongues gave utterance to the holy desires expressed in the stanzas thus repeated.

The choral song was thus rising a second time to its highest sweetest notes, in rich harmony with that voice which now aided it, and which had oftentimes had power to make itself heard amidst the thunders of the earth and heavens, when Tom Fairchild entered by the door

from the hall, and seemed as if he would have advanced straight up to his aunt at the higher end of the apartment, had he not feared to disturb the singing. He accordingly checked his movements and stood where he was.

It did not appear that any one noticed him but Emily, who happened to be looking towards that end of the room when he came in. He was almost immediately followed by Dr. Reynolds; but what astonished Emily, for she was prepared to see the old gentleman, was, that there was a tall graceful young lady leaning on his arm, whom he was seemingly encouraging to come forwards, whilst for some cause or another she appeared to be almost unwilling so to do.

Emily afterwards learnt that her cousin Tom, intending a surprise to the younger members of the party, and also in kindly consideration for the feelings of the stranger young lady, who would not have liked to disturb the family as they were marshalling the children into the room where the dinner was laid out, and prevent them by her entrance from placing them at table, had brought in the whole party to the house by the glass door of the breakfast parlour, and then leading them up stairs, he had taken them to the apartments provided for them, for true it is that though unknown to Emily, Lucy, Bessy, or Henry, a bed-room had been prepared that very morning for the stranger ladies as well as for Dr. Reynolds.

By this movement of Tom's, the unknown lady wore no bonnet or shawl to hide her face or figure, so that Emily could see her countenance well, excepting where it was shaded by the rich ringlets of brown hair which parted back on her fair forehead, fell luxuriantly on her neck, but Emily did not long look at her, for as Dr. Reynolds stepped more forwards she perceived that he held a little girl, one she thought must be even younger than Henry, by the hand.

Emily saw at once that she was a very pretty little girl, and that she looked about her with less fear than



the grown-up young lady did ; and though her dress was as plain as it could be, though very, very neat, she could see at once that she had been brought up with great care.

Emily contrived to draw Lucy's attention, even without speaking, to all these strange things ; and she was glad she had so soon succeeded in doing so, for Lucy's eyes were in the right direction before the next strange thing happened.

The next thing was, that Mrs. Johnson, who had come forwards before the other servants, towards Dr. Reynolds, and the young lady, as soon as they appeared, came still more quickly forwards when she saw the little girl ; and the little one at the same moment seeing her, made a movement as if she would have run to meet her. This movement was felt by the worthy gentleman who held her hand ; and though he restrained her from stirring from his side, he smiled most benignly on the child as he drew her back ; and as to the little one's own eyes, they perfectly danced with joy and affection, and her sweet face seemed to beam with love.

To see her so pleased, made Emily and Lucy too almost cry with joy ; indeed their eyes were moist with tears ; but they brushed them away on hearing Tom, who had suddenly come behind them, whisper in their ears the much-dreaded words—"The new governess."

"What that mild-looking, timid, pretty lady?" thought Emily and Lucy at once ; "how could we be afraid of her?" But they had no time for more thought ; the grace was finished ; Mr. Fearing and John, with Mrs. Evans, had begun the carving ; Mrs. Johnson had made a step in advance ; Dr. Reynolds had loosed his hold of the little girl ; and the worthy woman and the young stranger had met with an embrace so warm, so cordial, that only a maternal heart could have bestowed it, or a child-like feeling could have returned it.

"Dear, dear Miss Dolly—my own little Dolly—my little darling," exclaimed Mrs. Johnson after a moment's recovery, "how glad I am to see your sweet face again!"

“And I am come to live here,” answered the child ; and Marian is to teach me, and Mr. Fairchild and dear Mrs. Fairchild will love me as if I was their own little girl ; and Miss Lucy and Miss Emily will let me play with them, and Marian is not to look sad or cry any, any more ; and dear, dear Mrs. Johnson will be here too. O, how happy we shall be, for we have a home again—a home, a happy home, where every one will love us !”

As Dolly said this, little Dolly, for whose parents' sake the golden harp had been sacrificed, she was ready to weep for joy, whilst Emily and Lucy could only exclaim, “Dolly—little Dolly—surely it can't be little Dolly and her sister Marian !”

“Yes, it is,” cried the child ; “yes, I am little Dolly, and this is my own dear sister Marian ;” and when Lucy and Emily could doubt no longer, they went up to her and kissed her, as elder sisters should kiss a little one ; and they told her how glad they were to see her, and how they already knew all about her from Mrs. Johnson, and had loved her and her sister without knowing them.

In the meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had spoken kindly to the timid, youthful Marian. Mrs. Fairchild had even kissed her, and told her how glad they were that she was coming to live with them to teach Lucy and Emily in the same simple christian plan, as she had been helped to teach little Dolly. Poor Marian's eyes filled with tears at this great kindness, and she said something about her love for her little sister ; that she could never have left her, and yet she never could have hoped or expected to have met with such kind friends as would condescend to pay her, not only liberally for what little she might be able to do, but also to keep her little Dolly with her, and use her tenderly and gently, as she had ever been used to.

“I cannot thank you,” murmured the young girl—  
“I cannot thank, as I could wish, either you or my all-bounteous Parent above, who has thus administered to all

my wants, even beyond my utmost expectations." As Marian said this, little Dolly, who had none of the fear for her sister that Lucy and Emily still felt for the new governess, but who ever treated her as a tender, indulgent mother, here drew them nearer to Marian, from whose side she never liked to be long absent, and then whispered into that dear sister's ear how very happy she was. The young girl, who for some years we may say had been struggling with poverty and the hard usages of the world, to enable her to maintain a decent appearance, not only for herself but for her orphan sister, could not stand this sudden change she met with from the christian kindness of those with whom she was now about to dwell. A beautiful glow spread itself over her face; her lip trembled, and owing to her youth, for she was scarcely eighteen, she seemed to look round for the maternal bosom on which she might throw herself, and there be soothed, not to happiness, for she was only too happy, but to peace.

Mrs. Johnson and herself had met occasionally; the good woman had known her young—had loved and admired her long; her countenance was most familiar to the overcharged heart of the happy young creature, and as their eyes met, the worthy woman held out her hand to her tenderly and encouragingly. This last kindness was too much for Marian; she threw herself into Mrs. Johnson's arms, and was led by her out of the room, whilst the little Dolly was carried off by her young companions to help to wait upon the children, who had commenced their dinner, unconscious of what had been passing in one corner of the large apartment. And now how busy were the little people during the rest of that dinner, and it was wonderful to see the beautiful effects of early training as evidenced in the little seven year old Dolly against the fourteen year old Bessy. Whilst the one ran off with the plates before the poor children had finished what they had before them, running hither and thither—asking all the carvers for more, and never having the plate at

hand when the meat was ready for it ; the other went on in her own steady way, inquiring on whom she waited, whether they would have more, and by her pretty mild manner of asking for what was wanted, gaining immediate attention. There was a certainty that the plate removed by Dolly would reach its destination, but the unhappy victim dependent upon Miss Bessy's attention was left to the accident of chance whether he or she was ever again remembered by her or not.

When Marian once again returned, the traces of tears being washed away, she was ready to enjoy all that passed, and to smile at the innocent wonder of her little sister, as Henry somewhat proudly showed to her the result of his shopping at Reading for the benefit of the boys.

The repast being over, Dr. Reynolds taking upon himself to speak, as the only clergyman present, said a few words to the persons assembled on the great happiness of meeting here below with those whom we hope to meet again hereafter, when all tears shall be wiped from every eye, where all shall be joy and rejoicing in the Saviour, who in his own person in his various types has shown to us that he is capable of being all in all to us. He is the *bread* of life, the *wine* of strength, the *light* that is sufficient without sun or moon, the *water* that will never fail, the *Shepherd* or the protector, the *brother* or the sweet companion, the *Mediator*, the *tree* whose roots supports the branches. The *Lamb* and the *Lion* of Judah, the *Son of man* who died for us, the *Son of God* who redeems us.

*An Address to the Almighty on occasion of a reunion of Christian Brethren, and a petition for a continual supply of that brotherly charity then prevailing, from the only inexhaustible source, the fountain of divine love.*

We thank thee, O our blessed Father! Redeemer and Sanctifier, for the sweet spirit which thou hast at this time shed on our little reunion, and for the feelings of brotherly love and charity towards each other which we now experience; but we confess that every tie which binds us together is weak as far as it is of earth, the sweetest and the best being liable to be dissolved by time, and certain to be broken in death; for every bond of union which is merely of the flesh must perish together with all things natural, whilst such as are formed in thee through the divine Saviour will endure when time and death shall be no more.

We have all felt the sweet influences of the various relations of life, and bright and pleasant have been some of the hours on which the best charities of our nature have shed their influence. Yet what are these fleeting occasions compared with those in which thou hast made us sensible of that union of heart with those with whom we are associated on earth, of which thou art the centre and the spring.

Thou, O Lord! and thou only, art the one Spirit which unites thy children on earth and in heaven; thou art the golden chain which binds us all to thyself and to one another; and praise be to thee, a chain which human passions in their fiercest strength are not able to break.

Though now, in thy divine mercy, thou hast brought us this day to a sure resting-place, and spread before us an appearance, as of a blooming Eden of domestic love, yet may we never forget that unless our paradise is watered by the dew of heaven, and the root of every little plant

refreshed by the streams of life, briars and thorns will grow up in our fairest bowers, and our sweetest blossoms will return to the dust before they have fulfilled their appointed day.

O! then, divine Father, in thy tender mercy sanctify the bond which unites our little reunion of this day, and let thy grace descend from thyself, our glorious head, upon all the members of this family, as the fragrant ointment of the sanctuary, which flowed from Aaron's head to the skirts of his raiment. Through its precious influences may we henceforth feel how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Through thy divine Spirit, having been made members of thy lowly family on Earth when the day of our change shall come, we shall, through the same grace, be admitted to that family in heaven, where we shall behold and partake of the Eternal Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, where no sin will be, to seem to check the work of ineffable and everlasting love. Amen.

HYMN.

•

How sweet the sacred tie that binds  
 In union sweet according minds!  
 How swift the heav'nly course they run,  
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!  
 What zealous love, what holy fear!  
 How doth the generous flame within  
 Refine from earth, and guard from sin!

Their streaming eyes for ever flow  
 For human guilt and mortal woe!  
 Their ardent pray'rs together rise,  
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

•

Together joined, they seek the place  
Where God reveals his gracious face.  
How high ! how strong their raptures swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
When quenched is nature's failing fire ;  
Then shall they meet in realms above,  
In heav'ns of joy, because of love.

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